

June 23, 1965

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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## WEDDING RECEPTIONS

Glorious or ghastly?

## READERS' VIEWS

Page 4

## SO YOU THINK YOU'RE A FAILURE?

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"How to peel a sour grape"

Page 32

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## BIMBO AND HER PUPS

More help for master whose life she saved—page 2



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# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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## WORTH REPORTING



● Margaret and  
Tony (above) in  
Amsterdam. Marina  
(right) at the Abel  
Smith wedding.



## OUR COVER

● Bimbo, alsatian-  
kelpie heroine who  
saved her master's  
life near Julia  
Creek, Qld., last  
August, is pictured  
with her pups—her  
first litter. Bob  
Millar flew from  
Brisbane to Bundo-  
berg especially to  
take the picture.  
The pups are for  
sale. Story page 14.

IT seemed that Princess  
Margaret was wear-  
ing her aunt's hat! But  
on second glance, no.

Margaret's (above) is shal-  
lower than Princess Mar-  
ina's, and Marina's has an  
extra band round the crown.

Princess Margaret was  
with her husband, Lord  
Snowdon, in Amsterdam on  
May 15 to open British  
Week.

Marina wore her hat on  
April 29 to the wedding in  
London of Elizabeth Abel  
Smith, daughter of Sir Henry  
and Lady May Abel Smith,  
and British businessman  
Peter Wise.

THE gay interview with  
Deborah Vivian (pages  
10, 11) shows that Debbery  
rages on in Britain.

Below is Deborah's sister  
Eugenie, 17, who with her  
twin sister, Victoria, is a  
1965 deb.

Eugenie was pictured with  
other debbs in Dior dresses  
they modelled at the Berke-  
ley Dress Show, an annual  
event at the Berkeley Hotel,  
London. Compere was the  
Duke of Bedford.

● London debbs (below,  
from left) Sally Stainforth,  
Eugenie Vivian, Elizabeth  
Hopton, Karen Broderick,  
and Felicity Loxton-  
Peacock with the Duke of  
Bedford.



## The balloon goes up

THE balloon goes up at  
Paddington on June 13.  
But literally. It will be a  
6ft. orange weather balloon  
sent up to signal the begin-  
ning of an arts festival de-  
signed to interest the Sydne-  
public in the proposed Pad-  
dington Arts Centre.

The balloon is more than  
a gimmick. It will be a  
beacon above the festival  
site on Bennett's Green  
Avenue where the £125,000  
centre will later take shape.

Main events of the festival  
will be in an orange tent  
equipped with a stage and  
sound shell, with seating for  
550.

The program will be dif-  
ferent each of the eight  
nights. Performers are  
appearing free or for a token  
fee, to help the centre, which  
will be a point of contact  
for creative artists from dif-  
ferent fields with each other  
and with the rest of the  
community.

At the festival there will  
be something for everybody  
from spinning to "cool" jazz,  
from puppets to an avant-  
garde monologue play, from  
folk-singing to modern dance.

"We've planned it as a  
cultural supermarket," said  
committee member Owen  
Tooth.



# LORD LINLEY WORE GOLD SATIN PANTS

● Princess Margaret's son, three-year-old Lord Linley, cut a fashionable figure — and behaved with terrific aplomb — at the wedding of Lord Snowdon's half-brother, the Hon. Martin Parsons, to Miss Aline MacDonald.

**L**ORD LINLEY was the pageboy. His suit was of satin (gold pants, white top, both beautifully tailored), but what he liked best about his outfit was his shoes.

Black and shiny, they sported huge Quaker buckles—a style very acceptable to a young boy-about-town.

Mr. Parsons, the bridegroom, is the younger son of the Earl and Countess of Rosse (the Countess is Lord Snowdon's mother). The bride is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. G. A. MacDonald, of Priors Marston, near Rugby, England.

## Coronets of flowers

Both have been working in Australia for the past two years, he with a mining company near Melbourne, and she as secretary to an Australian surgeon.

The wedding was at St. Michael's Church, Chester Square, London.

Bridesmaids were Emma and Catherine Vesey, the two older daughters of Lord Snowdon's sister, Susan, who married Viscount de Vesci.

They wore gold dresses and coronets of flowers to match their posies. And they kept an eye on Lord Linley, just in case.

Pictures by David Graves.

**LORD LINLEY** doesn't miss a thing when he goes out — and there is plenty to see at a glamor society wedding.



**TAKEN IN TOW:** A chap can have poise and the right clothes and all that, but it's jolly hard to work out what they want a person to do next. Anyway, bridesmaids Emma (right) and Catherine Vesey, cousins of Lord Linley, see to it that he doesn't fall for a counter-attraction.



**BRIDE AND GROOM:** The coronet holding Miss MacDonald's veil was worn straight, her necklace was of diamonds, and there were yellow roses in her bouquet. The Hon. Martin Parsons here takes her hand just after the wedding ceremony in St. Michael's.



**PRINCESS MARGARET** wore a blue, yellow-lined coat and her hat and dress were of the same printed silk. Lord Snowdon is at left, and his mother, the Countess of Rosse, in a print ensemble with a five-strand pearl necklace, slightly behind, as they arrive at the church.



## NEXT WEEK

★ Here's another in our popular and informative series of round-the-world travel books . . .



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m-m-mm — PIZZA!



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# Big weddings!

**W**HO loves a wedding? Everybody does, it seems, but when it comes to the reception . . . ! "An endurance test," a Melbourne reader called it in our May 26 issue, and brought a flood of letters.

Signing herself "Exhausted," she said the traditional wedding feast (drawn out to lengths of impossible boredom by rituals of photography and speech-making, and by bad planning) had become "an endurance marathon for anyone over 20."

**I**f my husband and I could go back 15 years, we wouldn't have the pomp and show.

We would have a church wedding, restricting the reception to our closest friends.

Let's go back to OUR wedding day. Mother-in-law and her relatives were at one end of the room looking down their noses, mine were at the other end feeling upset because of this. And my husband and I were trying to mix with both groups. What a day! — "Exhausted Too," N.S.W.

★ ★ ★  
When I became engaged, my father was still recovering financially from the weddings of my four older sisters only months before.

My fiancé, David, and I had planned a two-year engagement, but when notice came of his transfer to New Zealand for three years we decided to marry right away.

It was a shock to find that Dad was so in debt from the other weddings he could afford only a small dinner party.

My fiancé and I decided to foot the bills ourselves, but my dear, proud father wouldn't hear of it.

So we all sat around trying to plan a wedding for 200 people on a tiny budget.

We toyed with the idea of inviting everybody to the church, and only a few at home later.

We thought of having a reception at home in the backyard, but if the weather turned nasty how would we fit 200 people into our four-bedroom home?

Finally, my father had an idea. We listened, had a good laugh, and began to think seriously about it. On his basic plan, we began.

We sent out invitations to all our relatives and friends.

Four weeks later we were married in the local church. I felt like a princess in all my finery.

We had photographs taken on the steps of the church, and later in the churchyard with various aunts, uncles, cousins, etc. The minister and his wife let us use the church hall for two hours while we mingled with everybody, and sipped a cuppa.

We cut the cake, gave slices to everyone. Shortly after, we went to my parents' home, where we changed and began preparing for the big week ahead.

As Dad couldn't afford one

big reception, he had planned several: Afternoon teas at my parents' home every afternoon for a week. The first afternoon all Dad's relatives came.

We had asked that everybody bring their gifts to "their" reception, and we had a marvellous time opening gifts, and really being able to thank the givers.

Mum and I had done most of the cooking, but my sisters helped and it was surprising how good we were at catering for an average of 30 people by the end of that hectic week.

The second reception was for Mum's relatives. We had

straight into the reception-room for a buffet-style breakfast.

Our photographer recorded the highlights, and within an hour we were in our going-away attire, and being given the usual send-off.

We could have left on our honeymoon straight away, but we delayed an hour to attend a quiet afternoon tea at my in-laws' with some close family friends.

It was a day we treasure, and one our friends, old and young, thoroughly enjoyed. — Brian Corrigan, S.A.

★ ★ ★  
I have attended many weddings, and enjoyed them

so they decided on a morning wedding and reception.

After the service — before which the bride's studio pictures were taken — there were a few pictures at the church.

By the time the guests reached the hotel the large party was there. In half an hour, with everyone mingling well, all were seated for breakfast. Half of 80 guests were over 50.

There were no agonising speeches to sit through. Those made by the MC, the groom, and the best man were short and amusing.

After the couple had left the MC, a fellow-officer of the groom, announced there was to be a party at their ship for everyone.

As for 50-and-overs wanting to leave early — the bride's grandmother (70-and-over) was seen alighting from a sports car with a man 51 years her junior, making her way down the ship!

A lot of people at that wedding who were strangers are now very good friends.

That was one wedding which passed all too quickly for me. You see, it was my own. — C. Moore, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★  
Either "Exhausted" is unmarried, didn't have a beautiful wedding, or is simply too old to remember it, because weddings are for bride and groom, not guests.

It's wonderful to be able to share in the happiness and excitement of newlyweds, and if you're genuinely interested in the young couple you won't be bored when they disappear for photographs.

However, should you be one of the "older" guests (over 50) and can't stand any longer, make your apologies and get lost. By staying around you'd only put a damper on a happy occasion. — Mrs. J. Hall, N.S.W.

## Simplicity, please!

**W**EDDINGS are personal affairs, and I feel strongly that they should be restricted to those nearest and dearest.

Simplicity would be the keynote of my plans for an ideal wedding.

The service would be simple, for preference in the family's garden, and frocking simple, too.

There would be no reception. The guest list would be compiled with real thought, and appropriately worded letters invite the chosen few to witness the marriage and to join the young couple and their families in an informal party. — "Simplicity," Tas.

receptions for David's mother's relatives, and for his father's relatives.

On the last day we had an Open Day for all our friends, and anyone who wanted to come and say goodbye before we left for New Zealand.

We had 50 people there, but Mum had asked each family to "bring a plate," and there was plenty to eat.

The total cost was only a third of what Dad would have had to pay for a large reception, and the smaller gatherings were far more fun.

My only regret is that I have four sons now, and I probably won't get the chance to have a similar wedding for them. — "Wishful Thinking," N.S.W.

★ ★ ★  
Long wedding rituals can be boring, but my wife and I proved they needn't be.

We're from New Zealand, but we married in Santa Monica, California.

The church had a special reception-room and a bride's room, and my fiancée drove to the church and put on her wedding dress there.

We had a fine wedding ceremony, and moved

all. They certainly have never been "endurance tests."

The one I enjoyed most was a naval wedding about four years ago.

The couple had a short courtship and engagement, as the boy was going overseas.

The bride's mother had married during the Depression. There had been no traditional wedding for her and she very much wanted her daughter to have one.

An evening wedding reception booking was impossible at nine weeks' notice,

## Getting Dad there

**M**Y pet lament isn't about receptions, but the time weddings begin.

Whenever I get an invitation for a Saturday wedding-I know there will be trouble with my husband. It's bound to be the day of the football Game of the Year, or something equally vital. Brides should consider this.

Most Australian males are sports-minded, and wouldn't miss footie, etc., for all the weddings under the sun.

So we poor females who love a wedding either have to refuse because we can't get transport or go alone with promises that our men will "try to come on later." — "Frustrating," S.A.



# glorious or ghastly? \*\*\*\*\*

## That squirming groom

"EXHAUSTED" speaks for many long-suffering wedding guests. A wedding I attended recently featured a bride in a much-publicised gown, cartons of perfumed synthetic rose petals for guests to scatter on the happy couple, and a photographer scrambling around behind the altar rails.

Guests waited an hour and a half while studio portraits were taken, another hour (after a three-hour reception) to see them in their travelling finery.

Invitations had stated that "gift lists" were at stores named to avoid duplication.

Weary guests were subjected finally to the bride singing, with appropriate stage gestures toward the squirming groom, *Getting to Know You*.

It is the small gathering of people who bless with friendship and love this most important day, with the accent on a solemn yet joyous ceremony, who go home feeling as though they really have attended a wedding. — "Kutinti," Qld.

to a church, sitting during a beautiful service, being driven to a reception, eating beautiful food, seeing everyone at their best, meeting old friends and relations, seeing the happy pair off on their honeymoon, and then being driven home?

What? Exclude the older people? Not on your life. They usually get a bigger kick out of weddings than the young-in-age, and if my grandkids of the future try to keep me away on their day of days they'd better look out. — Mrs. John Jacques, N.S.W.

I agree with "Exhausted," and as a bride-to-be it worries me. Traditionally, relatives are always first to be invited. We can't afford a big wedding, so only a limited number of friends can go on this list.

There we are, left with a party of elderly people. I can imagine how popular we would be, however, if we didn't invite Grandpop (who is 90) or Aunt Sybil (who is nearing 80).

And so, alas, it looks as if the young people of today HAVE to carry on the tradition! — "Engaged," Vic.

No bride plans a wedding reception without a lot of thought, and, frankly, I feel that it's the guests' fault when receptions are a flop.

If you are asked to sing, then sing. No one cares if your voice is good or bad. And if no one is dancing, find yourself a partner.

The elder daughter of one couple had a small, happy wedding. Her mother catered and guests were entertained on the verandas and lawns of their home.

Now the younger daughter is planning to marry a boy from a migrant family, and it's a matter of prestige that all of their nationality in the village be invited.

The guest list would total 500, and catering would cost £500, without drinks.

The bride's father has disgraced himself by saying he can afford only £100.

The groom's father has offered to pay the rest, but now the bride and her mother feel so humiliated that poor old Dad no longer feels welcome in his own home. — "A Sympathiser," W.A.

I agree with "Exhausted." My husband and I had to pay for our own wedding.

Our parents, brothers, and sisters came, and after the ceremony we went to a play, then dined at a restaurant.

The evening was spent at our new flat so both families could see our living quarters and get to know each other.

On Sunday, the parents came for lunch, which I cooked. The visiting brothers and sisters went to see the town, and later we took my in-laws to the train, as they lived far away.

Monday morning we left for our honeymoon.

On our return we had a cheese and wine party for our friends.

It was a happy arrangement, costing relatively little, and friends were not embarrassed by having to buy presents that looked or were expensive. — Mrs. B. E. Wilkinson, N.S.W.

The wedding reception problem could be overcome if bride and groom left, in bridal attire, an hour after the breakfast (and minimum of speeches).

This would give them time for a brief word with each guest and to have a few group photographs taken.

And why not save the expense of a going-away outfit? Many couples spend the first few hours motoring. It would be more sensible and comfortable if they wore slacks, etc., instead of the latest creation for yet another farewell. — "Anna," N.S.W.

Many receptions are too long, full of senseless formalities, but I don't agree that the guest list should concentrate on the young.

A wedding shouldn't be treated as a whoopee party. It's a serious and spiritual occasion.

A church service, followed by a champagne toast and a piece of wedding cake at home with the family and close friends is all that's necessary.

If the younger generation wants a splashy party, let them give it.

Why should parents have to suffer exhaustion and senseless extravagance they often can ill afford? — "Too Much," N.S.W.

I think the guilt for arduous receptions lies not with brides but with mothers who "buy off" their social obligations with their daughters' wedding speers.

I'm sure most young couples would prefer no fuss,

50, you think these are in pretty bad taste anyway.

Then comes the peculiar time when no one seems to do anything.

The bride and groom roam around. The "oldies" are looking really old by now,

## Let's keep the glamor

AS so many of us saw only registry office weddings during the war and postwar years, it is good to see a lovely bride, with all the glamorous trimmings, and a big reception.

I went to my niece's wedding, where the clothes cost a fortune and the reception was at the best hotel. It was wonderful to see old friends and meet new ones there.

I flew to Melbourne for the wedding, stayed with my sister, and returned by ship after seeing all the sights. So I got my money's worth.

There's something wrong with anyone who is bored at a wedding. — "Auntie," N.S.W.

and would choose a brief ceremony attended by a few friends — with perhaps a welcome-home party after the honeymoon.

My husband and I had a quiet dinner in a fine hotel after our wedding, and found this a perfect tonic for the nerves and jitters of our big day. — "Against It, Too," Qld.

I agree with "Exhausted." The strain starts when you arrive at the church and have a furtive look round to see whom you know.

You wonder whether you are suitably dressed. (You really should have bought a new outfit!)

And so, on to the reception where, with the aid of a drink or two, you manage the first hour trying to say the right things.

Then the strain really sets in. Your feet hurt, there is nowhere to sit, and you feel your smile looks more like a snarl.

You make an effort to brighten up by the time the breakfast is served, but you feel you've said all there is to say, and lapse into silence.

If it's a buffet you take a look at the crowd round the table, the slices of chicken that are too large to manage with a fork, and weakly retire into the background.

What chairs there are have been taken by those older than you.

You vaguely hear the speeches and telegrams and, perhaps, because you're over

and the "middles" are beginning to show the strain.

Most of the men are obviously trying to keep going on the drinks.

My plea is for smaller weddings, shorter receptions, and sit-down breakfasts. — "Exhausted Too," Tas.

Being a forelady in a large factory (and over 50) I have been a guest at many weddings, Australian and New Australian, and considered it a privilege.

Even if you aren't well acquainted with other guests, surely there is mutual conversation in the wedding.

A wedding should be as the bride wants it. And we should exert ourselves to make it a day for her to remember. — Dorothy Pope, Vic.

"Exhausted" appears to have overlooked that the 50-and-over age group arrange and pay for the party.

The bride is the leading lady, but the co-stars, who have spent years watching her grow and guiding her footsteps, deserve to have their friends and relations join in their happiness in seeing their child married.

Perhaps if "Exhausted" were not so exhausted she would have circulated among the guests at weddings she found boring, and helped make the waiting time seem less to guests who haven't met. — S. Jenness, N.S.W.

It's years since I was invited to a wedding. Have things changed?

I am over 20—30—40? Just nearly. But I'm dying for my nieces and nephews to wed. I hope they invite me.

I am dying for a day and night out, even if it is a marathon. I will have a new outfit, and although Dad can think up plenty of excuses for not going to dances, pictures, and parties, one just doesn't say No! to a wedding. — "Love to be Exhausted," Vic.

## Simply informal

I HAVE enjoyed most weddings I have attended, though a formal reception can be boring. Perhaps the best wedding in my memory was of a young couple in Scotland after World War II.

They invited all their friends on the condition that they paid for their own meal! This cost half-a-crown at the hotel, and you paid for your own drinks.

To add to the occasion, the hotel provided a lively song-and-dance in one of its commodious public rooms. — Malcolm Black, S.A.

helped him rebuild his car a year ago, and Bill, the personnel officer who has been so good to him.

Add relatives and close friends, and they have a crowd of people who are strangers to each other.

Since husbands, wives, and fiancées are included, many guests have never even seen bride or groom.

All this adds up to a boring, and expensive evening.

I believe weddings should be small, intimate gatherings of close relatives and friends. At least they will feel a certain warmth and goodwill toward the couple, even if the occasion isn't wildly enjoyable for them. — B.J.D., N.S.W.

For goodness' sake, "Exhausted," how old are you? I am 55 outside, but a romantic 18 inside. I love weddings.

Now come on! What is so exhausting about being driven

I think I have the answer to the problem of mixed age-groups.

When I was married, 15 years ago, I felt the same way as "Exhausted."

I invited the older, "essential" relatives and family friends to a savories, cake, and champagne gathering after the wedding.

We had only two speeches, and after this brief celebration the bridal party left for my home, where we had a marvellous party with 40 of our young friends.

Even my husband and I enjoyed our own wedding, which is more than many brides and grooms can say. — Mrs. Myrtle Pitt, Vic.

After attending innumerable weddings like those described by "Exhausted," we determined to do something different when our daughter married.

The night before the wedding we had a social evening for the older folk. We cut a white-iced cake, drank the health of the bride and groom, gave the women a preview of all our wedding finery, and allowed those who liked speechmaking to speak.

At the wedding reception next day, guests were limited to the closest friends and relations.

Admittedly, there were a few hurt feelings and snide remarks, but that always happens. At least those present enjoyed themselves so much they're still talking about it, years later. — "Our Way," N.S.W.

I adore weddings. First, what to wear? Not being able to go out and buy a new outfit at the sound of wedding bells, I have to use my imagination and my machine. Whether new or renovated, I finish up with a lift to my wardrobe.

I enjoy buying the present, even on a budget, and wrapping it.

At a reception, to sit relaxed beside my husband is never an endurance test. And I find the "eatathon" pleasurable, too, being waited on with nice food.

Most guests know or have heard of one another.





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# Garrison Church says: "Celebrate with me"

—It's 125 years old on June 23

● You can come to it by many roads. Head down Sydney's old Kent Street, below Observatory Hill, where the shipping clusters away to your left and the parking meters are your guard of honor.

OR make a start at Circular Quay and bear left, past some giant liner at rest by the Overseas Terminal.

Any way you go, you walk into history.

Turn up Argyle Street toward the Cut, or follow George Street into the shadow of the Harbor Bridge approaches. A turn in the road will take you to Argyle Place, and so to the Church of the Holy Trinity.

Nobody calls it that, of course. Sailor or school-child, bearded artist or old Rocks identity dreaming in the sun—they all know it as the Garrison Church.

Back in the 1840s, red-coats of the Queen's Own marched here on Sunday mornings to skirl of fife and rattle of drum.

Troops worshipped here before shipping off to the Maori Wars, or the Crimea, or to South Africa to fight the Boers.

In the 1940s, when the lights went out all over the world, troops on leave were fed and quartered here in the Garrison Hall.

The old church also served a parish and a city.

Within the weathering sandstone walls, maids were wed and babies christened and the bereaved comforted, while a colony became a nation and an empire a community of equals.

## Stone crumbled

The world changed, but the old church remained the same, save for the soft, insidious crumbling of the ancient stone.

For 125 years it has continuously served this first of Australia's cities.

And when it begins its celebrations this June 23 it

invites all Sydney to be its guest.

On Wednesday, June 23, at 6 p.m., the Anglican Archbishop of Sydney, the Most Reverend H. R. Gough, will speak at a short memorial service, after which the Earl of Portarlington (descendant on the distaff side of a shipping magnate in colonial Sydney) will open an Art Exhibition in the Garrison Hall.

Only a few paintings will be on loan. Most are for sale. And each will be a variation on the central theme: "Historic Sydney."

Douglas Pratt, Dora Toovey, Colin Parker, and Lynne Litchfield are only a few of the exhibiting artists who will give a percentage of all sales to the Garrison Church Restoration Fund.

By  
**KAY KEAVNEY**

Except for a short break (on Sunday, June 27, and Monday, June 28), the exhibition will remain open between 10.30 a.m. and 8.30 p.m. until Saturday, July 3.

The church will evoke its colorful past in an Anniversary Service on Sunday, June 27, at 10.30 a.m.

Once again, a Governor of N.S.W., this time Sir Eric Woodward, will pass ceremoniously through a military guard of honor (the Royal N.S.W. Regiment) into the church.

In the presence of a few Boer War veterans, the Governor will unveil a memorial plaque to those who died in the South African War (1899-1902).

Old families whose roots lie deep in this district will worship at the service. So, it is hoped, will people like you and me.

So will City Fathers, members of the judiciary,

and other distinguished citizens of the kind who were summoned to the Vestry of St. Philip's, Church Hill, at "12 o'clock precisely on Monday, the thirtieth instant" in December, 1839, to discuss a crisis in colonial parish affairs.

As a contemporary newspaper report put it, "the meeting was important not so much from its numbers as from its respectability."

At 1.15 "precisely" the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, William Grant Broughton, took the chair.

There was a need, it seemed, for a new church to accommodate the overflow from St. Philip's. It was decided to petition the Governor, Sir George Gipps, for a section of unappropriated land near Fort Phillip (now Observatory Hill).

The petition drew solemn attention to the "total or general neglect of religious ordinances by many, many persons" which had resulted from shortage of space at St. Philip's — "to the serious injury of their moral feelings and habits."

Petition granted.

## Such prices!

The foundation stone of a church to be called the Holy Trinity was duly laid on Tuesday, June 23, 1840.

The contract was awarded to one Edward Flood, Builder, and here are some items from his quote:

- Bricks, £2/15/- per thousand.
- Bricklayers, at 8/6 for a ten-hour day.
- Laborers, at 5/- for a ten-hour day.

Somewhat Mr. Flood and architect Mr. Ginn over-looked a certain technicality. The Colonial Secretary had authorised the building of



**THE Rev. Allan Yuill shows brittle sandstone in the exterior of the church, which celebrates its 125th birthday this month.**

**EAST window, historic cedar furnishings, and regimental crests add to the atmosphere of the Garrison Church, in Argyle Place.**

the church from north to south.

It went up east to west, and the oversight allowed the East Window, put in later and still one of the most beautiful in Australia, to glow with morning sun.

Its donor, the Hon. James Mitchell, made Australia another great gift in his son, David Scott, whose magnificent collection of books formed the nucleus of Sydney's Mitchell Library.

But the church itself was still a temporary affair, mainly wood, in 1846, when a stone school was put up alongside it.

They called it Holy Trinity School (the present-day Garrison Hall). Its most distinguished alumnus would grow up to be Sir Edmund Barton, first Prime Minister of Australia.

As late as 1853, Canon Grills was moved to send off a stiff circular to those it might concern, regarding the state of the church. Let us at least, huffed the canon, raise enough money to put up some permanent walls.

The existing structure seated a mere 300 and the parish contained some 10,000. It took two years to get some action.

## Mellow beauty

Then Edmund Blacket, the famous colonial architect, was called in to design the permanent structure at an estimated cost of £9500.

Much of the sandstone was quarried, as it were, just across the road. And so, to a unique degree, this was a church hewn out of its own surroundings.

Cedar furnishings designed by Blacket glow today with a dark and mellow beauty.

But around 1878, when the church was finished, it was

temper that glowed. Old Miller's Point families like the Armitages and the Playfairs took a poor view of finding accounts for the rental of their pews waiting on their pews when they arrived for Sunday devotions.

This practice, it was felt, must cease.

A happy solution was found in 1883. Henceforth, it was resolved, accounts would be delivered personally by a churchwarden, "as this gave opportunity for a friendly chat."

Chats, friendly or otherwise, were also the constant duty of the rector. In the '60s, this gentleman was in receipt of 10/- per annum from the Government for every member of the Church of England at Dawes Point Battery (demolished in 1932) up to the limit of 100 men.

In return he was required to certify that he had visited each man and family at least once a week.

Poor rector! The cups of tea consumed at these weekly pastoral festivities would, no doubt, raise the tide level of Sydney Harbor.

And the years stole by.

On great ceremonial occasions there were brave parades. Regiment after regiment, quartered at the nearby Garrison, worshipped at the Garrison Church.

Today their bright crests decorate the church interior.

Changes came to Miller's Point, which a long-ago Governor once offered to Jack the Miller (John Leighton), provided only that he put a fence across it—an offer foolish Jack never bothered to take up.

Then the wreckers moved in on the Point. The fine old houses of shipping and merchant princes crashed into rubble. The Sydney

Harbor Bridge must go through!

In a way, the mighty bridge killed the parish.

Says the present incumbent, the Rev. Allan Yuill: "It swept away the population, the young families, especially. These days, we have a fairly small congregation, about 75 percent local, and the work of maintaining and restoring the 125-year-old church structure is beyond our financial means."

The Lord Mayor launched a public appeal about three years ago to raise £14,000. We got approximately £4000.

## Living heart

"Then, last year, we held our first Art Exhibition. The idea came to us when we noticed how many artists come down here to paint or sketch the old church."

"It was very successful. It raised £300, which we used to restore some of the exterior stonework. We're hoping the exhibition this month will help us even more."

Every Sydneysider with a sense of history hopes so, too. The lovely old church is a national monument. And yet it is more.

It is the living heart of a living area, an area whose life will quicken when the towering new buildings of the Rocks Development scheme go up and new families move in and the wheel comes full circle and Miller's and Dawes Points again come into their own.

The old church will be there ready to minister to them.

Within the weathering stone walls, maids will be wed and babies christened and the bereaved comforted and the Gospel made known—as they have been for a century and a quarter.



**FRONT VIEW of the church, with the Harbor Bridge to the left.**





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**They sing of romance,  
rebellion, rollicking...**



IRISH folk-singers Tom Clancy (in front) and (from left) Tommy Makem, Pat and Liam Clancy, who are touring Australia with a repertoire of 170 songs.

## All the charm of the Irish in their voices

● The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, the Irish folk-singing quartet now touring Australia, have an appeal that reaches the hearts of audiences everywhere—even those who haven't a drop of Irish blood.

FOR two members of the group, Tom and Pat Clancy, the visit comes 20 years late.

"Pat and I had every intention of migrating from Ireland to Australia when we got out of the RAF after the war," Tom said.

"We had served in the same squadron with a wonderful Aussie pilot called 'Big Red from Woolloomooloo,' and I guess he gave us the idea.

"But we found we would have to wait in a long line to get to Australia under the assisted migrant scheme.

"We went to Canada instead and eventually landed in the States."

In New York the two brothers acted in off-Broadway productions and on TV, and occasionally sang professionally.

But their singing careers did not catch fire until they were joined by a younger brother, Liam, who migrated also from Carrock-on-Suir in County Tipperary, and by Tommy Makem, from County Armagh in Northern Ireland.

The Irish quartet cut a record in 1956 under their own label, Tradition Records.

It was an instant success. They made their performing debut soon afterwards in a Chicago nightclub, and they have been treading an upward path of success ever since.

They have made five record albums under the Columbia label, which have made their voices familiar to Australians, and have toured frequently through-

out North America and the British Isles.

Their songs of "romance, rebellion, roistering, and rollicking" reflect an Irish flavor and spirit with universal appeal.

They have charmed the sophisticates in New York's Blue Angel and in San Francisco's hungry i. But they also have raised the roof before mass audiences at folk-music festivals, at college concerts, and in huge theatres throughout Canada,

totes at the American tracks, too mechanical. I'll be keen to have a flutter at Randwick or Flemington, where you can shop for a price with the bookmakers."

The Clancys have relatives "somewhere in Australia."

"My grandmother's name was Holden," Tom Clancy said. "Members of her family went to Australia years ago. I don't know what became of them."

All four are shrewd busi-

nessmen. They have invested earnings in farms, houses, and other real estate, and in various business enterprises in Ireland and elsewhere.

"I'll be having a good look round in Australia," Tom Clancy said. "It should be a wonderful place for investment, especially in the west."

The four infuse life and optimism into their music. Wearing rugged white sweaters, knitted in the island of Aran, and dark slacks, they sing rebel refrains, sea chants, drinking songs, and ancient laments.

Although they live in New York most of the year, they go to Ireland whenever they can in search of ballads. One admirer said: "They leave *Danny Boy* and *My Wild Irish Rose* to Mother Machree."

They pour their hearts out in classics such as *The Patriot Game*, *Irish Rover*, *Jug of Punch*, *Bold O'Donahue*, *Brennan on the Moor*.

At 15 he had his own Ceili (Irish country dance) band, and became a top vocalist, specialising in American "pop" tunes. As an actor he toured with the Irish Players and appeared in Broadway musical comedies, including *Finian's Rainbow*.

The quartet gave their first concert in Melbourne. Their Brisbane season begins on June 17; Sydney, June 19; Adelaide, June 24; Ballarat, June 28; Hobart, June 29; Warrnambool, July 1.

They will visit New Zealand to give four concerts, beginning on July 3.

By GEORGE MCGANN

Scotland, England, and, of course, Ireland.

They have a repertoire of about 170 songs, most of Irish and Scottish origin. *The Wild Colonial Boy* is one of their greatest successes and they are well aware that it will have particular appeal in Australia.

They are well aware of many things Australian.

"We've all been reading up on Australia," Tommy Makem said in New York before they left on their tour.

"I reckon we know as much about Ned Kelly as any Aussie. What's more, we have more in common with Ned than most Aussies. His mother came from Armagh, where I was born, and his father came from Tipperary, where the Clancys were born."

Tom Clancy was more interested in the fact that bookmakers still flourished at Australian racecourses.

"I can't stay away from race meetings in Ireland," Tom said. "But I hate the

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# DEBORAH WAS A DEB



DEBORAH VIVIAN wears a satin evening gown with low-backed Empire-line bodice veiled in beaded chiffon, made by the family's Spanish cook, Maria, to Deborah's design. She says duchesse satin is "IN" and wild silk is now "OUT" as a fashionable fabric. The chunky amber necklace and earrings are Dior-designed.



AT LEFT: Bell sleeves and high neckline of this simply styled pure silk party dress make it ideal for winter wear. Blossoms on the material inspired Deborah to design the dress on oriental lines. This, too, was made for her by Maria.

AT RIGHT: Colorful Bangkok silk cocktail suit was made by Maria to Deborah's design. Pants have a slight flare at the ankle. She buys her winter coats and suits from couture houses, because she considers they must be tailored by craftsmen. Maria makes the rest.

**E**LEGANT outfits being worn in Sydney by an aristocratic young English model, Deborah Vivian, are really "cooky" — if not precisely kooky.

They're original creations — whipped-up by the family's Spanish cook, Maria, to Deborah's own design.

"As a young girl Maria was a seamstress for Balenciaga, and she is such a superb needlewoman she can make anything from a rough sketch," said Deborah.

"I have four sisters. And Maria is kept so busy making clothes for us that poor Mummy has to end up in the kitchen doing the cooking."

Green-eyed, with honey-gold hair, 21-year-old Deborah speaks with unself-conscious candor in a clipped, faintly husky voice, and has a poise which seems to add inches to her height of 5ft. 3in.

She's the daughter of the Hon. Douglas and Mrs. Vivian, of "Burton Court," Chelsea, and "Chineham House," Basingstoke, Hampshire, and is visiting Australia on a six months' working holiday.

## Granddaughter of Baron

Princess Alexandra's father-in-law, the Earl of Airlie, is her godfather.

Deborah is listed in Debrett as the granddaughter of the fourth Baron Vivian and a great-great-granddaughter of Sir Richard Hussey Vivian, who was created a peer in 1851

By a staff reporter

Pictures by Keith Barlow.

after a distinguished military career.

Sir Richard was also Equerry to George IV.

"He's supposed to have founded the family fortune by leading the last charge at the Battle of Waterloo and capturing the baggage train," Deborah said.

"He had to make up his mind whether to go right and capture Napoleon or turn left and take the baggage train."

"Being a true Vivian, he went after the baggage train."

"That's the story of how we got our money, and at one time owned most of Cornwall. Most of it was gambled away by later Vivians. Some of them were very wild," she explained wryly.

Deborah says her father, who has business interests in heavy industry, has worked hard to rebuild the family fortune, but as taxation is now so heavy in England they live on capital.

This year for the third time since 1962, when Deborah was a Deb of the Year, the Hon. Douglas is having to delve into the exchequer to launch two more daughters as debutantes.

They are 17-year-old twins Eugenie and Victoria.

The twins, who have already been given two large cocktail parties by their parents at the Naval and Military Club as a prelude to their first London season, are having the last coming-out dance of the year.

It's to be held at Claridge's in December, just before the marriage of their 19-year-old sister Rose, who made her debut in 1963.

Deborah said, although debutantes were no longer presented at Court as a part of the procedure of coming-out, "debbery" loomed as large as ever in England.

"It goes on as a matter of tradition, and there's a snob angle to it, too."

"Although Britain has become completely a welfare state, it's still the most class-conscious country in the world."

## Debrett Set or Jet Set

According to Deborah, entree to the "Debrett Set" depends on family background or personal merit.

The unwritten rules governing "acceptance" mean that eligibility is limited to members of blue-blooded old families, "whether they are interesting or not," and others not necessarily pedigreed who are likable and interesting in their own right.

"Just being rich is no help," she emphasised.

"Money alone means not being able to go beyond the 'Jet Set.'"

Deborah estimates it costs parents at least £3000 to bring out a daughter.

"Apart from giving a dance, which runs into £1000 or more, a tremendous amount of entertaining has to be done, and even





## ● English model works for fun — and designs most of her own clothes

the cost of incidentals is high.

"Cigarettes are 6/- a packet and Scotch whisky costs £3 a bottle."

She said mothers were nearly driven frantic returning hospitality, giving lunches, cocktail parties, and dinner parties for their daughters before they went to dances for other debutantes.

Deborah went to about 300 dances and cocktail parties the year she made her debut.

"Debutantes receive an enormous number of invitations to parties given by people they have never met," she said.

"The invitations have to be weeded out carefully. If one accepts, one is honour-bound to return the hospitality."

"But going to some of these parties and never knowing what's going to be fun or what will be dull all adds to the excitement of the London season."

"Lots of debs and their mothers have 'first-night' nerves, too, about debs' escorts."

Deborah explained that a list is drawn up every season by the society diarist of an Establishment magazine, giving the names of young men considered eligible as partners for debutantes.

The list is not published, but is available to hostesses.

"Mothers with deb daughters who don't know many young men get 'the list' and send out their invitations from it," she said.

"All the 'eligibles' on this year's list, with the time, money, and inclination to be 'debs' delights,' are so young they're practically school-boys."

"But our twins are lucky. They don't have to resort to 'the list'."

"They already know lots of older bachelors, because Rose and I have friends they can ask to their dance and other parties."

### Mothers use "the list"

Deborah and Rose came out at dances given by their parents at their early-Georgian country home, which is set in 150 acres. It was one of the last Cavalier strongholds in England.

The marquee, which was the ballroom for 600 guests at Deborah's dance, was taken up and re-erected as one of the supper rooms at a fabulous dance she attended at Blenheim Castle, given by the Duke of Marlborough for his son, Lord Charles Spencer Churchill, the following week.

"Dances held in lovely old homes in the country are terribly romantic and great fun, with guests joining in enormous weekend house parties," she said.

Her twin sisters are having their dance at Claridge's, because the Vivians' Hampshire estate has been compulsorily acquired by the British Government and they have

to vacate "Chineham House" within six months.

While she is in Australia, Deborah is staying with friends made by her parents in New South Wales and other States when they visited here eight years ago.

She said that in vogue in Mayfair when she left London last month were:

- Annabelle's (a discotheque nightclub in Berkeley Square, with superb food, and three gramophones playing non-stop request recordings — never taped music — for dancing).

- Being "very dressed-up" for dinner in long formal gowns.

- Trouser suits made of silk and chiffon (she's even seen them worn with hats at fashionable weddings).

- Low-heeled shoes and small "spinsterish" handbags.

- The expressions "immaculate" and "it's gear"—meaning "super."

Also "in" according to Deborah:

- Alexanders—vodka served with creme de cacao and fresh cream.

- Knowing your London and historical haunts such as Stratford-on-Avon well enough to get a fantastically

feuring and chaperoning girls to art galleries and on other cultural excursions in return for her keep, getting Italian lessons, and a little pocket money.

"It's a marvellous school run by a charming Belgian woman, the Principessa Colonna," she said.

"Her girls all call her Aunt Maddy."

"The fees are awfully expensive, but there's nothing Aunt Maddy doesn't know about art."

"Wonderful artists such as Annigoni give her girls painting lessons. They can even sit quietly watching him at work in his own studio."

### To Paris for a French polish

Deborah said the Principessa Colonna lived in a beautiful villa — so ancient that it even had a Roman bath still in use, brought up to date with modern plumbing.

"And anyone who has 'finished' at Aunt Maddy's is always very welcome to return and holiday with her without paying anything," she added.

Deborah's sisters Rose, Eugenie, and Victoria rounded off their education at the Principessa Colonna's villa, and her youngest sister, Claire, who is 14 and still at school in England, will go there when she is 16.

Deborah regrets she wasn't "finished" there, too. When she left school she was sent to Paris for a "French polish."

Her parents arranged for her to study art, music, and languages, living in the home of a very conservative French family.

But she says she went back to England before the "polish" neared a shine.

"Mummy had told me the best way of getting to know France and French culture was by mixing with French people in their own homes," she recalled.

"Yet whenever French friends invited me to dine, the family I was staying with refused to open their door to me if I returned home later than 7 p.m."

"It was ridiculous. There was no hope of my fees being refunded to my parents if I left. In general, the French are very grasping. They take your money and just don't care."

"So, the last time I was locked out, instead of sitting on the stairs in the hallway outside their apartment, I went to the Ritz — and had the bill sent to them."

"They were furious and 'expelled' me."

"But my parents fully approved of what I had done," smiled Deborah.

"Mummy had always said to us, 'If ever you get stuck in Paris, go to the Ritz.'"

"So I did, and it was gear!"

### HER FRENCH HOSTS LOCKED HER OUT, SO DEBORAH RAN AWAY TO THE RITZ

highly paid "job escorting American tourists" on day trips in your own car.

● Modelling.

Now unfashionable:

- Champagne.

- The expression "divine," and saying "cheers" when having a drink.

Deborah has been modelling for about 18 months, mainly showing clothes in boutiques and store restaurants during luncheon and tea hours.

"London shops now have wonderful, wonderful off-the-peg clothes. And they're very inexpensive in comparison with Australian clothes, which seem much too dear," she said.

Parading on catwalks was outdated, Deborah said.

"Models just walk round between tables letting diners have a close-up of what they wear, and answer questions about prices and in which departments the clothes and accessories can be obtained."

"I love this friendly contact with the public."

"The more you smile and chat with people the more clothes you can sell."

"This type of modelling is well paid, too, at 15 guineas a day for casual rates."

Although she enjoys the work, Deborah has no intention of making a full-time career of modelling.

Next year she's planning to take a job at a finishing school in Florence, chauff-



ANTELOPE COAT was expensive, but is considered a good investment by Deborah because she has been wearing it for three years. Hat and cravat are made of rabbit, dyed to look like ocelot. Plaid knitted stockings tone with shoes and new "small" bag.



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# SOCIAL By Mollie Lyons ROUNDAABOUT

**ON** the afternoon of June 25 New South Wales University students will move out of the Roundhouse and the decor committee of the U-Ball Committee will move in.

Within six hours they will give the building a classical Greek look, with cascades of gold laurel leaves hanging from the chandeliers, white columns intertwined with gold ivy leaves, and hundreds of fresh white camellias which will come from Professor Waterhouse's famed camellia garden.

Yards and yards of white sheer will be used to hide the shops on the ground floor of the building and great swathes of the same material will outline the balcony overlooking the dance floor.

A novel touch will be the laurel wreaths on the walls which, instead of being the usual round shape, will be U-shaped.

Guests of honor, Sir James and Lady Vernon, will be welcomed by the president of the ball committee, Mrs. Rupert Myers, and Professor Myers.

**ADMIRER** smart hostess Mrs. Weston Fox at Sunday morning drinks party wearing slim, wild-rice-colored pants, high suede booties, and a polo-necked white wool jumper featuring a striking pony skin front.

**I HEAR** that gourmet Ted Moloney and wine expert Doug Lamb have created a very special punch (which they have called Campigli Punch) to be served at the Campigli Exhibition which the Art Gallery Society is holding at the Darlinghurst Galleries on June 25.

**AT** present honeymooning up north, Mr. and Mrs. Paul McHugh, who were married at St. Mark's Church, Drummoyn, will make their home in the new house they are building at Campbelltown. Mrs. McHugh was the former Carmel Chapman.

**SHORT** stay in Sydney at their Double Bay flat for Colonel and Mrs. Norman Palmer, of "Comfort Hill," Moss Vale, who came down for the Film Festival. Mrs. Palmer and her younger son, David, have just returned from a trip to New Guinea to see her elder son, James, who is working at the Dogura Mission Station. They spent a week at Dogura and a week travelling about.

**WHISPER** from abroad on the grapevine this week tells me that popular Americans Emily and Homer Faulkner will be back in September to settle down here again.

**SUCH** a lot of cables passed to and fro between Yvonne Laird, purser in the Taiyuan, and Mrs. Derek Cassidy when she was trying to arrange a date for the christening of her second daughter, Belinda Gail. After a date was arranged to coincide with the ship's stay in port, the Taiyuan was held up and the christening had to go on with a proxy acting for Yvonne. Other godparents at the ceremony at St. Mark's were Mr. Brian Hirstman, the baby's uncle, and Mrs. Pamela Harding-Austin.

**DATES** for your diary . . . the Rainbow Committee's Variety Night at the Hotel Manly on June 19 to aid the Children's Medical Research Foundation; and the Australia-Philippines Association party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Syd Beilby on June 24 for the N.S.W. University International House Appeal.

**IN** my mailbag this week I found an amusing invitation from the Black and White Committee to "celebrate the end of the financial year" at a party at the Colonnades Restaurant on June 30. The invitation assures me that "next year can't be worse, but in case it is, make this a Last Financial Fling." The party with a difference is the idea of Mrs. Leon Myerson and Mrs. Jeffrey Tripp, who have done all the arranging.

**SPENDING** a few days in Brisbane are Sir Stephen and Lady Roberts, who motored there with Lady Coppleson. Sir Stephen, who is Vice-Chancellor of Sydney University, will attend a meeting of Vice-Chancellors.

**AND** motoring soon in the opposite direction will be Sir Roy and Lady McCaughey, who will leave with Lady Morshead on June 23 for Melbourne, where they will spend ten days before going on to Adelaide for a short stay. On the return trip the party will spend a few days on the McCaughey's property, "Coonong," Coonong, near Narrandera.



**ABOVE:** Mr. and Mrs. Lyndon Jones were among guests at the first dinner dance held by the Law Society of New South Wales at the Wentworth Hotel. The party was arranged by the Young Members' Committee.

**AT RIGHT:** Lady Woodward (centre), wife of the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward (at left), received a bouquet from Mrs. George Colvin at the Queen's Birthday Ball, which the Royal Commonwealth Society held at the Trocadero. Sir Eric and Lady Woodward were guests of honor at the annual ball.







AT LEFT: Just-wed Mr. and Mrs. Bim Thompson leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, after their marriage. The bride was formerly Miss Marilyn Martin, daughter of Mrs. Frank Thompson, of "Widden," Kerrabee, and of the late Mr. Paul Martin. ABOVE: Their attendants (left to right), Miss Brenda Pizzev, Miss Margaret Mackay, Miss Margaret Glasgow, and Miss Anne Role, with pageboy James Carter. A reception was held at the Australia Hotel.



BRIDAL GROUP. Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Bishop with their attendants, Miss Sally Coyle, Mrs. Robert Blanshard, Mrs. Neville Gentle, Mrs. Peter Bishop, and Mrs. Michael Kloster (left to right), after their marriage at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. The bride was formerly Miss Anne Coyle, daughter of Mrs. John Coyle, of Collaroy, and the late Mr. Coyle. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bishop, of "Wootton," Scone. A reception was held at the Wentworth Hotel.



ABOVE: As she left St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, after her marriage, Mrs. William Graham received best wishes from her neighbors Simon Wilson, who kissed the bride, and his brother Andrew. Looking on are (from left) best man Mr. David Croucher, Mr. Graham, and bridesmaid Miss Susan Sellar. The bride was Miss June Sellar, daughter of Mrs. J. G. Sellar and the late Mr. Sellar.



AT LEFT: Newlywed Mrs. Ian McLean was helped by her husband and their attendants with the exceptionally long train of her wedding gown as she left All Saints' Church, Canberra, following their marriage. She was Miss Annette Elrington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Elrington, of "Weetalabah," Yass. Their attendants were Mrs. Peter Hyles, Mrs. Peter Brooks, Miss Helen Lipscombe, Miss Rosemary Crossing, Mr. Mark de Mestre, Mr. Peter Hyles, Mr. John Elrington, and Mr. Brian Smith. They plan to make their home in Yass.



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- The highest bidders will get the pups of one of the most gentle, loyal dogs ever.

**B**IMBO, the kelpie-alsatian whose heroism was hailed around the world after she had saved her master's life near Julia Creek last August, has her first litter—six pups.

Bimbo was awarded a silver medal for her devotion when her master, Sandor Gubonyi, 50, was helpless after a tractor accident.

During the three days it took him to crawl to his tent, and the following week until he was found, Bimbo shielded him from the sun, chased off attacking crows, licked ants from his face.

Mr. Gubonyi left Bimbo with Mrs. Pat Price, of 56 Avoca St., Millbank, Bundaberg, when he went to Julia Creek at the end of May.

He was back by June 1, when Bimbo's pups were born in a carton in Mrs. Price's laundry.

"Sandor and I rushed all over Bundaberg trying to get

a large crate," she says. "Finally I tried the Bundaberg Electric Light Co. They kindly uncrated a washing machine and gave me the carton for nothing."

"They didn't know what it was for... but were delighted when they found out."

Mrs. Price will sell the pups to the highest bidders and the money will be sent to Sandor's 78-year-old mother in Hungary.

"Sandor has been unable to send money to his mother since his accident," says Mrs. Price. "It worries him very much. He is still an outpatient at the Princess Alexandra Hospital, Brisbane, and can't work."

### The father

Father of the pups is a Brisbane kelpie named Rex, known in the district as Sexy Rexy, Wolf of Wharf Street.

But Bimbo has another admirer, "a brown-eyed fool dog," says Mrs. Price, "who admires her as a man in the



SANDOR GUBONYI and Bimbo.

street admires Sophia Loren. "He finally gave up trying to stay close to Bimbo and get into the publicity pictures and attached himself to Sandor, sleeping with him in his panel van."

Mrs. Price had never met Sandor Gubonyi until she read an advertisement in a Brisbane newspaper about a book he wanted written.

"On an impulse, I answered it," she said. She met Gubonyi, and has tape-recordings of his adventurous life, told by himself,

since he came to Australia as a migrant in 1950.

"He is naturalised," Pat Price said, "and a man who loves Australia and its north and will go back once the Medical Board clears him."

"He is living on borrowed money, and as he is a proud and independent man the sale of the book I am writing is his only hope of paying his good friends back."

"Meanwhile, the sale of Bimbo's pups—she will have no more—is his only hope of helping his mother."

## INVESTMENT GUIDE By Mary Broker

### THIS WEEK: Sweets companies

- One product associated with milk with which the milk processors are not deeply concerned is dear to the palates of all women. I speak, of course, of chocolates.

**T**HE two biggest chocolate companies listed on the Stock Exchange are well regarded by investors. Life Savers I have mentioned before, but since it is one of my pet long-term growth stocks I shall refresh your memories.

MacROBERTSON (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED has been in chocolates much longer than Life Savers—you may remember that the latter expanded into the chocolate field only about five years ago.

Strangely enough, MacRobertson had quite a large shareholding—16 percent—in Life Savers until last year, when its parcel of about 650,000 shares was placed with the public.

To give you some idea of those long-term profits I am always talking about, the sale of these shares brought MacRobertson £1,044,000, of which £966,000 was capital profit.

This proves to some extent my theory that buying first-class shares and holding on through share market ups and downs can be most rewarding!

While chocolates are not a basic food need, there is no doubt they are extremely popular, and that they are in

the happy position of facing a market that shows every sign of steadily increasing.

In fact, since the onset of television in Australia, it seems to me that the market is growing more rapidly than ever. The huge increase in variety of chocolates over the past few years appears to bear evidence that the manufacturers are endeavoring both to stimulate and to keep up with market requirements.

MacRobertson, in fact, is a case in point, since in 1961 it introduced a number of new products to its range, among them the "Swiss Chalet" and "Cherry Liqueur" varieties.

### Long history

MacRobertson's has been in business since 1880, but it was not until mid-1950 that shares were listed on the Stock Exchange. The best-known of its chocolate brands are "Old Gold," "Snack," and "Cherry Ripe."

You may be interested to know that the company has its own cherry processing plants in Victoria and South Australia. In fact, it is a well-integrated concern, owning, in addition, a cocoa plantation near Lae, which helps with the supply of cocoa.

Cne wholly-owned subsidiary, Colorprint Pty. Ltd.,

designs and supplies the bulk of packaging and display needs, while a 50 percent interest is held in Waxed Papers Pty. Ltd., which supplies requirements of this product.

Apart from its chocolate lines, MacRobertson is well known for its confectionery products — "Columbine," "Tip Top," and "Cinderella" being some brand names. A substantial interest is held in the company manufacturing "Giant" licorice, and under licence from two United Kingdom companies MacRobertson manufactures "Mars" bars, "Maltesers," "Caramar," and "Rolo" products.

Financially the company is sound, with capital of £2.3 million backed by reserves of close to £4 million, and a very healthy excess of current assets over current liabilities.

Net profit for the year to December 31, 1964, was up from £252,000 to £266,000, earning 11.9 percent on ordinary capital. However, to help meet costs of a huge factory development planned for Victoria, dividend was cut back from 10 to 8 percent.

The 10/- shares are at present selling at 18/6, their lowest price for some years. The high price last year was 28/6.

One hundred would cost you about £94 for a dividend

yield of 4.3 percent, and a return of £4 per year.

Unlike MacRobertson's, LIFE SAVERS is better known for the confectionery side than the chocolate side of its operations.

While at this stage it appears highly unlikely that chocolate will ever eclipse "the candy with the hole," nevertheless chocolate production is playing an increasingly important part in the company's activities.

As I said earlier, chocolates have formed an integral part of Life Savers whole for only about five years, following on the takeover of the Mastercraft group in November, 1960, and of the Smalls group in July, 1962.

Profit record has been more than excellent, rising over the past three years from £260,000 to £305,000.

Due to large capital issues over the same period, however, earning rate on ordinary capital has fallen slightly from 33.1 percent to 31 percent. Dividend was up from 15 to 16 percent.

Following the simultaneous bonus and cash issues earlier this year, the 5/- shares are at somewhat lower levels than previously, although at 27/- they can hardly be called a bargain.

One hundred would cost you about £137 for a dividend return of £4 per year.



• A woman writes the real-life story of her psychiatric illness and its cure.

# There's hope, and help, for mental ills

THE AUTHOR WISHES TO BE ANONYMOUS

● The tears were running down my face, and with an immense effort I concentrated on the face of the psychiatrist. So many questions . . . are you exhausted, suicidal? Who cares, I thought, gazing out the window.

**P**UT you in hospital for a little while. Perhaps for two or three weeks," I heard the doctor say. With effort, I moved my head again to face him.

Somewhere far away in my mind (or was it someone else who was thinking?) I noted that he was outwardly relaxed but his eyes were probing and alert.

So I had passed the "entrance examination" to a psychiatric hospital. I felt numb, although I had known it was coming.

A friend helped me pack. I had no idea what to take. Disinterested, I moved lethargically, doing what was expected of me.

The young woman psychiatrist admitted me, and a friendly nurse picked up my suitcase and escorted me to a ward.

My few possessions—nightgowns, dressing gowns, slippers—were named and listed. "You will be up and about, dear, so ask your friends to bring in more day wear," I was told.

I was mildly surprised, for hospital meant bed to me.

The nurse unlocked the first door, locked it again, and repeated the ritual twice.

The ward was quiet because I had arrived late. A sleeping-pill, a cold, unfamiliar bed, and in the dim light perhaps 30 others.

After a long time I went to sleep.

No, I don't want to get up—getting up isn't important. The nurse was coaxing me, cajoling, finally becoming stern.

Later I realised it was for my own good. I had to be kept in touch with reality—

Eventually the diagnosis was: not hallucinated.

Those daydreams kept cropping up. I didn't care, anyway. There was that woman again, calling out through the window to someone who wasn't there to anybody else but her. Here was another, holding a conversation with an imaginary person.

**D**AY after day there were interminable interviews with doctors. All of us, aged from 17 to 70, were observed constantly from the time we got up and made our beds until lights-out at night.

**S**HOCK treatment (electroconvulsive therapy) was not so frightening as I had expected.

At 7.15 a.m. the patients went in to breakfast, but those dozen or so for treatment went to the "shock" ward.

All jewellery and dentures were removed.

Each was given an injection in the upper arm to dry up saliva. Then we lay back on our pillows to wait till the psychiatrist assigned that day to "treatment" came in.

There was another injection, this time in the vein

of taking care of myself, was no longer suicidal, and the afternoon "outside," emotionally and physically exhausting, stimulated me.

In a week or so I was allowed occasional weekend leave with good friends. Gradually meeting people became less of an ordeal.

**W**HEN my six months in hospital had come and gone, and my daily quota of drugs had been cut by half, I felt pretty confident.

Still a rather solitary figure, I rarely socialised with other patients.

travelling to work daily from the hospital, I found private board.

So on the 15th day of my eighth month as a psychiatric in-patient I packed my one small case, said goodbye to the ward sister, and walked slowly and rather reluctantly out of the hospital gates.

I felt very small and insecure, reminding myself that as an out-patient I would be in regular contact with my doctor.

The doctors and nurses' faces had become familiar and friendly, and I no longer so actively resented their intrusion into my secret world.

I could, I think, look more objectively at myself and my illness and the train of events that led up to it. I appreciated the insight and compassion of the skilled staff and even their occasional sternness.

**T**ODAY, after more than a year, it seems unlikely that I will need in-patient treatment again. My doctor is pleased with my progress.

Close friends and relatives know my history, and I do not volunteer the information—it is not always easy to know if the words "mental hospital" will cloud a relationship or not.

Mental illness is just that—an illness. And there are hospitals for its treatment, just as for physical illness.

But some illness is shrouded with mystery, ignorance, fear of social stigma, and the like. We often fear what we do not understand.

Another thing: Psychiatry jargon has terms that hurt people. "You're a liar" hurts far less than "You're a psychopath."

**P**SYCHIATRIC hospitals are no longer the terrifying, insanitary snakepits that (according to popular belief) once they were.

Few wards are locked, and those that are restrain the patients for their own safety.

Patients are treated compassionately and skilfully. Wards are brighter and more comfortable.

There is more hope, more help, and after the first critical weeks or months much can be done to alleviate the wretchedness and despair of people like me, who could well take their own lives instead of availing themselves of sanctuary

## Faces gradually became familiar

no drifting off into a half-waking, half-sleeping state. But the effort seemed futile.

"CAN'T you concentrate?" "Do you daydream?" (Huh, you think you can fool me—hallucinations, he means.)

An unusually long period spent in the bathroom drew a nurse in to see what was wrong. Cutlery was counted ritually before and after meals, especially knives.

Vigilance at drug-taking times prevented patients from "lifting" drugs, or storing up their daily quota to make a suicidal dose.

After breakfast, patients moved like automatons, doing physical jerks to music.

"Left, right, left, right"—they moved around the room, some absurdly pleased with the activity, others pathetically dragging their feet.

No persuasion could make me participate.

Lipstick, powder, and foundation were set out each day after we were dressed, and we were encouraged to use them. I was still too far out of touch to see any point in making unnecessary effort.

We were taken to art classes, the only activity outside our ward, and encouraged to express our ideas in paint and chalks.

No doubt each feeble or talented effort was probed and analysed.

Visitors came regularly, some hopeful, some despairing. And always there were those doors to be locked and unlocked by the keys that hung from each nurse's waist.

There were occasional sleepless nights when a deranged patient would be admitted, but mercifully these were few. Screaming, ranting, hitting out, this new patient would wake the entire ward until the tired nurses managed to give a calming injection.

in the inside of the elbow, and the next thing we knew it was all over, apart from a mild headache sometimes or sleepiness. We dressed, had tea and toast, and joined the rest of the "family."

The usual number of treatments was six.

After about three weeks, I was transferred to a convalescent ward where there were no locks. The comparative freedom was rather terrifying.

I went to occupational therapy, but again did not participate.

Then a relapse. Back to the first ward—and six more treatments.

More interviews . . . and a terrifying (so it seemed) third degree at a staff conference, where medical and nursing personnel sat round the room, and I faced them.

**F**INALLY I was making a sort of progress. I was moved to another convalescent ward, resumed occupational therapy, and began to look forward to my visitors.

I even responded to conversation, and I started to read.

One memorable day, I was allowed to venture into the city by myself. During the preceding five months, occupational therapists had taken groups of us out to the cinema, but going out by myself was a different matter.

Severe depression had affected my memory.

I had no recollection of many things, although later it came back to me.

However, I was capable

### STITCH IT WITH BRIDGET

**B**RIDGET MAGINN ("Stitch It With Bridget"), whose dressmaking classes are famous across the United States, will arrive next week for a lecture tour sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly, Butterick Patterns, and Singer Sewing Machines.

**SYDNEY:** Lectures will be given at Farmer and Co. Ltd. from July 12-16 inclusive, and fashion parades, associated with the lectures, will be staged daily.

The afternoon lectures will be of special interest to domestic science students from secondary schools and high schools. Times are: Lectures: 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. daily in Rose Room Restaurant. Parades: 1.15 p.m. Fabric Dept., 1st Floor. Bookings: Free tickets for entire series of lectures available from July 7. No phone calls or written reservations. Tickets can be obtained from Pattern Dept., 1st floor. Miss Maginn will also give a series of five television lectures. Details will be announced later.

**NEW ZEALAND:** Miss Maginn will lecture in three cities in New Zealand from August 23 to September 10. Fashion parades, associated with the lectures, will be staged daily. **WELLINGTON:** D.L.C., August 23-27 inclusive. Lectures, 3 p.m. daily, Colonnade Room. Parades, 12.20 p.m. and 1.20 p.m. daily. Lecture bookings, 5/-. **FABRICS DEPT. CHRIST-CHURCH:** D.L.C., August 30-September 3 inclusive. Lectures, 10 a.m. daily, Restaurant. Parades, 12.20 p.m. and 1.20 p.m. daily. Lecture bookings, 5/-. **BOOKING OFFICE. AUCKLAND:** Milne and Choyce, September 6-10 inclusive. Lectures, 10.30 a.m. daily, Skyroom. Parades, 12.20 p.m. and 1.20 p.m. daily. Lecture bookings, 5/-. **GROUND FLOOR BOOKING OFFICE.**





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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 23, 1965



# You must...

**B**ECAUSE they possess the normal attributes of the human species there is nothing, at first glance, to indicate to the casual observer that Gardeners are a race apart.

Only after close scrutiny does the fact emerge that Gardeners are divided into a multitude of cults and sects, each disciple cleaving to his chosen path, united only in the common cause of Making Things Grow.

However, there is one simple test which one can apply to discover if a new acquaintance is one of Them. This is the weather.

## Small and neat

If one's murmured reference to the lovely hot summer we've been having this year provokes a heated response about the damage to the lupins, the iniquitous water restrictions, and the prevalence of black aphids, one can be reasonably certain that our new friend is a devotee, and trim the conversational sails accordingly.

Further inquiry will show whether one is dealing with an Annual or Perennial Gardener.

The Annuals — they are usually female city dwellers — tend to small neat gardens which blaze with color in the spring and summer and remain dull and monotonous for the rest of the year.

It's as well to memorise such names as clarkias, pansies, stocks, asters, godetias, and salpiglossis.

With an amateur Annual this short list will do, and can be introduced when conversation flags.

When one is invited to look round an amateur Annual's garden — and you can be quite sure that you will, as this is a rite common to every type of Gardener — there is no getting out of it.

One can expect the tour to be short, and because of the gloriously primitive blaze of color, stimulating.

Dedicated Annuals are something else again. Unless one is contemplating taking up gardening oneself, the best thing to do is direct the conversation toward the color and design of the beds.

## The Specialist

Halfway through the tour it is a good idea to say, "I don't know how you do it!"

Telling one how she does it will last nicely through the rest of the garden and into the drawing-room, where one can relax with a cup of tea.

The Specialist Gardener's passion centres on a single species — fuchsias, or ferns, or geraniums, or begonias.

I don't mention the

Orchid Grower or the Hydroponics Addict, as they are fanatics and should be avoided at all costs.

No rule of thumb can be applied to the Specialists, so one's comments should be confined to differences of shapes of leaves, petals, and scents.

Beware of begonias—they don't smell.

Actually, the Specialist seldom proves difficult. He can tell at a glance that one is past praying for and refuses to waste his breath on Philistines.

A fast sprint through the greenhouse is all that propriety demands, and with dedicated Specialists one is often left to find one's own way back to the drawing-room, because the host has a little matter to attend to in the potting-shed.

The Perennial Gardeners, however, are an entirely different proposition. Their gardens are large and diffuse and include a bewildering variety of shrubs, trees, flowers, and bulbs.

They are cool and shady, with sparkling stretches of lawn and secluded vine-covered patios strewn about invitingly, with comfortable reclining chairs, which one is never allowed to sit on.

Perennial gardens often include such exotica as a fish pond, a rock bank, and a cactus garden, perhaps even a sunken formal garden.

## Monologues

Such places are never looked round in a single tour, because Perennials have a distressing habit of digressing from the plant under scrutiny.

They will embark on long monologues about fertiliser, water-weed, or in extreme instances the desirability of pulling everything out and planting it somewhere else.

The female Perennial is prone to criticising her spouse for his lack of interest in the garden and his sneaky tendency to disappear in the middle of transplanting the rock garden to a more desirable site.

The male Perennial is much the same, and if one wishes to avoid becoming involved in bitter matrimonial disputes it is safer to mutter, "What a shame!" and ask the name of the nearest tree.

One of the great hazards in a conducted tour of this kind is that after 10 minutes one is so overwhelmed by the profusion of flora it becomes impossible to formulate any original remarks.

One is reduced to bleating at intervals, "Oh, isn't that pretty!"

If one is unfortunate in befriending an Understanding Perennial (who, of course, has seen through these flimsy pretences in the first two seconds) it is possible



to lag behind surreptitiously and enjoy the sounds and scents of this paradise, unhampered by the need to make conversation, while the rest of the party proceeds to the next point of interest.

In these mellowing circumstances all rancour disappears, and it is possible to be seduced by tranquillity into unexpected benevolence toward all Gardeners.

Unhappily, such enlightenment is rare.

More often than not one is firmly led along endless paths, between walls of greenery which have a nasty habit of smacking one

smartly with whip-like branches at eye-level.

Sometimes there is a terrace lined with tubs of clipped box, and paved unevenly with sandstone.

They are liberally sprinkled with creeping plants, over which one picks one's way precariously in still heels, occasionally falling in a vain endeavor to avoid stepping on things.

Your Perennial gardener will assure you that these

are meant to be stepped on, but don't believe this.

I know of one man who wiped his feet on his hostess's nierembergia one dark night in the mistaken assumption it was a doormat.

An inexplicable rule among Perennials is that they build small Edens out

of unpromising material — and never relax there.

They create cool havens of retreat from the blazing suns of summer — then spend their days out in grilling temperatures, pulling up weeds.

On cool evenings, when right-minded citizens lie about with long, cold glasses, enjoying the glorious scents of flowers and damp earth that drift through the open windows, your Perennial will be busily spraying the aphids, hosing down the terrace, watering the lawns, tying up drooping sprays of foliage.

In the rare moments when exhaustion drives them to sit down, their restless eyes are seeking out the next bed to weed, another shrub to mulch, the tendrils of vine

which threaten to engulf a new specimen they just happened to stumble upon during a drive to the hills.

They are indeed a race apart.

Wars can engulf a whole continent, floods and famine can decimate a nation, taxes soar, prices rise to astronomical heights, destruction threaten our planet, but, secure behind the pages of the latest gardening journal, our Gardeners lose themselves in dreams of new vistas, another pergola, a larger rock garden... a whole lifetime of digging, spraying, pruning, planting, weeding.

Until the doorbell rings, and they rush to answer, crying as they open the door: "You must come and look round the garden!"

*LIFE is a never-ending source of pleasure to the keen gardener, and if you are among this happy band you may recognise yourself (Annual? Perennial? Specialist?) in this survey of Gardeners by MARY ELIZABETH WILLS.*



# come and look...



# around the garden



# Getting rid of the General

● Regular viewers of *Twelve O'Clock High* — and who isn't — know that Brigadier-General Frank Savage (Robert Lansing) of the U.S. 918th Bombardment Group has a keen eye for bandits.

**"B**ANDITS at 12 o'clock high" over the intercom means that enemy planes are overhead, and action is imminent.

On TV, the General is magnificent in action, either immediate, planned, or violent, but in private life he hasn't kept his weather eye open. He has been shot down in flames by bandits he didn't catch a glimpse of.

The bandits are the producers of the series, the American Broadcasting Corporation who, out of the blue, decided to replace Lansing.

It is a hard decision to understand, and no one seems to know the producers' real reason.

His place will be taken in the next series of the show by Paul Burke, the dark, unsmiling detective of *Naked City*.

One of the reasons given for getting rid of Lansing is that the series in America is moving from 10 p.m. to 7.30 p.m., when the audience is younger, and therefore needs a younger, more dashing star.

This doesn't make sense, as Lansing is only 36. Burke is older, and not as good looking.

Lansing isn't worried. He is a fine actor, although given to rather heavy breathing-out through the nose, and has many other jobs to go to. He favors feature films, although he has offers for bigger and better TV series.

Anyway, the bandits who shot down Lansing won't affect the Australian viewers till next year. Until then viewers will be able to sit back, enjoy the excellent air-war stories, and watch how Lansing is got rid of, logically, without damaging the series.

The producers invited him, with the utmost cordiality, to accept a script in which he is killed, shot down in flames while viewers' hearts bleed.

Lansing refused unequivocally to be so neatly and finally disposed of. He doesn't like death scenes.

This leaves the producers with a dilemma.

Can they let the General fade away so gracefully that viewers don't notice, or will they transfer him to another base?—NAN MUSGROVE



**GENERAL SAVAGE**  
(Robert Lansing)

## Television



**GENERAL SAVAGE** (Robert Lansing) in scenes from the series (above and at right near his *Flying Fortress*, *Piccadilly Lily*). *Twelve O'Clock High* may be seen in Sydney on TCN9 at 8.30 p.m. Saturdays, in Melbourne on GTV9 at 8.30 p.m. Wednesdays, in Adelaide on NWS9, and Brisbane on QTQ9 at 7.30 p.m. Wednesdays.





# A phone call from TV's Perry Mason

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Raymond Burr, TV's Perry Mason, spent many hours of his recent visit to Sydney telephoning the wives and mothers of Australian soldiers serving in Vietnam to whom he had spoken.

RAYMOND BURR'S 36-hour visit to Australia was made on his way back to the United States from Vietnam, where he had been on a month's visit, his fourth, to see troops stationed there.

On the only evening he spent in Australia, Burr telephoned more than 30 women, giving them messages and news from their men.

He was upset because a

bag which had been mistakenly flown out of Australia contained another sheaf of names and messages.

I was proud when he asked me if I would deputise for him and ring the wives as soon as he could send the names to me.

One of the first people he telephoned was Mrs. John Clarke, of Merrylands, N.S.W., wife of Paratrooper John Clarke, who recently was awarded the Vietnamese Silver Star, Vietnam's second highest award for gallantry.

Clarke also won the

Queen's Commendation for bravery for saving many Vietnamese lives in floods in November, 1964.

Clarke, 34, is a warrant-officer, a parachute specialist with 148 jumps to his credit. Mrs. Clarke said her husband was a training instructor with forces at Quang Ngai.

Clarke, who was due to arrive home on leave last weekend, wrote his wife that he got the star "for standing around or something."

"Clarke is a fine soldier and a fine man," Raymond Burr told me.

Burr was very touched because Mrs. Clarke had telephoned him the morning after he rang to thank him again for his trouble.

Mrs. Clarke was still rocked by Burr's telephone call several days later.

"There had been a story in a magazine about John's decoration," she told me. "The Army warned me that I may receive some calls from cranks."

## Television

"When I answered the phone and a voice said, 'This is Raymond Burr,' I thought it was a crank call."

"When I realised it really was him I was so thrilled I was stuck for words."

"I was so over-whelmed that he would bother to ring me. Lots of people say they will do this sort of thing and don't follow through."

"But he did. If only I could have that telephone call all over again."

"He said next time he was in Sydney he'd like to have dinner with John and me."

"He is so gorgeous. I always have thought so. All the time I was talking to him I was saying to myself, 'Don't call him Perry Mason.' It was hard not to."

"I rang next morning to leave him a thank-you message, because I thought I may have sounded a bit rude, first of all thinking it may be a crank, and then I was so overcome."

MRS. CLARKE and Press cuttings about the Vietnam war. Right: Ray Burr in Sydney.

Burr, one of TV's most durable heroes as Perry Mason (TCN9 Wednesdays, 8 p.m.), was suffering from the remnants of an attack of flu—and of overweight.

Injured on his last visit to Vietnam, he has had three spells in hospital, and a plaster cast on his torso.

He blames the resultant inactivity for his overweight—I would say a good three stone since his last visit.

"I need a tremendous amount of exercise," he said. "Now I have shed the cast I will deal with my weight problem."

Burr returns to America to make the ninth and last Perry Mason series.

"I have tried before to finish it, but I have had to consider my responsibility to the public who have sup-

ported it and to the people working with me.

"I am happy now to say they are happy, too."

"Ray Collins, who played Lt. Tragg, had to retire from the series because he was too old. I don't want this to happen to me."

Burr was unable to be specific about after-Mason, except that he will make a glamor travelogue about Canada, his birthplace. It will be Ray Burr's Canada.

In Vietnam, he acquired three fosterchildren. He now has 20—in Italy, Belgium, Korea, Vietnam, the Philippines, Greece.

They write to "Dear Father" at least twice a month.

Burr started this family (his only son died of leukaemia at the age of 12) eight years ago.

## TOMMY HANLON'S

### Thought for the Week

Mamma once said: "My, aren't fashions changing? The necklines are getting lower and lower and the hemlines are getting higher and higher. In the old days, for instance, a wife would say to her husband, 'Button me up the back.' Today they say, 'Powder my back.' I wonder what next?"

Mamma's moral: In granny's day, the young girls used to wear what were called unmentionables. Today, they wear nothing to speak of...

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

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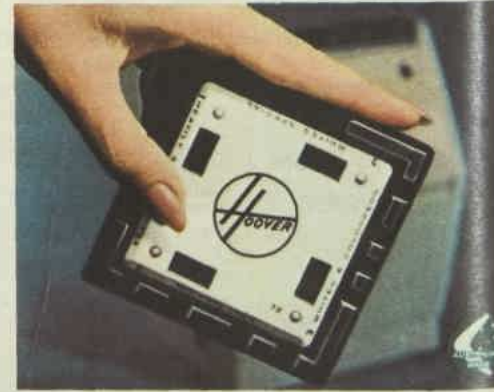
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### A short story

By HUGH CAVE

# END OF THE ROAD

Their paths were to lead  
in different directions  
but the casual encounter  
had an unexpected impact

**E**VEN as she stopped the car, she remembered her father's warning: "Never pick up strangers, Judy. Never." But the rain had become a drenching downpour, and there was no shelter anywhere for this hitchhiker. Surely there could be no danger in picking up a girl.

"Thanks," the girl said, sliding on to the seat. Her eyes were dull and her soft, pale face looked as though it were floating in milk. "What an afternoon! I thought I would drown."

"You are wet."

"Cold, too." Shivering, she pulled her thin raincoat more tightly around her and with one hand pushed the wet black hair out of her eyes.

"I'll turn the heater on," Judith said as the car picked up speed.

For a few moments they rode in silence, the girl twisting and squirming to make herself more comfortable. The rain pounded down. The wipers clicked. Then the girl leaned back against the door and looked at Judith with mild curiosity. "How far are you going?" she asked.

"New Haven."

"You live there?"

"I . . . yes. I'm going home for the weekend."

"Home from where?"

"School."

"College, you mean?"

"Yes. College."

"I'm going to New York and I don't live there," the girl said. Her voice was low but hard. "I don't live anywhere."

How do I answer that? Judith wondered, and was silent.

The dashboard clock said three-fifteen and there was not much traffic on the road. The tyres hissed in the film of water that glistened on the road.

"There are sandwiches in the glove compartment," Judith said. "Help yourself if you're hungry."

"I'm not hungry."

"Well, I am." Judith took one and worked it halfway out of its paper wrapping and began to eat it. When

she felt the girl's gaze on her, she said again. "Help yourself. There's coffee, too. On the back seat."

The girl ate a sandwich. She turned and reached for the flask on the back seat beside the suitcase. She poured coffee and drank it and stopped shivering. Still holding the flask, she said suddenly. "How old would you say I am? I mean, just to look at me."

Judith glanced at her. "Twenty-two? Twenty-three?"

"How old are you?"

"Twenty."

"I'm seventeen."

"I can't believe it."

The girl poured more coffee and drank it slowly this time. She put the top back on the flask and with the tip of her fingers traced two eyes, a nose, and a mouth on the side of the bottle, as though turning it into a doll.

"You're twenty and you don't even look it," she said. "You go to college, you have this car, you're dressed like somebody in a magazine. I'm seventeen and I look twenty-three and what have I got? Nothing." Her face was not soft now; it was hardened into concrete. "You're going home for the weekend, huh?"

"I . . . yes."

"What's it like? Where you live, I mean."

"Like? I don't think I un—"

"A big house? You live in a big house? With your own room?"

"Well, yes."

"What's your father do? He a banker or something?"

"A lawyer," Judith said.

"And your mother? She nice?"

"Yes, she is very nice." The questions were frightening. "I don't understand. Why are you asking me—"

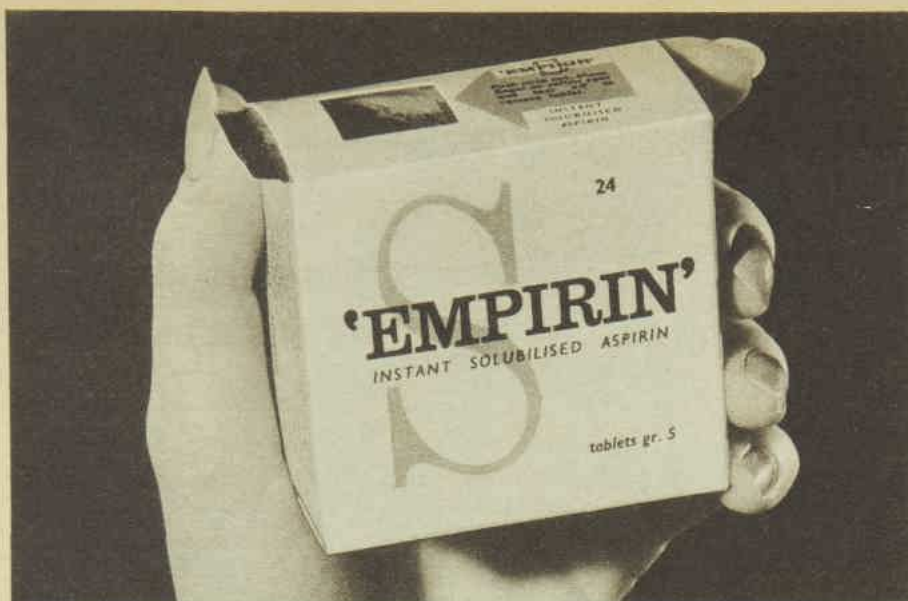
"Can I have another sandwich?"

"Of course."

The girl ate a sandwich, chewing each mouthful slowly. She tore the wax-paper bag into thin strips and pressed the strips to the top of the flask, so that her doll had hair.

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# A PERSON APART

By **WALTER MEADE**

**W**HEN Anne McCambridge broke her engagement to Douglas Watts, she was as surprised by the effect the decision had on her family and friends as she was that she had had the courage to make the break.

She had anticipated that people close to her would think she was acting rightly. They did not. She did not anticipate that the end of her engagement would cost her her self-confidence. It did. For perhaps the most wounding thing of all was that Douglas did not put up a fight to hold her.

Anne returned his ring about a month before the beginning of summer vacation from college. She knew that her sorority sisters were dismayed because they protested so much in her defence. All except Peggy Armitage, her room mate, who did not exactly have a reputation for tact.

As Anne was writing her mother the news Peggy said, "Well, ducky, that leaves your senior year. And all the decent types are spoken for."

Anne included the remark in her letter to lighten things up a bit. It apparently did not have the effect on her mother she had intended, because she received by return mail a four-page document that stressed the seriousness of the situation.

Although Anne had not discounted the seriousness

of it, she felt that a broken engagement was not to be taken as lugubriously as fire or famine. Her mother's overanxiousness—she had written, "I don't know what to make of it. I really wonder what you will do"—suggested that she felt it was the only engagement Anne was ever likely to have. Anne braced herself for the day she would return home for vacation.

Her mother met her at the airport. During the drive home Mrs. McCambridge began to talk about everything except what was on her mind. She spoke about the party at the country club they all were going to on Saturday, about a brunch at the Palmers' they all were going to on Sunday, about the clothes they were going to buy for them both, and about giving Anne's hair a little rinse to brighten it.

"You look a little mousy. You're too thin, and so pale. Everything's going to be all right. It truly is."

"If you really believed that, Mother, I'd think you'd relax."

"I am relaxed. I do believe it. I know you know best."

"I know I was not right for Douglas and he was not right for me."

"I understand that you have your reasons. You

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"I've missed you," Dr. Hiddle said to Anne as he passed by one day.

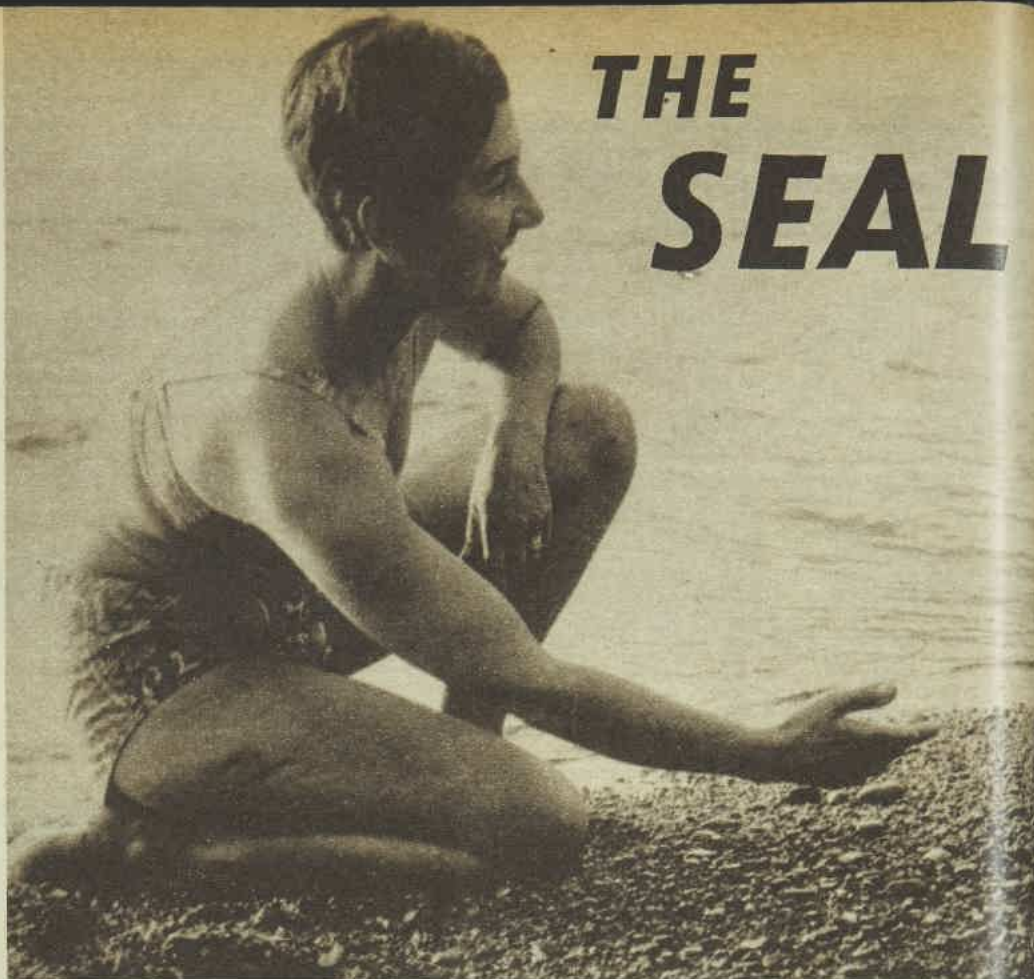
ILLUSTRATED  
BY ASTRA





● The enchanting true story of a friendship which formed between a young seal and a woman, who now says it was "a glimpse of Eden"

# THE SEAL



**T**HE seal came to the Isle of Purbeck, on the southern English coast, in the spring of 1961. He was first seen by Sid Lander, a fisherman, on a fine evening in May.

Sid and his son, Alan, were dropping their crab pots about half a mile out from the cove called Chapman's Pool when a seal bobbed up near their boat. It seemed startled and swam off to a safer distance, then sat up on its tail with the upper part of its body out of the water and watched the men at their work.

Had either of them shouted or made menacing gestures this story would never have been written. But they did not. Their living was gained from crabs, lobsters, and prawns, so they were less hostile to seals than most of their fellows.

Seals do, in fact, eat large quantities of small crustacea, but not the kind relished by man. The Landers knew this, being better informed than fishermen in other parts who justify their merciless hatred of seals by accusing them of robbing the lobster pots.

Alan tossed the onlooker a fish kept for crab bait. Instantly the seal dived in panic. Plainly it had never seen a fish come flying through the air. The flinging of fish by hand being the normal method of feeding marine animals of any kind kept in captivity, Alan rightly concluded that this seal could not possibly be a tame one which had escaped.

On the next tide when the men went to haul their pots they saw it again in shallow water off the rocks at the mouth of the cove. It sat up as before and watched them go by, even followed their boat a little way, but seemed very nervous. They pretended to ignore it.

Two days later they saw it stretched on a ledge below the foreshore.

"I thought it was ill," Alan says. "But it was sunning itself. I did not go close. If I had gone close it would have made off because it was jumpy. This was the first time it came ashore."

All that day it stayed close to the water, eyeing the men warily, ready to slip off at a hint of danger. At dusk it vanished. Another day went by before it came again. This time it seemed less uneasy, more reconciled to the activity about the boathouse. It was offered some fish but would take nothing, seeming content to lie in the sun and launch itself at intervals into the Pool for a swim.

Presently a third man arrived on the scene. This was Percy Wallace, a coast-guard who does a bit of fishing in his spare time and keeps a boat at the cove. He had come to mend some tackle. He was surprised and pleased to see this unusual visitor and tried to approach it.

The seal allowed him to come within a few paces of where it lay, but when he put out his hand it backed away and flopped into the water. It did not swim off, however, but hung about watching all that was going on. It seemed fascinated by the men's aspect and their movements and voices.

Later that day, knowing my interest in the wildlife of the region, Percy telephoned me. "There's a seal at the Pool."

I could not get down to the cove before the end of the week, by which time the seal had put in two more appearances.

**C**HAPMAN'S POOL is a wild place, frequented in summer by fishermen and holidaymakers, deserted for the rest of the year. To reach it you must leave your car on the headland 400ft. above the cove and make your way down by narrow and slippery tracks.

The cove is cup-shaped, a quarter of a mile at its widest, slightly narrower at the mouth. The beach is of coarse sand and shingle spread shallowly over ledges of slate.

In wintry weather, when sea and sky are the same

an inborn aversion to doing anything in the least degree unconventional. But after a moment or two of shuffling hesitation we cupped our hands and, very self-consciously, "hollered."

"Hullo! Hi! hi! Hullo-oo!" Some startled gulls rose from the rocks. We tried again. "Hullo-oo."

Suddenly someone pointed. "Out there. Look!"

Far out in the Pool a gleaming round object had surfaced. At first it was stationary, then it slowly, strangely began to grow. It rose like Excalibur from the lake. It became a wedge-shaped form, eerily human, seen against a ribbon of mist between sea and sky. For a long moment it seemed to hang irresolute. We could

I was myself so overcome by the strangeness of the occurrence that after the first few moments I was oblivious to everything but the creature in front of me. It was the first time I had seen a seal at such close quarters outside a zoo. For all I knew it might be the last, so I tried to make a complete mental portrait.

Our visitor measured roughly four and a half feet from the end of its nose to the tip of the embryonic tail between his hind flippers. There was a scar on the left shoulder.

When it opened its jaws to snap at a fly I saw a formidable set of teeth. The canines were an inch and a half long and looked razor sharp. The broad nostrils had valves that opened and closed. The long white whiskers looked as if they were made of plastic. The eyeballs seemed oddly flat, with large pupils and very thick lenses.

It has been said both by animal trainers and naturalists that a seal cannot convey emotion because it has no external ears and no proper tail. They ignore the fact that it has a most expressive face with eyes which can show pleasure, sorrow, abstraction, irritation, mischief, or entreaty. And though the tail is absurdly small it can be wagged, and frequently is in happiness or excitement.

By now Percy Wallace had strolled over to join us.

"I told you it'd come if you hollered," he said. "How did you know?"

"I've heard the old tales. And I've seen it done in Scotland. Some have the power. In the south seas they call the dolphins, only that's to kill and eat them."

"Have you ever seen a seal in the Pool before?"

"No, never. And it won't stay, of course."

"Why not?"

"Seals like quiet, lonely places. When the season starts the trippers will scare it off."

It seemed all too probable that Percy was right on this point. In fact, both he and we were totally mistaken. The very factor which had brought the seal to the cove was to keep it there, held by ties of increasing strength. It was human society it wanted. For this it had come and for this it stayed.

Why it should have been so was a mystery we never fathomed. In view of the merciless treatment its kind had received from mankind and the countless numbers that have been slaughtered this was perhaps the greatest puzzle of all. One would have expected the sight and sound of man to be identified in its race memory with all that was most abhorrent.

**O**N that first day the young seal did not approach any nearer to us, but on the other hand it did not retreat or show alarm when we advanced. We edged toward it until we were almost within touching distance and the water sucked at our shoes. Then we prudently halted, remembering that armory of teeth.

The seal kept its gaze on us, looking from one to the other. It seemed friendly disposed, but though we tried to coax it to leave the water it would not venture. Contact with the small waves lapping the lower part of its body seemed to give it confidence.

I don't know how long we might have stood there staring at it, marvelling, wondering how to cultivate the acquaintance, but it suddenly decided of its own accord to terminate the in-

terview. With a supple movement it turned, re-immersed itself and swam unhurriedly away. We watched it go, regretfully. It seemed, curiously, in that short space of time to have integrated itself, to have become a part of the wild beauty of the place.

Early in the following week, my friend Mary Hickman brought me a progress report.

"The seal was on the beach all day yesterday. It came and lay quite close to me. Then a couple came down with two small children and a dog. The seal wasn't afraid of them, but they were afraid of it. The children wouldn't go near it and the dog was scared stiff."

"They all hurried over to the other side of the cove and stayed there. After a bit the children started romping about and the seal sat up and watched them and listened. It had a sort of wistful expression, as if it was dying to join in, but hadn't been invited. Know what it reminded me of? A new boy in a school playground."

"Anything else?"

"Yes. When Percy went out in his dinghy the seal flopped into the sea and followed. It kept diving under the boat and popping up on the other side. Seems quite fond of Percy. Then two more people arrived on the beach. Directly it saw them it came tearing back. These two weren't exactly scared, but they didn't know what to make of it. Asked me if it was safe to stroke."

"What did you say?"

"I said there was one way to find out, but I advised against it."

"Quite right." "Then they wanted to know if it was usual to find seals on the beaches around here. I said certainly not, it

By NINA WARNER HOOKE  
First of two parts

grey as the shale, the scene is sombre and desolate. But on a bright day in summer the Pool can be a place of enchantment, the water intensely blue, a jewel in a silver setting.

When I arrived I found a small group of people from adjacent villages gathered on the beach, looking chilled and disappointed. It was a grey afternoon, with tatters of mist hanging on the hills and creeping over the water, one of those days when the Pool does not welcome intruders. There was no sign of the seal.

"It came in this morning and then made off again," Percy shouted to us from the boathouse. "I doubt if it's far away. Try hollering."

"You mean, call it?"

We glanced at each other. We were English. We had

feel the intensity of its gaze across the water, the absorption in an effort of decision.

Presently the form sank, compressing itself again into the small dark sphere — and began slowly to move toward us.

The Pool was flat calm. Behind the dark muzzle streamed the spear-shafts of its wake. It came out of the mist into sharp definition. We saw the large eyes, the blunt nose very black against the pewter-gleaming sleek long head.

It came to a halt within four or five yards of where we stood, half out of the water, the heavy body supported on the front flippers, the eyes benign and calm, expressing pleasurable interest.

Someone said, "Well, I'm damned!" Another laughed.



# SUMMER

● Picture shows Nina Warner Hooke with the grey seal which came for one summer to the Isle of Purbeck on the coast of Dorset, England. Mrs. Hooke lives in an old stone cottage on Purbeck and is a busy playwright and novelist.



was a rare event. I don't think they really approved. The woman said 'Supposing it isn't safe? Oughtn't something to be done about it?' Of all the daft remarks—

"Just the same, she had a point. Before long some fool's going to go barging up and patting it like a dog, and if he gets badly bitten you know what's liable to happen."

"Someone will put a bullet through its head."

"Precisely. There's always some character looking for an excuse to use a gun. We'll have to make the test."

"I agree. Let's do it tomorrow. The Wrights are coming down for the day. We'll have a picnic if this gorgeous weather holds."

I told Mary I would bring thick leather gloves.

The next day was hot and still. From the top of the ravine the Pool looked very blue and inviting. Far out in the middle of it we could see a dark object floating. It might have been a log of driftwood.

"It's the seal," Mary said, and we both smiled with relief. In those early days it was always a toss-up whether we would find it there or not. To be reassured that it had not deserted us brought an odd feeling compounded of pleasure and pride.

We scrambled noisily over the stream with our loaded bags and baskets. The seal heard us, raised its head and came swimming to meet us. We all arrived at the water's edge simultaneously. It was delightful to be greeted by this wild creature like awaited guests. The emotional effect needed release in speech.

"Hullo!" we said. "How nice to see you! Are you all right? Are you happy?"

The absurd little tail wagged in response. The

sleek head was upraised, the large eyes shining. Every line of the body expressed pleasurable anticipation.

We spread the rugs and settled ourselves on the shingle. The tide was high and the slate ledges were under water, so after a few hesitant minutes the seal followed us and flopped down within six feet of where we were sitting. I groped in my basket for the gloves. They were not there.

"Damnation! I've left them at the cottage."

It was infuriating. I had either to go back and fetch them or postpone the test till another day.

THE seal lay quietly within touching distance. I put out my hand in a slow exploratory gesture — and withdrew it again. The head jerked up, the eyes were wide and alert. There was no sign of fear, only the alertness which could so easily be mistaken for eagerness.

Mary had seen the abortive gesture.

"I wouldn't risk it without the gloves," she said. And I knew that she was right. Those jaws could take a human hand clean off before it could be withdrawn.

I lay back on the rug beside Mary. The sun beat down strongly and we fell into a half doze. While we did so, events began to move independently of assistance from us.

The seal disliked lying on shingle. The small stones stuck to its hide and the big ones caused equal annoyance. While we lay somnolent and oblivious it left us for a more comfortable resting place some forty yards away.

In this position it was the first object visible to the

Wright's when they arrived shortly afterwards and started to make their way down to the cove. Their four-year-old daughter was the first on the scene. Racing ahead of her parents she reached the beach while they were still halfway up the ravine.

Mary and I heard their warning shouts. We sprang up and added ours. We saw the child running toward the seal and could do nothing to stop her. She ignored the shouts, or perhaps in her eagerness she was deaf to them.

Horried, we watched as she flung herself down beside the animal and began hugging and kissing it. She evidently thought it was a kind of large dog. When the rest of us caught up with her she was crooning, "Dear doggie, good doggie," and the seal was responding with every appearance of delight.

Its flippers were clasped tightly round the child's body and it was making a strange moaning sound. When we tried to pull her

induce her to leave her playmate for longer than it took her to bolt her lunch.

The Wrights, finding their anxiety groundless, settled down to sunbathe and left her to it. They expressed surprise at meeting a "tame" seal on a Dorset beach but were glad to find it so gentle. They supposed it was used to being made a fuss of.

Mary and I, who had not the courage to tell them the truth, looked at each other guiltily and decided it might be wiser to keep mum.

Our friend, we were to learn, was a bull grey seal, about eighteen months old. By the third week of May he had taken possession of the Pool and was a familiar sight swimming from side to side, basking in the shallows or lying on his favorite ledge at low tide with an eye cocked on the approaches to the beach.

To attract attention he would throw himself into abandoned attitudes or swivel around with both ends upturned till he seemed to be ballet-dancing on his stomach. When he was bored he chewed his flippers, yawned, politely covering his mouth, or combed his whiskers.

In the water he watched for sun flashes on glass and steel, knowing that this meant the arrival of a car on the headland and the descent of its occupants to the cove. He could see these flashes from far out and would come racing in to welcome the new arrivals.

His behaviour was so patently friendly that few hesitated to fondle him. He liked to have his stomach rubbed and to be tickled under his foreflippers. Never at a loss to make his requirements understood, he would flop over on his back and hold up a flipper until someone complied.

Greedy for caresses, he took to following people about, hugging their legs when they halted and gazing soulfully up at them until they stooped to stroke his head. Children were irresistible to him. He would

be going to react when this element was invaded?

A group of us stood by the water's edge one windy morning debating what to do. The object of the discussion lay at our feet contentedly. He had been fishing and looked gorged and drowsy.

The outcome of our talk was inevitable. One of us had to go in to bathe and see what happened. We drew lots with colored pebbles and the lot fell to me. I did not particularly relish it, for though the sun was hot the wind was very cold. However, I put on a swimsuit and walked to the ledge below which at low tide the water was waist deep.

IMMEDIATELY the seal awakened up and came after me, his drowsiness routed. He flopped into the water and waited for me to throw him a bit of seaweed or driftwood to retrieve. Though none of us had ever taught him to retrieve he did so voluntarily, preferring sticks to balls because he could grasp them better. When I failed to throw anything to him he looked at me inquiringly.

I returned his gaze intently, holding him with my eyes and trying to project my intention. Then I dropped off the ledge and stood beside him.

His first reaction was one of astonishment. Plainly he had thought us exclusively land animals until this moment. Then his owlish stare changed to joy. He swam close, put his flippers round my waist, and pushed his muzzle into my neck, at the same time making the queer moaning sound that seemed to denote emotion.

Pushing him gently away I began ducking and splashing, to show that I was as willing and able to romp with him in the sea as I was on land. When he grasped this his excitement was uncontrollable. He dived, surfaced, rolled like a porpoise, gyrated about me, pulled me along by

The seal's clumsiness on land is the penalty it pays for perfection in its watery kingdom. Here the heavy body is weightless, the modified limbs are instruments of supple and delicate precision. Every movement is a poem of grace.

Snaking, gliding, and somersaulting around and between us went the gleaming acrobat. The strong whiskers tickled us till we shrieked, the flippers suddenly clutched at ankles or calves. He discovered in a few minutes that a deft push at the back of the knees caused us to collapse, and as we sank he poured himself over our shoulders and down our backs, turning over and peeping at us upside down, his black eyes shining with joy.

He hung in the water at arm's length, teasing, inviting us to catch him, and when we reached out to clasp him he streaked away, to return in a silver parabola and plunge to the bottom. The teasing had a purpose, this was apparent. He was trying to lure us into deeper water. But we had sense enough to resist his efforts and keep well within our depth.

Though far from full grown, he was a big and powerful creature, fully capable of drowning us if in his enthusiasm he should try to drag us down in depths where he was at home and we were not. It seemed prudent to accustom him to playing with humans in the shallow water below the ledges.

We really did have a flaming June that year. Coupled with the newspaper publicity it brought sight-seers to the cove in increasing numbers. They came, they saw, and were enraptured. The seal welcomed them all with the greatest delight.

Now perfectly at ease amid crowds of strangers, he revelled in the admiration, the petting and fondling. In fact, it went to his head and he behaved for a while like a spoilt and hysterical child—rushing about and knocking over small children, flopping down soaking wet in the middle of picnic parties, scattering shingle over rugs and wraps, blowing mucus and fishy breath over the sandwiches, snapping at dogs and frightening old ladies.

"Why don't you call it off?" a man asked Peter Hickman in an aggrieved tone, as if the seal had been an unruly dog.

It must be admitted that at this period our friend was somewhat tiresome. He demanded attention all the time and used various methods to obtain it. One was by rolling on his back and clapping his flippers together, as sea-lions do in circuses when applauding

**"Popularity went to his head, and he behaved at first like a spoilt and hysterical child"**

away it showed resentment in no uncertain fashion, so it seemed safer to leave the pair of them undisturbed.

They played together most of the afternoon, rolling over in the sand and the shallows of the water's edge, inseparable. The little girl's hair was a tangled mess, her shoes were soaked, her dress was torn in several places where sharp teeth had tugged it, but the only marks on her skin were nail scratches made by the flippers. These she did not seem to feel at all. Nothing would

follow them right round the beach.

The local paper had drawn public attention to his presence and already parties of people were making excursions to the Pool especially to see him. The unusually fine weather was, of course, partly responsible. And it presented us with a fresh problem.

It would not be long before bathing started at the cove. The amiability of our friend on shore was beyond doubt. But the water was his own element. How was

taking my arm in his mouth, drew me under till our faces met under the water.

These antics caused such amusement on shore that one by one the others ventured in to join the fun. Now almost beside himself, he raced from one to another, embraced and butted us, dived down and pretended to bite our toes, came up underneath, and heaved us into the air.

We stayed in until we were exhausted with laughter and blue with cold because we could not bear to leave him.

To page 27

Page 25



# These are Hestia hip-slimming tummy-flattening thigh-trimming derrière-shaping Panty girdles

WHAT MORE COULD WE SAY? (EXCEPT THAT THEY'RE  
LIGHT, COMFORTABLE, AND WASH WELL, TOO!)



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79/11

"Hestia 674" — Beautiful Jacquard nylon powernet with special panels for positive control—pretty patterned and a delight to wear.

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"Flatterer 624" — Cunning panels for the natural shape in back—be yourself where curves count the most, with front flattened—the rest flattered.

79/11





# THE SEAL SUMMER

each other's acts. No one had taught him to do this. He thought of it himself. It usually succeeded. When it did not, he grabbed the nearest skirt, sleeve or trouser-leg and tugged at it until either the owner complied with his wishes or the fabric gave way.

It is disconcerting, to say the least, when you are coming out after a swim to be grabbed by the leg and pulled in again by a large, boisterous animal. Some were afraid to go into the sea. Small children were particularly frightened. Many a scream for help brought an irate mum rushing to the rescue of her offspring. Bolder spirits took it all in good part, enjoying the romps and enduring the scratches.

On the whole I was surprised by the good-natured attitude of most people to what was, by any standards, a considerable nuisance. It was a difficult time. But fortunately it did not last long.

By the middle of June he had outgrown this silly phase and quietened down, causing no trouble except to yapping little dogs.

He was growing more selective. The initial excitement of having worn off, he seemed to have decided that though all humans are delightful some are more so than others.

**T**HOSE who went into the water were preferable to those who stayed on the beach. Those with no fear of him in the water were preferred to the timid ones. But, understandably, the latter were more numerous. When new to the experience it is hard to believe in the harmlessness of a strange wild animal with huge teeth and an absentminded way of mouthing your arms and legs.

This habit, which became one of his most notable characteristics, was generally taken for a mark of affection. People learned to keep still and put up with it, knowing that he would not hurt them. The only time he ever bit anyone was when he was startled and involuntarily allowed his jaws to close on a man's forearm. (The man, luckily, was one of his most devoted fans.)

From frequent experience of the mouthing process, combined with observation of other habits, I am convinced that its motive was exploratory. Carresses he returned by hugging me with his foreflippers or pressing his face against mine.

As the sun grew hotter he developed a mania for sunbathing. Stretched flat on his back at the water's edge, or on the reef at low tide, he soaked up the heat for hours at a time and showed dislike of being disturbed. With his fur bone dry, he looked like a plush-covered bolster. The expanse of warm stomach made a tempting pillow, but when I rested my head on it he objected—not actively but with delicate hints, wriggling,

grunting, and uttering patient sighs.

He seemed at these times to be happier on dry land than in the sea. The hotter the day, the less likely he was to bother the bathers and paddlers.

The new and more sophisticated manner showed itself in his behaviour with photographers. Where he would formerly have rushed up and forced the photographer to back away from him he now seemed to have grasped that the appearance of the little metal object was a signal, and the signal meant that he must stay where he was and keep still.

It is hard to understand by what reasoning process he arrived at the correct conclusion. But there is no doubt that he knew what was expected of him, and he did it impeccably—assuming the look of well-bred boredom so often seen on the faces of fashion models.

**"He bestowed liking indiscriminately, but his love he reserved for the special few who would swim with him in deep water."**

By now we had known the seal for several weeks. People had come to trust him—they called him Sammy. We had tested his temper on the beach and his reactions to bathers in shallow water. But we had no notion how he would behave with swimmers in deep water.

Could we truthfully assure people that the seal was absolutely harmless? It seemed wise to find out. An experiment was arranged involving the use of a dinghy and a rope. Two persons would slip into the water in the middle of the Pool, and others would stand by in the dinghy, ready to pull them out.

Before this plan could be put into effect I went down

to the cove one day before anyone else. The seal was floating in the water on the far side, and when I called to him he came at top speed and was waiting for me when I reached the shingle.

It was very early on a wonderful morning. The Pool shimmered like a sheet of glass under a flawless sky.

I sat beside him at the water's edge and he laid his head in my lap. The heat made him sleepy. I stroked him until he nodded off. His flippers twitched and his whiskers bristled as he hunted fish in his dreams. He snored gently and squirmed further on to my lap.

Suddenly I had an impulse to conduct the experiment now, without preparation, while we were alone.

If harm came to me there would be no witness, but I did not believe that it would. It seemed to me that the other way, so hedged about

with safeguards and precautions, was the wrong one anyhow because it was based on distrust.

I looked down at the limp form across my knees, abandoned in the utter relaxation of contented sleep. I thought, he knows that his teeth can hurt me if he does not restrain himself, because my skin is thinner, my body more vulnerable than his own. How does he know this? He has not learnt it through the ordinary processes of trial and error, as he learnt to swim when he was a baby. He can only have done so through picking up a warning signal in my brain. The same signal will be transmitted when we swim together and is as likely to deter him from

clinging to my legs in the sea as it deters him from biting me on land.

I wondered why I had not thought of this before. It seemed so simple, and so obvious.

My mind was fully made up. Pushing him gently off my lap I opened the beachbag I had brought with me, took out a swimsuit and changed. Also in the beachbag were my fins. I put these on. I knew that he disliked their rubbery smell, but not sufficiently to refuse to follow me.

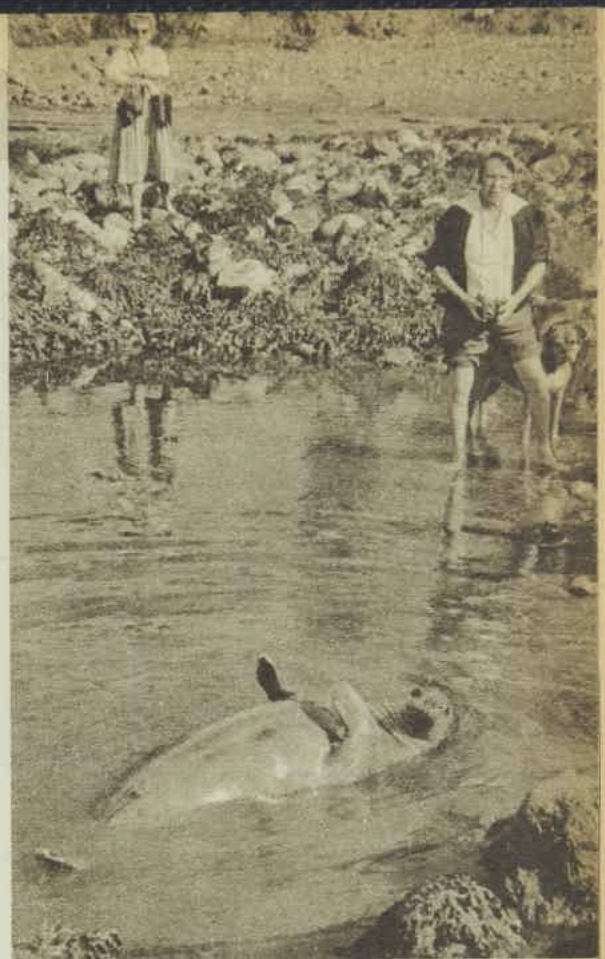
If I was wrong in my assessment of the situation, if he did attempt to take me down with him in a deep dive, after kicking myself free I would be able to rise to the surface more quickly.

He was still asleep when I waded in. I had swum fifty yards before he wakened up and came after me. In a few seconds he caught up, dived and bobbed up in front of me, looking perplexed. I went on at a steady crawl. He shot ahead again and stood up.

With his flippers held in front of his stomach and his eyes round with surprise he looked like an anxious nanny. Without words he was asking, "Is this right? Ought you to come so far?" And suddenly, as before, awareness of an altered relationship showed in his face.

He barked joyfully, swam round me in rapid circles, turned a back somersault, crash-dived, performed a whole new series of triumphant aquabatics invented for the occasion.

I held on for the centre of the Pool where the depth is twenty feet or more and he accompanied me about eight feet down, keeping parallel. In the clear water I could see him looking at me. His eyes and nose were black points of a triangle in an aureole of white whiskers. Without appearing to accelerate he suddenly spurted



● Sammy basks in a warm rock pool, enjoying the attentions of holiday-makers.

ahead, then did a banking turn and a half roll, and shot straight down, out of sight.

By the time he reappeared I was resting, floating on my back. He joined me and did the same. Side by side we lay in the clear, still water. The cliffs looked small with distance, the beach was a far-off tawny sickle. There was nothing but an immensity of sea and sky and the two of us in a communion of happiness beyond description.

As the tide rocked us closer together I reached for his flipper and held it. He turned his head and gazed lovingly into my face. At once the strange flash of recognition that marked our first meeting recurred to me. But now I understood it.

In these moments the curtain moved aside and I looked back through immemorial time to the morning of the world, before man was shunned by other living things.

They were glimpses of Eden.

When I was rested we swam back. My best speed even with fins seemed like idling compared to his. Sometimes he would streak ahead to relieve his energy, then return to keep pace with me or circle about. The regular slap of the fins interested him and once I thought he was about to pounce, but he did not. The only time he touched me deliberately was after a dive, when he surfaced so close that his whiskers brushed my side. From this time onward I never gave another thought to the purpose of the experiment.

A flash of metal on the headland told me that other visitors had arrived. I could see a car parked beside my own and by the time I

reached the beach the owners were already on their way down. I quickly towelled myself and changed, packed the beachbag and hurried away, leaving Sammy to welcome the new arrivals. I could not share him with strangers just then, any more than I could have described to them what had taken place.

The day of the experiment was the first of the halcyon days, the beginning of the unforgettable time. June went out in a heatwave and I spent every day that I could spare at the cove. When work or other factors prevented my coming, Sammy was uneasy. He kept to the ledge for hours at a time, watching the approach to the beach.

Our meetings now had a new significance. He trembled with joy and his impatience to get into the water was conveyed in barks and whines. Any who tried to intercept him was brushed aside. He always plunged in ahead of me and waited for me to decide which way we would go.

I wore the fins because with greater speed I could cover more distance in the time I was able to stay in the water and thus give him greater pleasure.

I was merely one among many who found a new delight in the pastimes of the sea and shore in Sammy's company. He bestowed liking indiscriminately, but his love he reserved for the special few who would swim with him in deep water.

During those weeks, too, bathers in the cove were making discoveries about his sense of humor. It was not subtle. He went in for the cruder form of joke involving physical discomfiture of the victim.

To page 32

## THROUGH A CHILD'S EYES

**I**N a school essay on Sammy the seal, 14-year-old Daphne Van der Kiste wrote: "I do not think I have ever seen an animal with eyes more expressive. They showed all his feelings. It was difficult to resist them, and he seemed to know it and to use their beauty all he could."

"We patted him, rather warily at first. We scratched his tummy and he wriggled in ecstasies."

"Although his teeth were sharper than those of a dog he never really bit us but only closed his mouth enough to hold us tightly but firmly, or to lead us proudly along the beach. He was never really rough, though I had little scratches and bruises on my legs for some time after playing with him."

Diana Lawrence, who was 17 when she met Sammy, wrote later: "When he saw me coming he would roll on his back and take my arm in his mouth."

"He used his flippers just like hands. They were as expressive as human hands, only the fingers were joined by webs."

"His sense of fun was endless."

"He could get so attached to one person in one afternoon that he would follow them persistently and cry distressfully when it was time to leave. He half barked and half howled. Before he could make this noise he had to wind himself up, he tensed all his muscles until he quivered all over and then, after a few feeble tries, he could produce the noise."

"Then, of course, he was irresistible, and all else was forgotten as the tears flowed down his face. I would take his hand and pat it comfortingly and like a child he stopped abruptly and hitched up on to my knees, using his hands to grip with."

"When half of his body rested on my knees he would put his whiskery nose up to my face and blow. His breath was fishy. He kissed as a dog does, holding quite still for a few seconds, then relaxing at ease."

"I knew that he would never have bitten my face. Once, when I was tired and stretched out flat, he took my neck in his mouth. He was very careful. He knew about the expressive parts of the body. He always looked at the eyes."



# FASHIONS GO FORMAL with VOGUE PATTERNS



1451.—Floor-length evening dress (left) has a double-flared skirt and narrow underskirt. The fitted, sleeveless bodice has a shaped band at the neckline; the waist is banded with a ribbon sash. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36 and 38in. bust. 1451 Vogue Paris original by Balmain. Price 16/- includes postage.

● *New night-life chic includes a ravishing floor-length formal and a short restaurant dress. The long and short looks are both shown here.*



1438.—Short two-piece evening dress and boxy coat. The sleeveless dress (above) has a slightly bloused bodice finished with a bias fold collar; the skirt has a loose back panel. The double-breasted coat (left) has a shoulder yoke extending into dropped armholes, a wideaway notched collar, and bracelet sleeves. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1438 Vogue Couturier design by Galitzine of Italy. Price 14/- includes postage.



1404.—One-piece floor-length evening dress (above) has a two-piece look. The top has a curved yoke creating an Empire line, and a bias roll collar. Pattern also includes street-length version. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36 and 38in. bust. 1404 Vogue Paris original by Balmain. Price 14/- includes postage.





● A line-by-line translation of each of these garments is available in pattern form. The designs illustrate the newest trend in international couture fashions. Patterns are obtainable from Pattern Department, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

1452.—One-piece evening dress (right) has slender gently fitted lines. The top has a bias roll collar and soft shoulder line extending into short cap sleeves. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1452 Vogue Couturier design by Galitzine of Italy. Price 14/- includes postage.



1450.—Short length evening dress (above) with waistcoat detail has a slightly raised waistline in front and small soft pleats at either side of the skirt front. Corded belt at waistline. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1450 Vogue Couturier design by Fabiani of Italy. Price 14/- includes postage.





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## LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Darling, will you be mine?

I DID not receive a marriage proposal, "Centralian." My mother did! She handed me a telegram addressed to HER, saying, "Make arrangements for wedding August 6th. Arriving 5th." This presumptuous male worked on a cattle station near the N.T. border in South Australia. His boss, at short notice, ordered him to take charge of a trainload of cattle for the Adelaide market, so he thought he would kill two birds with one stone and take his bride back with him. Yes, I married him, but not before I had told him what I thought of his "proposal." That was almost 40 years ago — I followed him all over the outback for more than 30 years before tying him down to our present home.

£1/1/- to "Wandering One" (name supplied), Yepoon, Qld.

\* \* \*

MY proposal was about the most unromantic one in history. We were going home after our outing when he suddenly said, "I'm sick of walking home every night in the cold. Why don't we get married?" I was too surprised to even answer.

£1/1/- to "Surprised" (name supplied), Blacktown, N.S.W.

\* \* \*

MY mother told me she was putting something in the linen-press when dad rushed in and said, "Ready to get married in a fortnight's time?" That was 17 years ago. They are still as happy as they were when they were married.

£1/1/- to "Teenage Daughter" (name supplied), Adelaide.

\* \* \*

I FIRST met my husband when he was a lifesaver and rescued me from a wild surf. I was struggling frantically. The next thing I knew, this extremely handsome "he-man" was holding my hand in the first-aid room. After that we surfed regularly together, and one day, while we were riding the waves on our surfboard, he proposed.

£1/1/- to "Surf Girl" (name supplied), Killarney, Qld.

\* \* \*

HE had just been discharged from the army and had the reputation of being a wolf. I rather dubiously let him take me out. One night I was flabbergasted when without warning he said, "I have decided to marry you, as it's time I settled down. Anyway, I'm tired of always looking for new girls." Know what? I married him.

£1/1/- to "Nopey" (name supplied), Tranmere North, S.A.

### Pity the postie

WHAT trials the poor postman has! Not only must he contend with dogs, but also with houses with barely visible numbers or none at all. Many streets have no names. Being a postman is not an easy job, yet the remedy takes very little time, money, or effort! How about it, everyone?

£1/1/- to B. Smith, Warrandyte, Vic.

### House named for a horse

I WOULD like you to pass on to Mrs. Ell that my family home was named "Strength" after the racehorse that won the Newcastle Cup around 1929. The house was built out of some timbers used in the construction of horse stables and jockeys' quarters which stood where the house stands today. My grandfather, who helped build it, was employed as a boy by a racehorse owner and later bought this portion of his estate. The house was completed the day the Cup was run — so "Strength" is the name on the house in foot-high lettering.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Helen Ireland, Raymond Terrace, N.S.W.

### Scents of yesterday

WHAT smells do our children miss in this press-button age? A lovely smell is that which once filled the air after a good, big family wash. Sometimes after I've completed my wash I feel as if any effort would really seem like a job well done if it left the smell of accomplishment that Mum's did. Can other readers recall smells which are fast disappearing into antiquity?

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. D. Stewart, Midland, W.A.

### Bald private eye

IT'S strange the fixed but false impressions we get about the jobs portrayed in films and on TV. Once I worked in a building where a private detective had his office. He was about 50, short, overweight, and bald, and among all his clients I did not see any who were young or beautiful. His secretary was his wife, who was addicted to tweed skirts, lisle stockings, and cups of tea.

£1/1/- to "Amused" (name supplied), Macleod, Vic.

### Tribute to Dad's driving

MY father is 68 and has held his driving licence since he was 14. In those 54 years he has never had a conviction, and he has had 17 different makes of cars. He has had four punctures.

£1/1/- to "Son" (name supplied), Gunnedah, N.S.W.

## Ross Campbell writes...

LITTLE pieces of paper were strewn about the living-room.

"Who left these lolly papers on the floor?" my wife said.

Nobody answered. It was probably more than one person.

We have had a couple of birthdays lately, with a sharp rise in the fallout of lolly papers.

An hour later I saw two of my daughters thoughtfully chewing caramels. The elder read out to Baby Pip what was printed on one of the papers: "Listen to this. Your marriage partner should be born under the sign of Gemini."

Pip nodded, making a mental note of the advice.

Her sister went on: "You will be wise to choose an aquamarine as the stone for your engagement ring."

Then the paper was dropped on the floor.

I don't know if the makers of sweets are aware of the trouble they cause by wrapping up their products in little pieces of paper.

They mean well, of course. They take pains to find interesting things

### SWEET DISORDER

to print on the papers — riddles, prophecies, lives of movie stars. The effect of the colored paper is often charming and artistic.

But after that the makers wash their hands of the affair. Once you



have bought the mint-drops, or chocolates, or toffettes, it's "over to you."

The papers around chocolates are a special case. They do not all have mottoes or astrology hints on them. Sometimes they say what the centre is, like Marshmallow Ecstasy or Praline Parfait.

For some reason, people at our place tend to put chocolate papers back in the box.

## Whisper who dares



Scobie Breasley

• Describing his feelings before riding in the English Derby, jockey Scobie Breasley said: "My wife says she kept quiet in case I bit her head off. She is a very understanding woman."

To pass as understanding isn't really very hard. You could memorise the phrases from a handy little card.

Like, "Yes, indeed" and "Quite right, too" and "Isn't that a shame"

And "There, there now" and "Tell me more" and "No, you're not to blame."

But even soothing mumbblings are sometimes a mistake.

Evoking roars of anguish that make the family quake.

Which means that saying nothing is much the safest bet

In certain situations, and a wise wife won't forget That this, too, has its pitfalls. She knows she's had her chips

If the way she keeps her mouth shut is by pursing up her lips.

— Dorothy Drain

### Did as he was told!

I HAD just come home from hospital with a new baby. The next morning I was bathing him and had forgotten to bring a clean nappy with the other clothes. So I told my three-year-old to keep his eye on baby while I got a nappy. I came back, and there was Ronnie with his eye pressed down on the baby's tummy!

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. Firth, Summer Hill, N.S.W.

### "Not amused"

THE amusing short story about casseroles in the June 2 Weekly reminded me of our experience. Among our wedding presents there must have been half a dozen casseroles and we were at a loss how to make proper use of them. My husband had six day-old chicks given to him, and we badly needed a brooder to keep them warm. The largest casserole full of hot water and wrapped in flannel answered beautifully. To afternoon tea one day came a very old friend who said she would like to see the chickens. The casserole was the one she had given us! She was interested, but, like Queen Victoria, not amused.

£1/1/- to "Cassie" (name supplied), Queenscliff, Vic.





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## The SEAL SUMMER



● Chapman's Pool is a wild place. Only access is a track down a steep ravine.

From page 27

One that he frequently practised was the deep dive right underneath some unsuspecting bather, who would suddenly find himself hoisted in the air as if on a water-spout. A nip on the buttocks was another favorite, accomplished by a lightning twist of the head as he sped by.

It was interesting to see how some of these water-pranks originated. For instance, he had quickly discovered that we liked to be towed along and he would let us hold on to his hind flippers while he paddled along with his fore-limbs. This mode of progression was unnatural and difficult for him, but he endured it because he realised that it gave us pleasure.

It must have occurred to him one day that if the sensation was so enjoyable to us it would be equally so to him. He would wait until one of us was breast-stroking along, then swim up behind and hitch on with his teeth to the seat of the swimsuit or trunks.

**O**UT of this grew the hilarious idea of trying to remove the trunks.

At first he fumbled, baffled by the design and function of the garment. He pulled sideways, and we were at a loss to understand his intention. But he persevered, improving the technique until one day success came in full and glorious measure. The victim on that occasion was myself.

I have a variety of two-piece cotton swimsuits and was wearing an old one with a slack waist elastic in the pants. I was floating face downward off the shore, in about five feet of water, searching the bottom for a child's lost sandal. Thinking that Sammy was at the other end of the bay I was paying no attention to anything but my purpose when I felt his whiskers brush the back of my thighs, then a tug—and the next moment heard howls of laughter.

It transpired that my posterior was abruptly revealed to everyone on the crowded beach.

The success of any jest being measured in Sammy's

mind by the applause it evoked, we knew that repetition of this masterpiece was inevitable. Henceforth it became a commonplace to hear one bather shout a warning to another.

"Look out! Hold on to your pants."

It became easy for us to understand how the widespread legends and superstitions connected with seals had arisen. Their characteristic habit of standing up in the water, combined with the front-view roundness of the head and the solemn stare of the large dark eyes, is the obvious origin of all the mermaid myths.

Added to the semi-human appearance is the ability to shed tears, the use of the fore-flippers as arms for holding and embracing, and perhaps more than anything else, the emotionalism.

We remember Sammy's grief at each day's end when his playmates left him. He would follow them up the beach to the foot of a ravine, lumbering over the heaps of driftwood, trying to get a grip on the slimy stones of the stream bed, all the time distressfully crying.

A seal's lachrymal ducts are not confined to the inner corners of the eye, as ours are. When he cried the tears poured down his cheeks from the whole of the socket area. The sight was so affecting that few could remain indifferent to it. Angela Scott, the daughter of a local resident, invariably wept when it was time to leave him. In answer to his wails she would come back again and again to comfort him.

"It's all right — I'll be here tomorrow, I promise. I'm not going away anywhere, only home. I live just over the hill. I've got to go home to supper. I can't eat raw fish like you do." He would shake his head as if he did not believe her.

"It's all right," she would sob. "Don't be silly. I'll come back tomorrow."

At the second or third attempt she would finally break away from him and avoid looking back until she reached the top of the cliff.

● Condensed from *The Seal Summer*, published by Arthur Barker Ltd., London. World copyright 1964 by Nina Warner Hooke.

## New angle on life

# HOW TO

By KAY KEAVNEY

### ● Feeling guilty? Well, of course you are.

**I**F you're a working wife you feel guilty about working. If you're a homebody you feel guilty about staying at home when you ought to be out developing your psyche.

Perhaps you're so crazy about your career that you've stayed single, or you're compensating for staying single by being crazy about your career. Either way, you feel guilty about *Missing Out On Your Female Destiny*. You don't? Your best friend, if married, will soon fix that.

Whatever your status, you're probably wrestling with the spectre of failure, at least you are when you can find the time. Girls, take courage! Mr. Richard P. Frisbie is here to tell us that our husband or brother or boyfriend or the Chairman of Directors is probably wrestling with it, too.

**M**R. FRISBIE has written the *How-To-Do-It* book to end them all. And he has come up with a title that gets us all in his corner even before we turn to Paragraph One: "How to Peel a Sour Grape" or "An Impractical Guide to Successful Failure."

Here's Paragraph One:

"Every man past a certain age, perhaps 35, knows in his heart that he is a failure. He doesn't realise that almost everyone else is a failure, too.

"Romantically, he supposes that success is possible and others have merely succeeded where he has failed.

(Are you feeling better?)

"This delusion is sustained by whole industries devoted to the production of success symbols and by outpourings of books and articles telling how to succeed at everything from fishing to zoo management.

"I think it's time someone snitched. That's why this whole book is about failure."

**In point of fact, it isn't. It's a witty and well-reasoned plea for new standards of success and failure. But read on:**

"There are only three kinds of people: Epic Failures, Dramatic Failures, and Romantic Failures.

"Among the Epic Failures are men like General George Armstrong Custer, whose failures have a spectacular quality from which time and imaginative writers create successful legends.

"The Dramatic Failures are men who have deliberately chosen the role of failure so they can get even with their mothers when the whole sordid story comes out in 'True Clinical Psychiatry.'

"The rest of us are Romantic Failures.

"I don't mind admitting to readers of books that I am, by and large, a failure. I know you; you're a failure, too, or you wouldn't have time to read. You'd be too busy being a success."

Mr. Frisbie is American. Only an American could have written what amounts to a rejection of the Great American Dream.

### "Faults"

Certainly no crusading Australian writer that I can think of ever pleaded with his fellow-countrymen to live to work.

And while crusading visitors to these shores chide us for many faults, overworking was never one of them.

pulsive desire to work . . . because of a philosophy we inherited and still cherish, namely that value depends entirely on utility."

By this utilitarian standard, of course, Socrates and Plato and other great thinkers of the past would run the risk today of being charged with vagrancy!

And it foreshadows huge problems for the future, when automation forces on Americans a leisure they've never learnt to use.

Count the cost of those seemingly luscious grapes, warns Frisbie.

On the psychic cost of all that striving, he quotes the results of eight years' research by a team from Cornell University Medical College on "Mental Health in the Metropolis":

58.1 percent of the

since terms like 'normal' and 'success' are so difficult to define."

Such difficulties don't deter Frisbie, who defines and redefines them for nearly 200 pages, and (for this reader at least) generally with wisdom and a fair measure of success.

The attitudes, the motivations, the standards he examines, and for the most part rejects, are those of the world's most affluent societies and when he gets through the floor is littered with some cherished misconceptions the world holds about America and America holds about itself.

For example:

"The notion that the United States is a rich country is partly a myth. With a normal number of children to educate, old folk to support, medical bills to pay, roofs to replace, and other financial crises to meet, even the families that appear comfortably middle-class in comparison with the rest of the world are never more than a couple of pay cheques from disaster."

Mr. Frisbie is a failure (i.e., a success). Former Quiz Kid, journalist, and magazine executive, he once was editor of *Life* (Catholic), he is at present copy chief of one of the biggest advertising agencies in America.

### A father

He's happily married. He dedicates the book to "My wife, Margery, who has never failed me."

He is the father of eight children. As a devoted Catholic, he clearly loves his country but is less concerned for her image than for her soul.

When he writes about life in a big modern business organisation, he wots of what he writes.

If your husband is spending his nights and weekends

## Dolce vita— Australian style

On the contrary. Usually it's a case of not working hard enough, of enjoying life too much, of not having enough drive and get-up-and-go.

Now Mr. Frisbie is the last man on earth to advocate the Aussie brand of muscular *dolce vita*.

But his book paints a sobering picture of a great nation, the United States, which has gone to the opposite extreme; where material success is the general goal, fought for at great psychic cost; where work has become an end rather than means to an end (the true "end" being a full life and a stable personality).

And, it seems, the work urge goes even deeper than the drive to acquire material success, status, power.

"Americans have a com-

population showed mild to moderate mental disturbance. 23.4 percent were in need of psychiatric care. Only 18.5 percent were free enough of emotional symptoms to be considered mentally well.

Another survey among university students found that the chief trait common to the few who were free of emotional disturbance was "the absence of a burning desire to gain riches, social prestige, or fame. Many of them were preparing for careers that would be socially useful—and low-paid."

"Does this mean that mental health," asks Frisbie, "can be achieved only at the cost of ambition and creativity?"

"The researchers were not prepared to state such a broad conclusion — wisely,

**NEXT WEEK: Frustrating the hunters**



# PEEL A SOUR GRAPE

## You think you're a failure?...

cloneted with the contents of a bulging briefcase, get this book, put a marker in the chapter "In This Asylum, All the Rooms are Corner Offices," leave the book on his desk, and run for cover.

True, the "asylums" in question are American, not Australian, but the difference just might be only in degree.

When you read the chapter yourself you'll gain new insights into the pressures that keep him at his bulging briefcase.

"One reason you're a failure," the chapter begins, "is that while you were engaged in the pursuits of normal men — sleeping, taking the kids to the zoo, making love, fishing — someone was gaining on you."

"He wasn't sleeping, because he has insomnia. He wasn't wasting his time at the zoo, because he gets headaches if he doesn't spend most of Saturday at the office."

"He's neurotic, but now he's your boss."

As we shall see, the "neurotic competitor" pays a high psychic rent for his Corner Office.

"Evidence is accumulating that certain types of neurosis are an asset to the man who wants to rise to a position of power in one of today's big organisations."

Dr. Knight Aldrich, a distinguished psychiatrist, explains it like this:

### "Pushmobile"

"The man whose past unresolved conflicts add a 'neurotic' component to his basic 'normal' competitive drive has an advantage over his associate . . . he will work night and day and over weekends while his better adjusted competitor relaxes with his family . . . his neurotic traits, therefore, pay off in the currency of the American ideal."

For this kind of character Frisbie coins a new name: the "Pushmobile."

Home for the Pushmobile "represents either no competition, which bores him; a handicap to his competitive efforts, which makes him nervous; or an alternative competitive field."

A Pushmobile congratulates himself on moving from an office with a single window to one with two. To inhabit a corner office with four or more windows is like being knighted and given a castle.

Muses Frisbie, "I once had a four-window corner office; but there were no drawers in the desk."

To overcome the odious comparisons of how many windows, a Chicago advertising agency made all the executive offices identical in size and equipment.

Right away a new status

system sprang up — based on calculations of distance from the elevator!

The Cornell mental health survey quoted before found neurotic symptoms clearly associated with rising status—"They weren't sure whether men are successful because they are neurotic or became neurotic because they are successful."

To help the reader understand these elaborate status systems, Frisbie creates a whole gallery of characters. For instance, Mr. Hector Gladly, typical Pushmobile: Hector Gladly is working at his desk (mahogany) when an assistant, Henry Strively, enters.

Strively has made several intelligent suggestions lately.

## ...Cheer up!...

Fine. But he mustn't be allowed to push ahead too fast.

Enthusiastically, Strively says, "I think I have the answer to that problem we discussed yesterday."

Gladly cuts him off. "I'm delighted. But forgive me just a moment. I have to check something with John Beaver."

While Strively stands there with his mouth still open, Gladly telephones another executive, making a point of being hearty and jovial about nothing in particular.

Having been properly cooled off and put in his place, Strively is then allowed to continue with his solution—if he can remember it!

Now John Beaver is a "Composite Pushmobile with extra push."

A perfectionist, he can't work at his desk unless his secretary has laid out his pencils parallel with the edge of his blotter.

That's one reason he's

qualified to make decisions in their own fields but are less adept at organisational manoeuvring."

Of course, real ability will still often take a man to the top. But he may not be prepared to look on the Organisation as a kind of religion, as the Pushmobile does.

"In serving the Organisation, he is able to rise above considerations like loyalty to friends or personal ideals."

For the lower echelons in the Organisation, hope and ambition wither.

"Countless workers suspect that decisions affecting their progress are made by personages so remote in the hierarchy that there's no longer any hope of catching

the boss's eye with a job well done.

"And they are right. The trend now is for the workers to remain forever the workers, and management to fall, when ripe, from the branches of the Harvard Business School."

Well, then, says Frisbie! What shows greater wisdom — to delude oneself with false hopes? Or accept the reality of the situation? To admit that the grapes are out of reach and not worth the purchase price?

What kind of advice should parents give children?

"Immature and untired, the young are not yet ready for the truth, which is that most of them are mediocrities now and will be mediocrities all their lives (like the rest of us)."

"Still, speakers and writers are expected to exhort everyone, young and old, to set no limit to aspiration."

This official optimism is considered a form of public service that helps preserve the human race from despair.

"I wonder. An excess of

Most of them are hungry.

"Airline pilots enjoy good pay, but have to compete for a severely limited number of jobs."

"In general, the pay is low in occupations that rate high in intrinsic satisfaction, like teaching exceptional children."

"The real business of America is still business. Census reports list more than 7,000,000 managers, proprietors, and executives."

"Obviously this category is loosely defined. Going to work in a shirt and tie makes you a white-collar worker; in some businesses, if the shirt is clean you're an executive."

### Too clever

Some of the barriers to "success" in the U.S.:

"Many organisations use personality tests as a basis for hiring. Conformists generally do well, while the most intelligent and creative applicants find it difficult to give by-the-book answers to asinine questions. ('Would you rather attend a baseball game or a symphony concert?') And they don't tell you who's playing.")

"So you can be too bright for your own good as well as not bright enough."

Again: "Most organisations expect their employees to avoid controversies which might reflect on the organisation. Dissent won't get you the firing squad, but it can get you fired . . ."

Of artists and scholars: "To the extent that they remain true to their disciplines, they tend to escape the pressures. But so many today work under commercial or government sponsorship that many become as harried and utilitarian as the rest of us."

"I have noticed," adds Frisbie, "that building tradesmen who put up whole houses or finish plumbing jobs from start to first flush seem to be more cheerful than the average."



AUTHOR of *How to Peel a Sour Grape*, Mr. Richard P. Frisbie.

stinctively know better, we feel such a failure is not important, because the man has become rich and famous in spite of it.

### Marriage

"Besides, a man is presumed to be less committed than a woman and more likely to build a life for himself apart from marriage."

"This is only possible where no real marriage has been attempted."

"In reality, failure in marriage is one of the most profound kinds of failure, either because the Self has been found wanting or because, on the brink of the great adventure, the Self proved timid."

Frisbie has some wise words for the girls in a chapter headed "Women's Work Is Never Fun."

"Women are no more likely than men to find

Either way you can't win, as we say in Australia. Or, in Frisbie's words, you're bound to fail.

"Happily married husbands and wives, parents whose children are a credit to them, beloved community leaders who have innumerable warm friends and never say the wrong thing to any of them — all confront us with the proof of our own intangible failures."

"So there it is — you've failed in the world, failed at home, failed as a personality. You're a failure to the marrow of your bone. The ultimate test, then, is whether failure makes you bitter."

"The truth is that failure is a joke, not for the derision of demons, but the gentle laughter of the saints."

It's a dark picture indeed Frisbie paints of a great nation, yet it's shot through with the promise of light.

Many other Americans are now questioning the success ethic. Dr. Fitch, Dean of the Pacific School of Religion, suggests some reasons why:

"The American people have lost three or four idols in the last decade or two. One is the belief in Mammon, in the power of wealth to do everything."

"We have lost our faith in that, because even though we are now a wealthy country, very affluent, it does not solve all our problems."

And social psychologist Dr. Milner sees great hope in "the reaction of today's more sensitive, gifted, and emotionally hardy teenagers against the obsessive materialism of the times."

HOW TO PEEL A SOUR GRAPE. AN IMPRACTICAL GUIDE TO SUCCESSFUL FAILURE, by RICHARD P. FRISBIE, published by Sheed and Ward, New York.

## ...Most people feel like that...

always breaking-in a new secretary.

Beaver hates to lose at anything: tennis, golf, speeding away from spotlights.

Secretly doubting his own judgment, he covers up before subordinates with an all-knowing and intimidating air. Above all he loves power.

Though the Gladlys and the Beavers vie with each other for power, they band together against "outsiders."

Pushmobiles, says Professor Presthus, of Cornell University, "are edging out the artists, scientists, engineers, and other highly trained and creative professionals who may be better

optimism could also be a foolish flight from reality that serves only to make us unnecessarily discontent."

Make no mistake, Frisbie's all for setting goals. But first, he warns young America, assess the possibilities realistically.

### What chance?

In those glamor jobs, for instance, beloved by youth and youth's ambitious parents what are the young John or Mary's chances of cracking the jackpot?

A few illuminating and discouraging answers:

"In the whole country (U.S.) there are fewer than 20,000 actors and actresses."

Modern man can so seldom say, "See what I made!" Factory workers' jobs are often so fragmented that they don't even know what contribution they're making to the finished product.

Poem or plumbing job, there's no substitute for a sense of achievement.

"The total achievement of one's life . . ." That's the gauge Frisbie believes should be used to measure success and failure.

"Newspapers," he writes, "are full of the names of prominent men who have succeeded well in their public lives but have failed in marriage."

"Forgetting that we in-

happiness in the pursuit of selfish interests.

"One reason housewives are dispirited is that they are victims of the same utilitarian outlook as men. They feel apologetic about anything that doesn't earn money."

His heart goes out to the American woman, "who is criticised no matter what she does. She is either called overly protective of her children or a gadabout."

"She is either blamed for taking over too many of a man's jobs or for driving her husband to an early grave."

Has any of that got an awfully familiar ring?



"You know what I have for a family?" she said. "My father lives on relief and sits around in his undershirt all day watching TV. My mother drinks — I mean *all* the time — and she can't hold a job. They have five other kids besides me — I'm the oldest — and they live in two crummy rooms about as big as this car. Not much bigger."

Judith fixed her gaze on the windshield wiper swinging back and forth in front of her.

"You didn't know people lived like that, did you?" the girl said.

"No. That is . . . yes, I guess I knew. I've read about it."

"Now you feel guilty."

"I don't know how I feel."

"You don't have to feel guilty," the girl said. "It isn't your fault, after all."

"It must be — somehow —"

Continued from page 21

The girl made a laughing sound that was not laughter, a parody of laughter. "Don't get weepy," she said. "I could have stayed in school. School's free. Plenty of kids like me have enough sense to stay in school and amount to something. A fellow I went with when I was twelve, worse off than me, he's in college now, like you. He won a scholarship and he's going to be a doctor. He will be, too."

"Then why did you —?"

"You could go bad. Even you, with your fancy home and your lawyer father and your nice mother. It's real easy, once you start."

"I—I suppose it is."

"Real, real easy," the girl said. "Try it some time."

## END OF THE ROAD

The silence came back and was uncomfortable. Everything was uncomfortable, but the silence more so than the talk. "You're going to New York?" Judith said. "What's in New York?"

"A man I met. He made me an offer."

"Of a job, you mean?"

"A place to live."

"I see."

The girl made the laughing sound again. "Sure, you see. I'll bet you do." She hugged the raincoat around her and burrowed into the seat.

"That heater's making me dopy," she said. "I've been on the road since six."

"Why don't you try to sleep?"

"I think I will. Thanks."

A touch of color came into the girl's face as she slept. It no longer looked so drowned. Judith's face was the white one now. She felt drained, bleached. Thank heaven the girl dozed. It was a relief not to answer questions, not to make conversation. Her father had been right: she should have known better than to pick up a stranger.

She gave the car a little more gas, and they sped through the rain while the girl continued to sleep, motionless and — so it seemed to Judith — quietly content in the warm security of the car.

When they arrived at New Haven the girl was still asleep. Judith pulled the car to the kerb and, before awakening her passen-

ger, took a moment to look into the girl's quite pretty face. Pretty, yes. But seventeen? Younger than herself?

She allowed herself a minute to be thankful for her life — for her lawyer father and her nice mother and all the comforts they had wrapped her in. And then she timidly shook the girl awake.

"I'm sorry to have to wake you," she said, "but I turn off here. If you're going to New York, I think this is about the best place to catch a ride. It's stopped raining now and . . . well, good luck."

"Thanks," the girl said as she opened the door of the car. "And thanks for the lift." She got out and pulled her coat around her. A small smile crossed her face as she lifted her hand and said, "So long." Then she slammed the door and turned away.

Judith sighed, not quite sure if it was a sigh of relief or if there was something in it of pity. Alone now, she shrugged it off.

She drove through the city traffic, followed a country road for three miles, and turned into a curving driveway. The house at the end of the driveway was old and big, like a run-down hotel. Its door opened as she ran up the wide, wooden steps to the porch.

A young man of college age, wearing a sweat-shirt with a college name stencilled on it, swayed from the doorway and swept her into his arms, and from the gloomy tunnel behind him flowed a river of boy-girl laughter and loud music.

## FROM THE BIBLE

● *For the word of God is alive and active. It cuts more keenly than any two-edged sword, piercing as far as the place where life and spirit, joints and marrow divide.*

—Hebrews 4:12.

For some reason, none of it sounded gay to Judith. She had looked forward to the house party, "the big blast," as Tom had called it with a wink when he told her "there'll just be us chickens and no mother hens to guide us."

What had sounded so appealing, so adult, now stopped her in her tracks.

"You're the last one to arrive," he said. "Come on. The party's way ahead of you. Things are really swinging."

"Tom, listen—" He took her hand and pulled her toward the car. "Let's get your things."

"Tom, listen." She freed herself angrily, and pushed him away. "I'm not staying."

"What?"

"I'm going home. I'm sorry."

"You crazy?" He looked at her in blank amazement. "To New Jersey? Now?"

"Yes," she said. "Now."

"I don't get it."

"There's nothing to get. I've changed my mind, that's all."

"Well, of all the dirty . . ."

The word struck her like a slap and she blinked. "I told you that I was sorry."

"And I suppose that fixes everything," he said, curling the corner of his mouth.

"Yes," she said quietly. "Yes, I think it does."

"You can't go home. Your folks aren't expecting you."

"I'm going." At the foot of the steps she turned her head. "I only stopped to tell you so — so you could get somebody else."

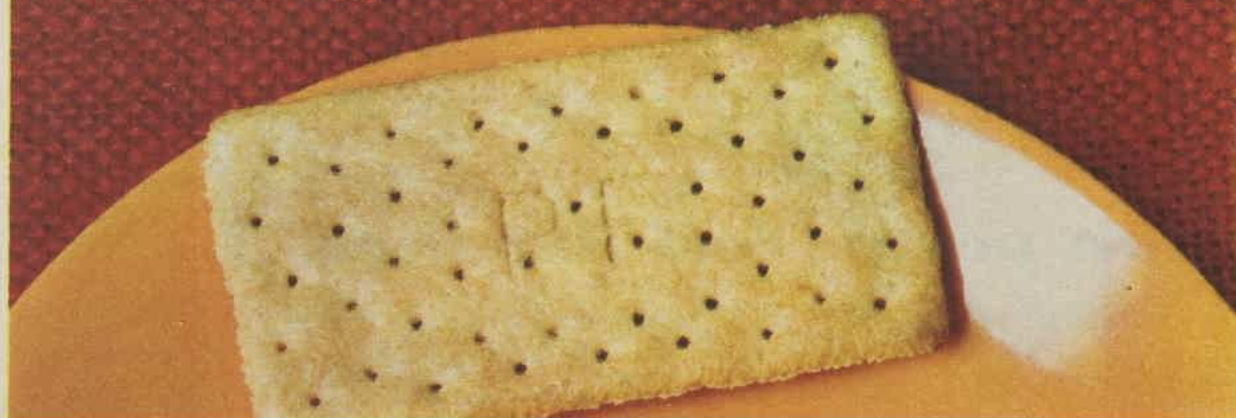
"Oh, gee, thanks," he said sarcastically. "Thanks a mint."

Before she knew it, she was in the car again, behind the wheel, churning down the driveway. Gold home. Really going home this time. No pretence. Straight away. Surf of the road ahead.

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VW15

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 23, 1965



# LOST and FOUND

By MARY  
JANE WALDO

*Her heart was sad as  
she recalled their  
bitter quarrel . . .  
a short short story*



WHEN she opened her eyes in the false brightness of the morning and saw that his bed was empty, Amity thought for a second that she was ill and Joel had gone to bring her breakfast. It was true enough that she felt sick, that her legs were watery, and dull rhythms beat in her head; but with the unwelcome return of memory she knew that nothing physical ailed her. "Sick at heart," a curious phrase she had wondered about as a child, best described her present condition.

The house had never seemed so empty. It was a sinister emptiness with a watching and listening quality; there was a shocked horror hanging like foul incense in the air, as though the furniture they had chosen together such a short time ago and the walls still recoiled from the words that had been spoken here last night.

Spoken? Hurdled, rather, like the knives a performer throws against a backdrop, creating a clear outline around the living figure of his mate. If she went into the other room, she might see her own silhouette in daggers on the wall . . . But no, the knives had not missed her; they had entered her heart.

It was cold outside and the windows were patterned in frost. Concern began to stir in her. Where was Joel? In the classic pattern he should have taken his things and gone to his club, but the only clubs he belonged to were a bowling team and a square-dancing association.

She giggled a bit hysterically as she pictured a grim-faced husband sitting adamant in the bowling alley at nine o'clock on Sunday morning.

Next door, the Atkins children threw snowballs at one another and shouted loud, cheerful imprecations while their father warmed up the car to take them to Sunday school. A family together, safe, warm, loving — tears came to her eyes as she thought of it.

All down the block smoke would be coming up from the chimneys of the blessed; in the breakfast nooks there would be ease and lazy comfort, the fragrances of sausage and love and maple syrup, shared newspapers, and shared glances. It hurt to cry, though; her eyes were swollen.

She got up and started her treasured Sunday routine. On weekdays, when she worked and Joel went to his eight-o'clock class, the mornings were intense and methodical, of necessity. But Sundays — they were different and special. Until today.

The house was haunted by his absence. She could not remember how she used to get her own breakfast, less than a year ago, in her small apartment. What was the use of squeezing orange juice for one, and where was the frying pan just large enough for one egg? She had given it to one of her friends. She opened the front door and brought in the milk before she remembered that she drank her coffee black. She sat down, trembling.

Somebody knocked at the back door. She ran to open it, but it was only Gwen Atkins to borrow salt. Gwen's face was severe and withdrawn. "I know the store's only a mile," she apologised, "but I'm not asking favors of himself today." She looked sharply at Amity, opened her mouth, closed it again, took her salt, and went home.

Was discord a germ then? Did it exist behind the door of every neat, well-kept house on the street? Were all the young wives and the old wives crying in private? Amity remembered hearing angry voices behind closed doors when she was a child.

But how did it choose the time and the place to strike? For they had been so happy, she and Joel. They had their plan, their wonderful future, when he would finish college and take the place his degree would entitle him to have.

She had to think very carefully to remember how the quarrel had begun. Finally it became evident to her that it had started as a philosophical debate, a dignified difference of opinion.

Watching Sir Julian Huxley on television as he spoke in calm, measured tones of the population explosion and all its ramifications, Amity had grown impatient with his relentless logic and exclaimed, "He worries too much! The earth can take care of all its people. Think of the miles of empty country, the undeveloped resources . . ."

"He's thinking of those things," said Joel in the reasonable, understated manner that exasperated her because he seemed to be addressing a child or an idiot. "He just finished saying that in spite of all the resources, in spite of the space that some of us are still fortunate enough to enjoy . . ."

How in the world had they gone so rapidly from India and China to his sister Pat with her seven children, from Pat to their own grocery bill and its swollen proportions, thence quickly on to personal attack?

What in heaven's name did Huxley have to do with the fact that Amity had told her own husband that he was a coward, afraid of living? It was a lie. But, on the other hand, how could a woman ever again feel at home in the arms of a husband who had called her monstrously inept and an intellectually impoverished mantrap?

People didn't fight about philosophical objectivities. They fought about personal things, like — well, like putting off the baby they wanted so desperately until their husbands were educated.

When he did choose to come home he would not find her meekly sitting here, grieving, she thought. She pushed her breakfast away and went into the bedroom to dress.

But when she heard him open the back door she was face down on the bed in despair. She held her breath as he walked through the kitchen and into the room.

"I'm sorry I upset you so badly," he said. She sprang to her feet. "You didn't upset me," she said. "I'm crying because I—I—can't zip my zipper!"

He turned her gently around and pulled the long zipper shut. Hold me, she thought, but he did not.

"Where have you been?" she cried. "It wasn't very nice of you to leave me alone."

"I didn't leave you," he said. "I slept in the car." "In the car? You might have frozen to death."

"I had my overcoat," he said. He was staring at her face as though he had forgotten what she looked like. He was pale, and she wanted to rub her cheek against the bristles of beard that darkened his jaw, but she could not.

He went to the kitchen and presently she went after him and took the pan from his clumsy hand and wiped up the milk that had overflowed the cat's dish. She gave him waffles and he ate them solemnly.

He looked separate, apart, self-sufficient, and strong. What does he need me for? she thought. He was doing fine until he met me. He worked nights and studied days. He wasn't bothered with a wife shouting at him. Or a lawn to cut.

"I'll have to sleep today," he said, rising from his chair with brisk decision, "I take the eight-to-twelve shift at the drugstore tonight, and eight o'clock comes awfully early." He turned at the door. "It was a nice breakfast," he said.

She walked alone about the house, snipping browned leaves from the plants, straightening things listlessly. Was this the way it was done? How, then, will we be whole again if we deny we have even suffered an injury? Talk to me, she thought.

But, when she sat down and turned her thoughts to him, she caught a glimpse of how it must be to be a man — a whole, strong man, and yet obliged to wait for the day when he could assume responsibility for his wife and welcome his children. She thought of what patience and what frustrations were involved in his time at school, when he must long for things to be different, as they would be. And soon.

She went to look at him where he lay sleeping. She longed to wake him and tell him that she knew pride and dogged resolve kept him silent, that presently both their lives would be whole. He is stronger than I, she thought. But I think he does need me.

Though she held her hands clasped together to keep from touching him, the electric thing that was always between them communicated itself and he opened his eyes and smiled and reached for her. And it was all right.

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know so much more than I did at your age."

Anne wondered what her mother was going to say when she knew what the reason was. She determined to avoid that subject as long as possible.

The first few days at home were not as difficult as she had thought they'd be. She spent considerable time rearranging her cupboards and shopping with her mother. Her father was in Canada supervising the building of a bridge, and she was grateful that she did not have to cope with his gentleness and sure defence of her. When her mother was not keeping her so busy that she could not think, she spent her time working in the rose garden.

Then one day Dr. Hiddle, a neighbor who directed the observatory at the university, stopped by to talk about the roses and school and

Continued from page 23

the strange, dry heat. It was the easy conversation of old friends; she had often sat in his backyard on summer nights and listened while he told her about the sky.

He did not mention her engagement, but when he left he said, "Come visit. I've missed you, and I get lonely, too, sometimes." As soon as he was gone, for no reason she could admit, she wept.

During the next weeks, at the insistence of her mother, she went to every party around. She did not like going, because she could never be certain how she'd behave, and she seemed to see some of her old friends in a new and unpleasant way.

For instance, Betty Sawyer, who

was engaged to tiresome Jerry Farrell, had suddenly become the world's most relentless giggler. Anne found the change in her friend's personality extremely irritating.

At one dance, near the end of June, Anne went with Betty to the powder-room. While she was combing her hair Betty said, "If I have to laugh one more time tonight, I will bust."

"If you laugh one more time, I will crown you! I'm beginning to think you are off your head."

"Just never mind, Annie. When a man jokes, you laugh. I think Jerry can take anything except a girl who doesn't think he's terribly funny. And I don't intend to lose

... She fumbled for an excuse for what she had almost said and hurriedly left the room.

At breakfast the next morning Anne's mother said, "You were home awfully early. Didn't you enjoy yourself?"

"Mother, please, don't treat me like some poor thing. I was home early because I wanted to be. I'm all right."

"All right, dear, but you look tired and sad. And what have you done to your hair?"

"Nothing. I forgot to brush it."

"You have got to stop letting yourself go. I think it's time you wrote Douglas."

"Now, where did that come from?"

Write Douglas? There's nothing to write him. Let's drop it, please."

"I wish I knew what was the matter with you. Betty Sawyer called this morning. She wants you to go swimming."

"I've had it with Betty Sawyer. She acts as if she had two heads. Because dreary Jerry tells one joke after another, all she does is titter. It sickens me."

"I think she's probably wise," her mother said.

"I don't. If you have to do that to get a man, who wants him?"

"Is that what it was with Doug?" Her mother gave her a sympathetic smile.

"Something like that. He wanted me to like onions," Anne said.

"Oh, Anne, be serious."

"I am. Deadly. That's what we fought about. I mean, that's what the words we used were about—onions." She rubbed her eyes with the tips of her fingers.

"Well, if the worst thing you're called upon to do is—"

Suddenly the weight of the day settled upon Anne. "It wasn't actually that, of course," she said softly. "Underneath the silly way it sounds, it was important. He wanted me to like everything he liked; what I mean is that I was supposed to have no preferences of my own. It was always that way. The first time he ever seriously tried to make love to me, I didn't let him—for the very same reason. He was just trying to demonstrate something to himself. Maybe only that he could if he wanted to. I don't know. Whether I wanted to or not didn't seem to interest him."

Her mother reached across the breakfast table and took her hand. "I don't think you were wrong about that part of it, Anne, but I do think you ought not to be so stubborn about the rest." She laughed gently. "Not liking onions is—well, not very important."

"I said it wasn't really that."

"You always were rather—ah, independent. You must understand that there is always a little pretence involved in a woman's relationship with a man. It isn't unrewarding, either. After all, marriage more or less, defines a woman. The kind of marriage you make has everything to do with the kind of life you'll have."

"And men—well, they need a lot of reassurance. In ways they're

To page 37

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By RUD

SO YOUR HUSBAND LEFT HOME  
BECAUSE OF YOUR COOKING,



I SUPPOSE HIS MOTHER  
IS A BETTER COOK!



SHE BUYS DIFFERENT BRANDS!



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whisks away grease and grime  
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## A PERSON APART

very much like little boys. That doesn't make them less attractive."

Anne finished her breakfast in silence. She then went to her room and lay down, thinking how silly her quarrel with Douglas must have sounded, how impossible it was to make anyone see what it revealed. Her own motives, once sharp and clear, seemed to have become vague and uncertain.

Then the possibility came to her that her mother's estimation that she was foolish and Douglas's estimation that she was difficult might be accurate.

Near the end of July she found herself forced into a game of croquet with the neighborhood children. Darkness at last ended the game.

Then as she was putting away her croquet mallet the sky suddenly lighted up. Streaks of red, green, and violet fell in long arcs across the sky. The children said it was the end of the world and began to scream and laugh, intoxicated by their own imaginations.

Anne saw the lights go off in Dr. Hiddle's house across the street. He came out on the porch, saw her, and waved. He motioned for her to come across and, grateful for the opportunity to get away, she went. As she started up the steps a young man joined him.

"Anne, I'm so glad you're here to see the northern lights," Dr. Hiddle said. "Let's go around back where the seeing's better. This gangling creature is a nephew of mine. Orin, this is Anne McCambridge."

THEY shook hands.

"We don't talk about him, because he's famous and it goes to his head to have his reputation precede him."

"What are you famous for?" she asked Orin.

"My charm," he laughed.

Dr. Hiddle spread out a rug and they sat down. "He is not famous for his charm, as you'll find out. He has a way with mathematics."

"If it is more complicated than a grocery bill it's over my head," Anne said.

"It's over mine, too," Orin said.

"I wish you'd both stop talking. The aurora is what is over your head at the moment."

As the lights shot across the sky, Anne began to think of them as a fitting background for her own despair. It was better than listening to music played too loudly, better than weeping, she thought. It was wild and bright and frightening. She hoped it might never stop.

Then, as if the universe itself were expressing its indifference to her needs, the lights began to fade, and in a few moments the sky was dark.

"I imagine that caused radio static from here, to Calcutta," Dr. Hiddle said. He got up. "I'm going to see if I can convince my wife to make some lemonade."

When he had gone, Orin Hiddle began to talk. Anne paid little attention to his words, but found herself soothed by the tone of his voice. She sat quietly and listened until she felt a slight easing of the tension that had numbed her nerves all summer long. Suddenly she heard him say, "Do you know where your hair comes from?"

"Does it come from somewhere?" She looked across the rug at him. He was sitting with his legs pulled up, his arms clasped around his knees. He was larger than she had thought, and sturdier.

"Everything comes from somewhere, I suppose. Once, somewhere, an old star died and spread itself out. I'm told that all our heavier elements come from that. One of those is carbon, and that's what your hair is."

She turned her eyes upward. "My hair?"

"Your hair. And coal. And diamonds. All those things."

"A star?"

"Once. It was a very long time ago."

"I think that's so — so lovely."

"Yes, it is. The way things are worked out is lovely."

Anne got up.

"Will you tell Dr. Hiddle I think I'll skip the lemonade? It's been a long day," she said.

"I'll save you some if you'll come by tomorrow."

"Thank you. Good night." She walked across the darkened lawn toward her house. She breathed deeply. For the first time in the long summer she felt relieved.

If it was true, she thought, that everyone who had ever lived shared the same star, who could rightly impose his will on someone else or

object to any preferences that did not match his own? She was certain that some day her dislike of onions or arithmetic would be taken with a lightness of heart that would come from someone who knew the miracle of his own being. Someone who could approach unafraid the miracle of hers. That was what it was all about.

She crossed the street and went up the steps to her house, enlivened by the sudden, sweet sense of possibility.

What she waited for was worth the waiting. There was no longer a doubt in the world about that.

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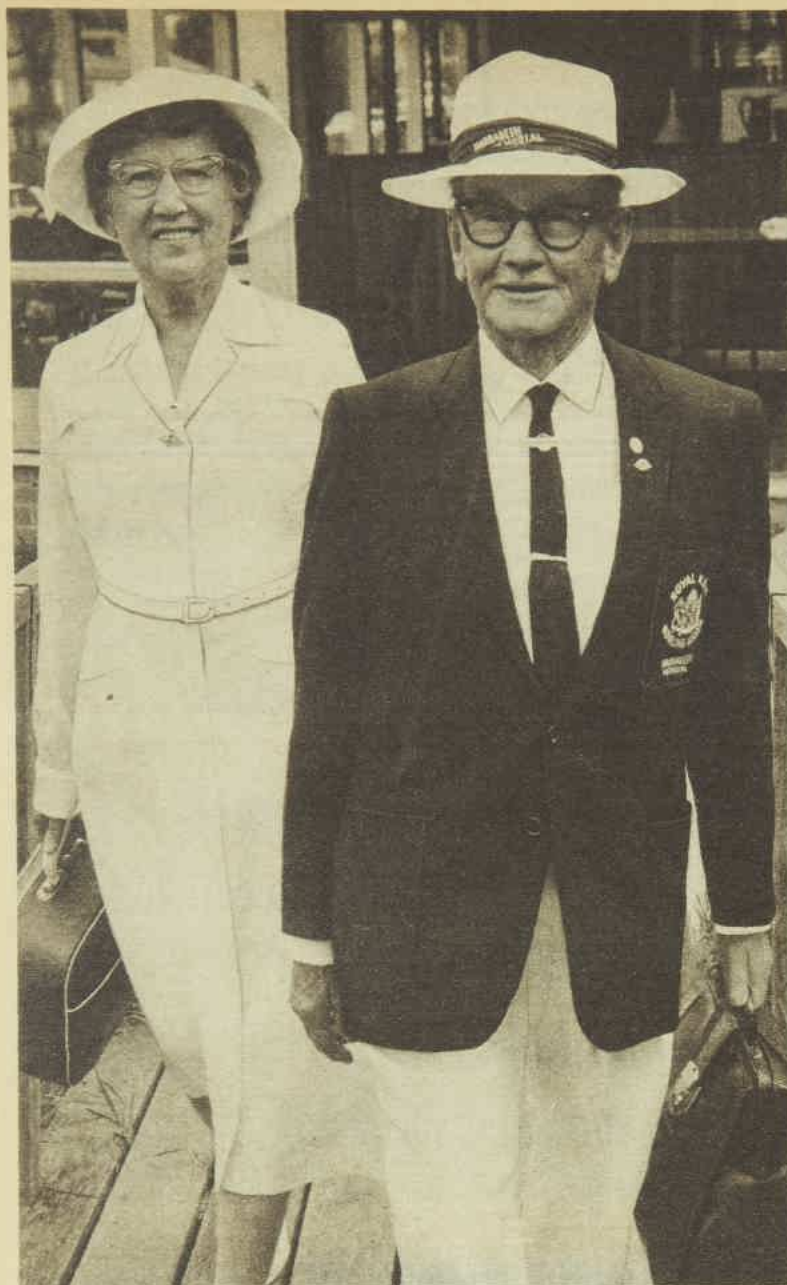
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Meet a pair of charming great-grandparents with the energy of youth—  
Mr. & Mrs. Lin Kirkman of Grenfell Ave., Narrabeen, N.S.W.

## "Can't say we feel like great-grandparents!"

Mr. & Mrs. Kirkman celebrate their golden wedding anniversary this year—but they're certainly not planning to sit down and "take it easy". Several afternoons a week they bowl together, and they really enjoy club dances. "It's all a matter of a properly balanced diet," says Mr. Kirkman. "If you keep fit and healthy, age can't hold you back."

**Good health and energy.** "Lillian and I have been eating All-Bran† for breakfast ever since it came on the market," he continues. "And all these years we've enjoyed good health and energy, never had a day's irregularity. No sir, you won't find any medicines in this house!"

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Make your own gardening book

# THESE SHRUBS ARE FRAGRANT

By R. H. ANDERSON

● Gardens without sweet scents seem somehow artificial, so remember this when planting shrubs.

SCENTS come not only from flowers but also from leaves and bark. They are not always associated with showy flowers, as insignificant blooms can produce strong perfumes.

Here are some of the better-known: **AZARA MICROPHYLLA**, a dainty shrub from Chile with small leaves, and tiny greenish-yellow, vanilla-scented flowers, which permeate the garden in late winter and early spring. It does well in most districts.

**BORONIA** species. Some of our native boronias have a fragrance unexcelled by the introduced plants. The perfume of **Boronia megastigma**, the brown boronia of Western Australia, is a sheer delight. Not always easily grown, and comparatively short-lived, it does best in sandy soils in semi-shade, and with plenty of water.

**BRUNFELSIA BONODORA** has unusual flowers which are at first lavender-blue, but quickly change to white. They are sweetly scented, and profusely produced during spring and summer. This shrub needs a warm coastal climate, free of heavy frosts.

**CARISSA SPECTABILIS** (ACOK-ANTHERA SPECTABILIS), or Winter Sweet, is grown mainly for the

delicate fragrance of the white flowers, which are borne in long sprays in spring. It is rather a "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" plant, as the fruits and other parts can be poisonous.

**CESTRUM NOCTURNUM** (Night Scented Jasmine) is an old-fashioned shrub with undistinguished greenish-yellow flowers, which, however, add considerably to the night-time fragrance of the garden. Warm sheltered position.

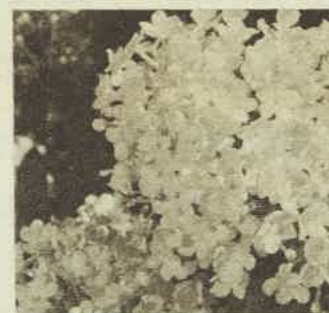
**CHIMONANTHUS PRAECOX** (C. FRAGRANS), or Allspice, a deciduous Chinese shrub up to 8ft. high, has a strong and delightful perfume. The inch-wide yellowish-brown flowers appear early winter. Hardy; probably best in cold climates.

**CHOISYA TERNATA**, or Mexican Orange Blossom, is a compact shrub up to 6ft. tall with pure white sweet-scented flowers in spring. Suitable for most districts.

**DAPHNE ODORA** is one of the most popular and delightfully fragrant of all shrubs. Flowers early spring. Not difficult to grow, but subject to a virus disease. Semi-shade.

**GARDENIA** species need a lime-free soil, partial shade, mulching, and a warm temperate climate.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 191



● *Luculia gratissima*

**Gardenia augusta** (G. florida) has milk-white double flowers and requires a warm climate. **G. thunbergii** has single tubular flowers up to 3in. across, which scent the whole garden. Somewhat hardier than G. augusta.

**LONICERA** species — the Honey-suckles. These include both shrubs and climbers. Among the shrubby ones are **L. fragrantissima** and **L. nitida**. The former has creamy yellow fragrant flowers in winter and is hardy and free flowering. **L. nitida**, a small-leaved shrub about 4ft. high, is popular for hedges and has creamy sweet-smelling flowers in summer.

**LUCULIA GRATISSIMA** is a beautiful shrub, not difficult to grow as a rule, but inclined to be temperamental, dying out for no apparent reason. It likes a warm, well-drained position, and is sensitive to frost.

**MURRAYA EXOTICA** is a delightful shrub for the garden, as it has handsome foliage and freely produced white, heavily scented flowers in spring and summer. It grows up to 8ft., but can

be kept back if desired. One of the best for temperate, fairly frost-free areas.

**OSMANTHUS FRAGRANS** grows to 12ft. The small white flowers in spring have a strong perfume not unlike ripe peaches or apricots. Most climates.

**PHILADELPHUS** species (Mock Orange). Mainly deciduous, white fragrant flowers in spring.

**ROTHMANNIA GLOBOSA** (Gardenia globosa) is an attractive tall shrub with white or cream bell-shaped flowers in spring. Temperate or warm climate.

**VIBURNUM** species. Several of these are sweetly perfumed. **V. burkwoodii** is semi-evergreen, has glossy dark green leaves and clusters of white or faintly pink flowers rather like those of a bouvardia. **V. carlesii** is deciduous and has clusters of snow-white flowers in spring. Both prefer a cool or cold climate but do quite well in temperate districts.

**FRANGIPANI** and **LILACS** are well-known perfumed shrubs which need no further description.

Some shrubs have fragrant or aromatic leaves which yield their perfume if bruised or crushed, or when warmed by the sun. **IBOSA RIPARIA** (Moschosma), apart from the attractive plumes of small mauve flowers in winter, has leaves with musk perfume.

**ALOYSIA TRIPHYLLA** (lippia citriodora), often called the Lemon-scented Verbena, has sprays of purple flowers in summer and very aromatic leaves. **Backhousia citriodora**, a native of Queensland, grows into a small tree and has a strong lemon fragrance.

**PROSTANTHERA OVALIFOLIA**, the native Mint Bush, grows up to 8ft. high and, apart from the attraction of masses of mauve flowers in spring, has pleasantly scented foliage.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 192

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



# COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers a reader's query about her Staffordshire vases.



● Continental ware.

I HAVE a jug and a plate which have no markings on them and wondered if you can give me any information about them. The jug is 14in. high with pink irises or orchids on a cream shading to pale cream background. The plate has colored pansies on it.

I believe they were brought to Australia in the early days (about 1840).—Mrs. Ruth Smith, Happy Valley, S.A.

I would say that both your pieces are later than 1840 and are Continental—the jug being Continental pottery about 1870-80, and the plate Continental porcelain about 1875 to 1885.

I cannot attribute these pieces to a particular factory or place of origin. This is due to the lack of recorded information of the late 19th century Continental wares similar to yours. The plate is probably Berlin ware.



● 19th century Continental jug.

## OUR TRANSFER



NOVELTY and cross-stitch alphabets for monograms are from Embroidery Transfer No. 190. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 1/6 or 2 for 2/9, plus 5d. postage.

I WONDER if you could tell me whether my ornaments (picture right) are antique. They are in three pieces. The base and the middle section screw together with a long brass screw and the lid makes the third piece. They are marked on the base by a crown almost encircled by a wreath with a lion on a line across the open top of the wreath. Underneath, the word "England" is written.

They also have the words "Royal Vienna, patent 22983," — B. Warburton, Bondi Junction, N.S.W.

These decorative vases were made in England at Staffordshire about 1885 to 1900.

The imprint "Royal Vienna" indicates that the shape and decoration, which is transfer printing in color, have been copied from the Royal Vienna (Austria) designs.



● Staffordshire vases.



# FREE! Plastic Baby Pants

## Special Offer to buyers of Heinz new peak-nutrition Baby Foods

Ideal pants for your baby — worth at least 4/—, but yours free in return for just 20 labels from Heinz new peak-nutrition Baby Foods. They're non-chafe, waterproof, hygienic and available in three sizes to ensure a snug fit. It's easy to save labels—just peel them off. Make sure your labels include the words "peak-nutrition"

Here's all you do: 1. Fill in the form below. 2. Collect 20 labels from Heinz peak-nutrition Baby Foods — 4½ oz. size, either Strained or Junior Foods. 3. Send entry and labels to Heinz Baby Pants, Box 57, Dandenong, Victoria.\* This offer is for babies up to 18 months, and is limited to one pair per family.



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Please send me one pair of plastic baby pants

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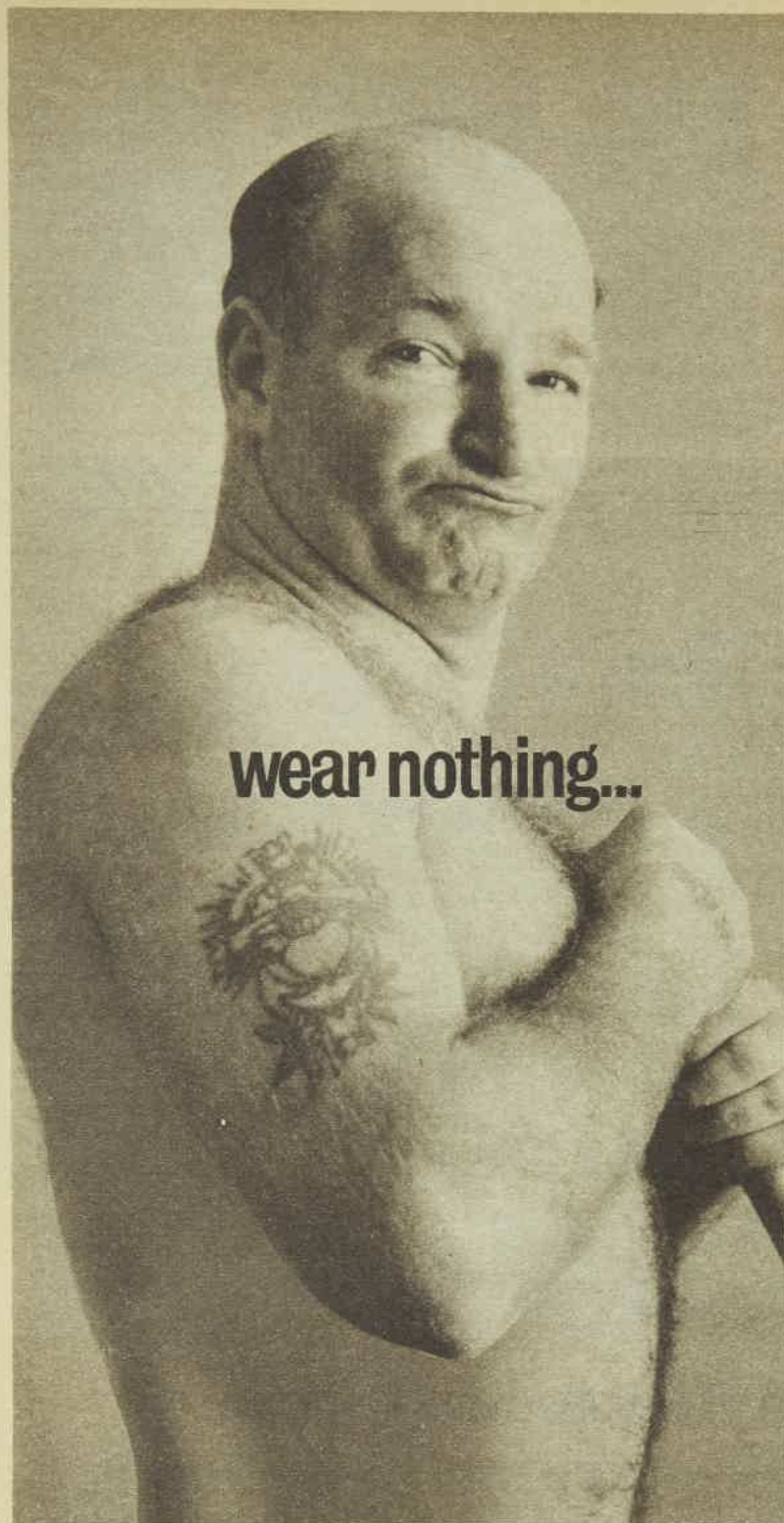
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# AT HOME

## with Margaret Sydney

● Somewhere in America a housewife is blinking away the dust as she sweeps her floors with a pair of mink eyelashes which she got for nothing.

**M**INK eyelashes, in case you're interested, cost about £20 a pair. If they're too expensive for you, you can be fitted with a pair made from human hair for £12.

And if you're feeling really rich and extravagant why stop at mink? For £40 you can buy a pair made of sable. Then all you will have to do is talk your husband into buying you a sable coat to match your eyelashes.

The reason the American housewife got her mink eyelashes for nothing was that she happened to be the 500,000th customer to ask for mink eyelashes in one month!

The latest fashion is to buy several pairs — on the mix-and-mingle principle. You wear two pairs at once — say a black pair and a brown; or, for evening, a black pair teamed with a red, blue, or green. I wonder how long it takes to learn to put them on efficiently?

Imagine looking down into your coffee cup and discovering a small piece of mink floating there. And how awful it would be if your hostess noticed it first and seized your cup saying, "I'm so sorry, a caterpillar seems to have fallen into it," and pitched coffee and mink eyelash over the veranda rail into the garden.

### The good old days of home deliveries

**A**T a mums' lunch I attended the other day, conversation turned to the subject of household shopping. I've got so used to reading statements by retail traders' officials that we have supermarkets because the modern housewife demands them that I had almost come to believe it, and I thought I must be slightly eccentric and more than a bit old-fashioned in disliking them.

There were eight of us at lunch, all with several children to cater for, and therefore with fairly large bulks of foodstuffs to be brought into the house every week.

Every one of them, I found, shared my view that once the first novelty had worn off shopping in a supermarket was more tiring than any of the household jobs you do inside the house; that it involved you in carrying back-breaking loads, and wasted an unconscionable amount of your time.

Every housewife, it seems, looks back with nostalgic longing to those childhood days when the grocer called for the order in the morning, and sent the delivery boy round with it in the afternoon.

Some of the smaller shops will still deliver, of course. Nobody will call for an order, but if you ring up they will take it and deliver later. But it's my experience that they have ways of punishing you for asking for this service.

In the first place, things cost more — there are no specials and no cut prices. Well, I suppose that's fair enough, you can't expect

bargain rates AND deliveries. In the second place, you often get second-rate food.

If you telephone your butcher's order and complain that last week's beef was practically uncarvable, you're never complaining to the person responsible.

At least, you're never complaining to anyone who will admit being responsible. If he is in a good mood he will say "I'll tell him to send you an extra nice piece this week." If he is in a bad mood (much more likely) he will express extreme astonishment at the suggestion that the meat wasn't good, subtly cast doubt on your abilities as a cook, and send you a solid boot-leather the next week just to teach you a lesson.

At various times I've had this experience with my butcher, with my greengrocer (in many off-color bits and pieces among the fruit and vegetables), and with the pet shop (too much fat and skin so that even a dog thinks the only thing is to give it a decent burial in the back garden).

### What a bore and a bind it all is!

**I**T'S all very well for the builders of supermarkets to say that everybody has the use of a car now. In the first place, it isn't true; in the second, parking often has to be done a quarter of a mile away from the shop.

Then you either overload yourself with fruit and vegetables and meat and groceries and stagger back to your car with a couple of slipped discs, or you make two or three trips backwards and forwards.

I just don't know what the answer is. Maybe labor costs are now much too high for deliveries to be practicable. All the same, the milkman and the baker can manage it.

But if the supermarket is here to stay, as I fear it is, maybe they could have a grand conference of supermarket planners and work out a rational and standard way of displaying their goods.

Why does coffee come next to tea in the supermarket and 50 yards away in the next?

Once upon a time you hadn't a hope of finding a book you wanted in a library unless you were an old customer and a personal friend of the librarian.

Then libraries all over the place adopted the Dewey system of numbering categories of books, and once you had a rough idea of that you could find what you wanted on a first visit to any new library.

If supermarkets were really interested in customer-comfort they could do something of the same sort.

If they did, there'd be fewer mudlarks, little old ladies fretfully asking for help, fewer worn-out pregnant women weaving their way round and round the maze with screaming two-year-olds following (or not following) behind; fewer slipped discs, fewer corns, fewer bad-tempered, tired housewives greeting their returning families at night.

To sum up: Shopping's a bore and a bind, however you do it.



# What is YOUR story?

● Have you a story to tell? All readers are invited to make contributions to our popular series "A Reader's Story."

This is an opportunity not only to appear in print but also to ease the strains on your budget, as we pay from £5 to £20 for each story published. Stories may be up to 1500 words in length and should be true.

The author may choose her (or his) own subject. A personal problem solved, a strange or interesting incident in everyday life, an unusual or difficult family situation, or simply coping with housework and children are practical suggestions.

Address contributions to "Family Affairs," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

## A difference of more than opinion

*When two people with such conflicting temperaments marry,  
there must come a time when one of them says, as I did,  
"This is impossible. I can't go on any longer."*

FOR airmen, the "point of no return" is a familiar term. I think in every marriage, too, there is a point of no return—the point of critical decision to go ahead . . . or go back.

Bob and I had started with everything in our favor: love, similar backgrounds, parental approval. But our basic natures were very different.

I always did things quickly, impatiently—sometimes carelessly. Bob was a patient plodder who aimed always at perfection. Nothing short of it pleased him.

We had been married about five years when something happened that made me think, I can't go on; it's not the way I expected.

Our four-year-old son and our new baby girl usually kept me busy enough, but on that particular day I ignored the washing, ironing, cleaning—everything but absolute essentials—to paint one bedroom.

We had bought a big old house, and the painting and repairs that were crying to be done were just too much for Bob.

I couldn't do carpentry work or repair the broken steps or fix the leaky sink, but I could do painting. This was going to be one room he didn't have to do, one chore he could cross off the long list.

It would be a surprise—a kind of present for Bob. I pictured myself doing more rooms later and gradually relieving him of still more chores.

The job was more tiring than I had anticipated, and while working in the small close space I found that the fumes made me ill.

But I wouldn't give up. By afternoon I had the ceiling and walls done and had started on the woodwork.

As soon as dinner was over—I couldn't wait any longer to spring my surprise—I led Bob upstairs to see my handiwork. I anticipated his reaction; he would beam and say, "Oh, darling, that's great!"

### Like a slap in the face

Going up the stairs, he sniffed and asked, "Paint?" I nodded proudly and led him to the doorway. He looked at the room without smiling. Slowly he walked close to one wall and peered at it. "It didn't cover too well. It will need a second coat," he said.

I didn't believe at first that he meant it. The old paint had been dingy. Now the room was bright and cheerful. I thought it looked beautiful.

"You didn't wash the walls first?" he inquired. "Wash the walls!" I exclaimed incredulously, and suddenly the pleasure that had buoyed me collapsed and I was overcome by fatigue.

But Bob didn't notice. "You shouldn't paint over dirt, you know," he was saying, looking closer for imperfections. He found them, of course. There were spots I'd missed, places where paint had been applied too thickly, the paint I'd used wasn't the kind he'd have chosen, and on and on . . .

If only it had been funny, I might have hit him with a wet paintbrush. But it wasn't funny. He meant it. And though he hadn't slapped me I felt as if he had.

My hurt turned to anger. "How can you be so ungrateful?" I stormed. "Do you think it was easy to care for the children and get meals AND paint a room?"

"No, no, of course not," he said gently. But when he tried to pat my shoulder I pulled away, demanding, "Then why aren't you glad?"

"If something's worth doing, it's worth doing well," he said. "I'd rather the room had waited—nothing's clean if it's dirty underneath. It's like clean clothes over dirty underwear."

"Oh, why do you have to be like that!" I wailed.

"I can't help the way I am. Why do you have to be the way you are?"

I looked directly at him and saw a stranger. It was as if a spotlight had been turned on him and I was seeing him clearly for the first time. This was the way he was—a perfectionist—something I could never possibly be.

That incident was not an isolated one. I remembered other times. They hadn't seemed important then.

They were little things—a cake that tasted of baking soda, a button sewed with the wrong color thread, a burned dinner. I had laughed at some of the things.

But not Bob. He took my mishaps seriously. Now all those other incidents added to this one took on a shape, all the pieces fitting together like a jigsaw puzzle.

The pattern was the man I'd married, the husband I'd promised to stay with forever and ever. Suddenly forever was too long a time.

I spent a sleepless night. One thing bothered me especially. I had known Bob was like this. Why, then, had I expected him to be pleased with my work? Why hadn't I known he would prefer not to have my careless work in the house?

I pondered that question for days afterward. At the same time, I nursed my grievance. The hurt had cut deep. It seemed to be with me always.

So when Bob asked me to darn a sock, I said, "Are you sure you wouldn't rather do it yourself?" And when he asked me to store our drinking glasses upside down because it was more sanitary, I said flippantly, "But you know I LIKE dirt—didn't I paint over it?"

Bob turned distressed eyes on me, but his high standards were so important to him, so integral a part of him, that even now he couldn't understand what I was so hurt about.

It began to dawn on me that he would never understand. From the beginning I had known we had differences, but like many young women I'd felt they would evaporate. Of course, I had heard that you can't change a man, but hearing and believing are not the same.

When we were first married and Bob did something or said something that angered or hurt me, it seemed like an individual instance—a mistake, a lapse.

Now that I saw the pattern, I was forced to acknowledge not only that it was a pattern but that it was unlikely to change. It might even grow worse with age. It was a stunning realization.

With equal honesty I had to admit to myself that my traits must seem as preposterous to him as his to me, and that mine might be just as fixed as his.

But the main thing was, could I live with his? No, I would leave him! And yet—there were the children.

Our four-year-old was still adjusting to his baby sister. It would be too much for him to meet another new change in his young life now. I would have to wait.

I felt that I could put up with the faults for a little while longer. I had done so for five years; I could surely stand a few more weeks—or months, if necessary.

I had no idea then that with that small decision I was passing the point of no return. The days went into weeks, the weeks into months. I stuck strictly to my own chores in the house.

In the past I had always watched Bob at work on the house, keeping him company, but always feeling wildly impatient with his slow way of work. I no longer watched.

I stopped needing him, for there seemed no point in having arguments now. I knew that nothing would change; I was going to leave, although I hadn't told Bob.

And I noticed after those first days of flaring emotion that Bob avoided doing things that provoked me. We were each wary of the other's feelings.

By MARJORIE JONES-BALDWIN

It was strange, but I wasn't aware of time going by. Maybe this whole treatment of our problem was a kind of evasion. Maybe we were burying our heads in the sand. I didn't mean to. And before I knew it a year had passed.

It was not an especially exciting period in our marriage. Except for the children's progress, nothing dramatic happened.

It was simply that days passed—quietly, sometimes silently—without argument or hurt. There was no fire and thunder, but rather a mild pleasantness.

I cannot say when it was that I stopped saying to myself that I could not live with this man's faults.

The fact was, I was living with them—and he with mine—and we were getting along. The days were harmonious. And love began to grow again.

### Wrote a promise in the dust

It started with respect. From making an effort to avoid irritating each other, we each in our own way went one step further; we began to try to modify the faults that were so difficult for the other to live with.

I must admit that the first small gesture I recall was Bob's. It was after a hectic day, when I didn't get through the house-cleaning, that I saw Bob stand staring at the dust on the living-room table.

He moved away from it, leaving it untouched, and sat down to read his newspaper. Impulsively, I walked over to the table and with my finger wrote a promise in the dust: Tomorrow. He nodded and grinned at me.

The next week, after a friend phoned to say that she was coming to visit, I rushed around, picking up toys and magazines and scattered papers.

Bob knew I was tired and he said gently, "Take it easy. She's coming to see you—not the house."

On another night, as we started dinner, I saw him frown. He began to speak, then seemed to change his mind. When I tasted the dinner I found the spinach terribly oversalted.

I looked up to see Bob doggedly eating it. I think I surprised myself as much as him when I said, "Don't eat that. It's awful. I'll fix some salad."

In the past I would have stubbornly rationalised or denied my mistake, but because he had held his tongue I suddenly could not sit back and let him eat the spinach.

Afterward, I found myself carefully measuring all cooking ingredients, something I'd never done before.

I began to take the time to be more careful with other things, too, little things like searching the laundry for missing buttons or imperfect socks before putting them away. And Bob, though he still demanded perfection from himself, refrained from demanding it of me.

Respect goes a long way. The leap from it to love—mature love—is not so far.

As we approach our anniversary this year I look back on that critical time with wonder and disbelief. We stumbled through it triumphantly.

I do think that the point of no return arrives in all marriages. Certainly there are crucial periods when forever seems impossible, when taking one day at a time is the best possible way.

One day becomes two; and two, three. The days will pass, and the crucial period, too, will pass—and after a while you can face forever once again, happily.



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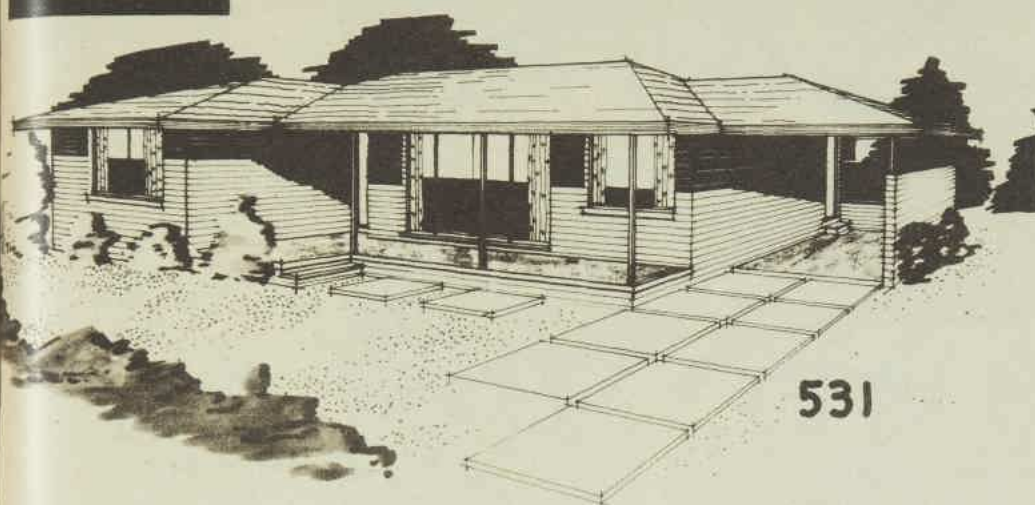
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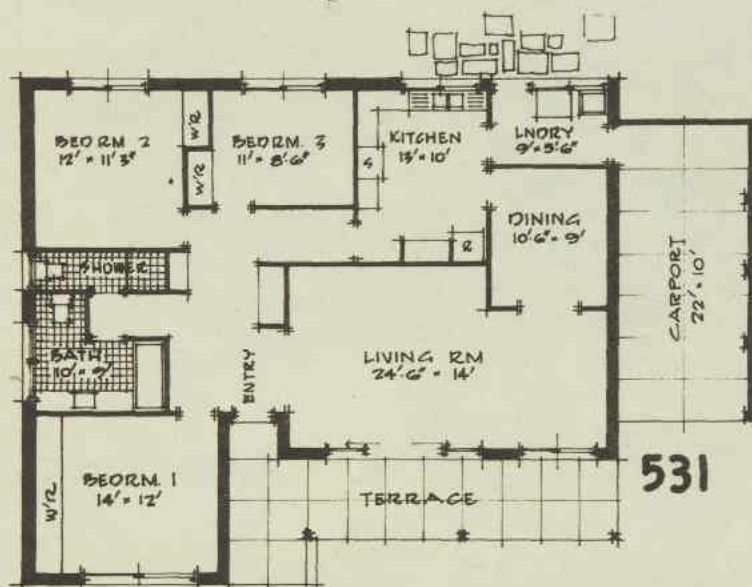




# Home Plans Service



**PERSPECTIVE** shows the use of aluminium-framed windows and doors. The living-room opens on to a paved and covered terrace.



**FLOOR PLAN** shows the clever bathroom arrangement. Note the provision for a separate shower room, with its own toilet.

● This week's home plan, No. 531, would be ideal for a family who want an up-to-the-minute house which offers privacy to each individual member.

**THE** plan is a compact one, suitable to the average-sized family who prefer something different from the open-plan style of home.

The house, which has three bedrooms, allows for complete separation between sleeping and living quarters.

Unlike many modern plans, the dining-room is entirely separate from both living-room and kitchen. It can, of course, be built only as a dining-nook, if more living-room space is required.

Should only two bedrooms be required, this design could be adapted so that bedroom No. 3 becomes a family room. Then the kitchen would be centrally situated between it and the dining-room.

The entry vestibule is a good size and includes a cloak cupboard.

A feature of the house is the practical bathroom arrangement. Instead of a

bathroom and separate toilet, this plan incorporates a bathroom plus a shower room. This is the equivalent of two bathrooms and is a practical solution for families who are tired of the one-bathroom morning rush.

Each bedroom has its own built-in cupboards. While there are many economical cupboards pre-fabricated units available, it is wise to build in wardrobes as a house is built. In this way, for example, cornices can be built around the top of the cupboards.

The large living-room opens to a paved terrace, which is covered by the main roof for sun protection. Attractive columns support the overhanging roof.

This plan also provides for a covered access from the carport (or garage, if desired) into the house by way of the laundry.

Area of the house in timber frame is 13.8 squares, and in brick construction is 14.75 squares. Both areas exclude terrace and carport.

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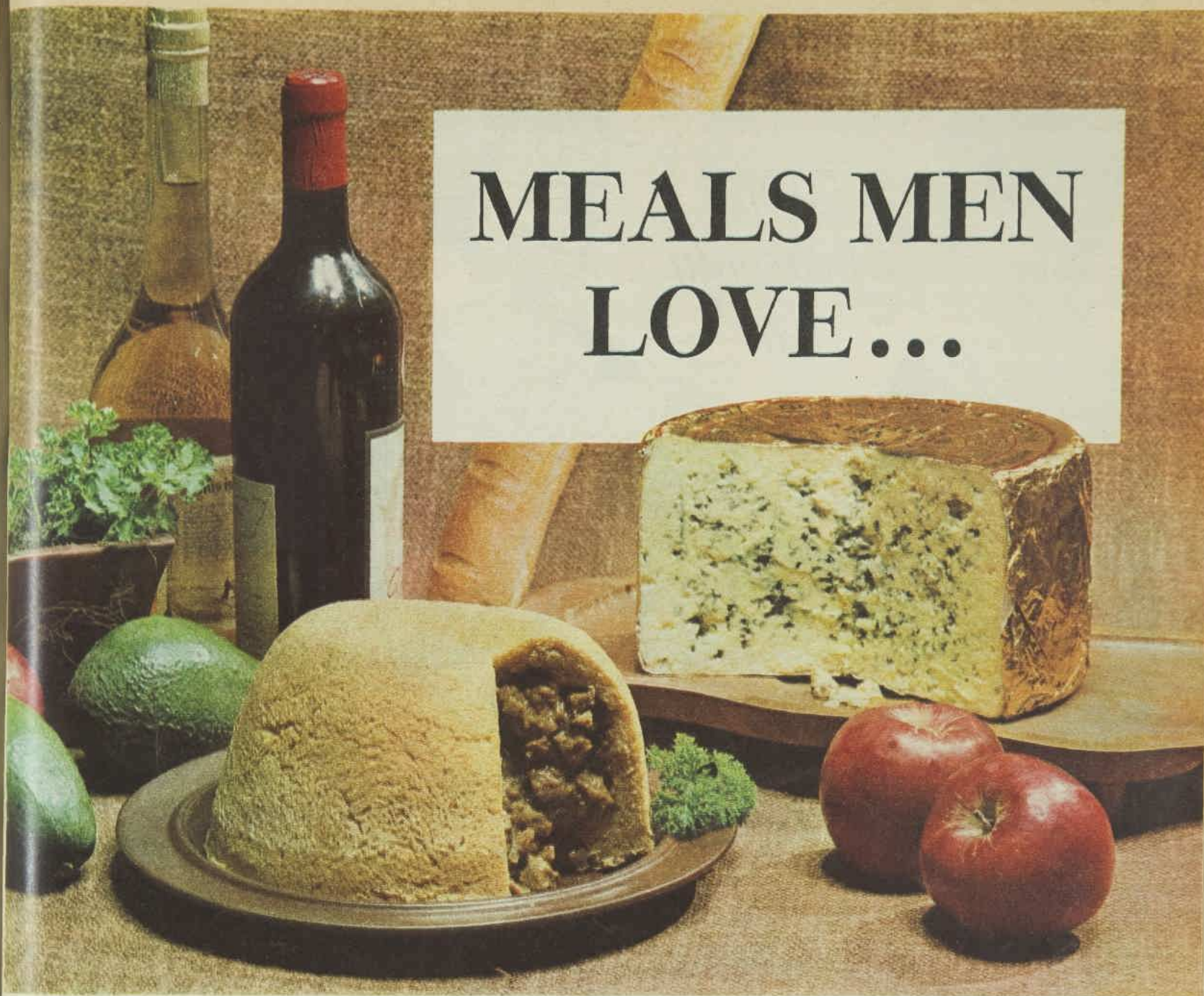
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# MEALS MEN LOVE...



● A three-page feature of food the men in your family will enjoy, whether they be advocates of good home cooking, gourmets who appreciate a dish with a subtle flavor, or the adventurous type, prepared to enjoy a new dish.

**WHATEVER** type of appetite you have to cater for, the recipes in this feature are sure to please all the family—especially the men.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used. Quantities will serve four to six, unless otherwise stated.

## IF HE LIKES HOME COOKING . . .

### STEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING

**Pastry:** Twelve ounces self-raising flour, 5oz. fresh suet, 1 teaspoon salt, water to mix.

**Filling:** Two pounds round steak, 8oz. ox kidney, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons salt, pepper, 1 large onion.

Sift together flour and salt, add finely chopped suet. Mix to soft but non-sticky dough with cold water.

Dice meat and kidney into 1in. cubes, discarding any gristle or excess fat. Toss meat in seasoned flour until well coated. Dice onion finely, add to meat. Use 2-3rds of the prepared pastry to line 8in. greased pudding basin; fill with meat, roll out remaining 1-3rd pastry to form a lid. Wet edges of pudding, place top in position, sealing edges firmly.

Cover pudding with greased aluminium foil, steam

approximately 6 to 7 hours, when meat will be cooked and the outside pastry dark golden brown in color.

Watch water level carefully during cooking time; as it evaporates, replace with boiling water.

### ROAST BEEF WITH YORKSHIRE PUDDING

One rolled roast of beef (4lb. to 5lb.), prepared mustard, freshly ground pepper, little oil or melted dripping.

Allow meat to come to room temperature before cooking. Spread cut surfaces with little prepared mustard and grind over pepper. Place in baking dish, pour over oil or melted dripping. Cook in hot oven 20 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate, continue cooking until meat is well browned and tender. (Allow 10 to 15 minutes per lb. for rare meat, 20 minutes per lb. for medium. Well-done meat will need 25 to 30 minutes per lb.) Remove meat to serving dish, serve with Yorkshire Pudding and well-seasoned thin gravy made from pan drippings.

**Yorkshire Pudding:** Half pound plain flour, pinch salt, 2 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk.

Sift flour and salt into basin, make well in centre, add eggs and a little milk. Mix to paste, then add remaining milk. Mix well, refrigerate at least 30 minutes. Then beat well with rotary beater, adding little more milk if mixture is too thick. Pour sufficient fat from the roast to cover bottom of a sandwich tin. Heat, then pour in batter. Cook in hot oven 30 to 35 minutes. Cut into wedges, serve at once.

### HEARTY BEEF STEW

Two pounds chuck steak (cut into cubes), 2oz. butter, 1 onion (finely chopped), white part of 1 leek (finely chopped), 1oz. flour, 1 bayleaf,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon dried thyme, 3 cups boiling water, 3 beef bouillon cubes, 1 medium-sized can tomatoes, 12 small onions (peeled), 4 carrots (sliced), 4 medium-sized potatoes (peeled and quartered), little tabasco sauce, salt, pepper.

**STEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING** is always a favorite. Long, gentle cooking gives the dark gold crust, yet keeps pastry tender.

Heat butter in large, heavy saucepan, add meat, brown lightly. Sprinkle onion and leek over meat, mix well, saute further 5 minutes. Sprinkle in flour, mix well, add bayleaf, tomatoes (chopped), thyme, boiling water, and bouillon cubes. Season with salt and pepper. Bring to the boil, skim, reduce heat, simmer slowly 2 hours. Add the whole onions, carrots, and potatoes, simmer until meat and vegetables are tender. Skim off fat, add tabasco sauce, check seasoning.

### BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING

One ounce sultanas, 4 slices bread, butter, 3 eggs, 1 extra egg-yolk, 4oz. sugar, nutmeg, 1 pint warm milk, vanilla.

Wash sultanas and scatter a few in bottom of well-greased ovenproof dish. Trim crusts from bread, cut each slice in half. Butter each piece of bread generously, place in layers in dish, scattering sultanas between each layer. Beat eggs and egg-yolk together with sugar and pinch of nutmeg. Stir in warm milk and vanilla, pour over pudding, stand 20 minutes. Then bake in moderately slow oven 50 to 60 minutes or until pudding is set and lightly browned on top.

### SAUCY LEMON PUDDING

One lemon, 2 eggs (separated), 2 tablespoons plain flour, 1 tablespoon butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 2 cups milk.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg-yolks, juice and rind of lemon, and flour. Mix well, beat in milk. Lastly, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour mixture into greased ovenproof dish, stand dish in pan of hot water. Bake in moderate oven 40 minutes. Dust with castor sugar, serve warm.

*Continued overleaf*

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## MEALS MEN LOVE..

... from previous page

### DARK CHOCOLATE CAKE

Three-quarters cup hot coffee,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cocoa,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 4oz. butter, 3 eggs (separated), 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sour cream, 2 cups plain flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup extra sugar.

Stir hot coffee gradually into cocoa. Combine  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar with butter, egg-yolks, salt, vanilla, and half cocoa mixture. Beat well until light and creamy. Mix soda and sour cream together. To butter and sugar mixture add the sour cream and cocoa-coffee alternately with sifted flour. Beat egg-whites, adding the  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar gradually, beat until meringue stands in stiff peaks. Fold into chocolate mixture. Pour into 9in. or 10in. greased cake tin, bake in moderate oven 55 to 65 minutes. Cool completely on cake cooler, then cut into 2 layers and join with whipped cream. Spread frosting generously over top and sides, reserving 1 cup of frosting. To reserved frosting add 2oz. melted chocolate. (It may be necessary to thicken this frosting to piping consistency with extra sifted icing sugar.) Put into piping bag with shell tube, pipe small shells round top edge of cake.

Chocolate Frosting: Six ounces butter or substitute, 4 to 4  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups sifted icing sugar, 2 beaten eggs, 8oz. melted chocolate,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla, 1 dessertspoon rum.

Cream butter well, beat in 3  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups icing sugar gradually. Blend in eggs, chocolate, vanilla, and rum. Add extra icing sugar until of spreading consistency. Spread over top and sides of cake.

### IF HE'S A GOURMET...

#### AVOCADO PEARS

Avocado pears are usually eaten as a first course. The simplest and possibly the best way to serve them is with a well-seasoned french dressing. Cut pears in halves, remove stones, fill cavities with the dressing. (Use 1 part oil to 1 part vinegar for the dressing.) Or fill avocados with caviar, jellied consommé madrilene, or turtle soup, or shelled prawns mixed with mayonnaise.

#### STEAK WITH CAPERS

Four steaks, salt and pepper, butter for frying, 1 tablespoon finely chopped chives, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons drained capers, 2 tablespoons butter, juice  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon.

Slash fat edges of each steak in several places. Pan-fry steaks in a little butter until well browned on both sides. Transfer to hot platter, sprinkle with salt, pepper, parsley, chives, and capers. Heat butter in pan until nut-brown, then pour over the steaks. Sprinkle with lemon juice.

#### BLUE CHEESE DRESSING

One ounce blue vein cheese, salt, pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon dry mustard, 6 tablespoons olive or salad oil, 2 tablespoons white vinegar.

Place cheese in basin, mash with fork, adding salt, pepper, and mustard. Slowly stir in oil; mix thoroughly. Then add vinegar and mix well. Serve on green salads.

#### KIDNEYS IN PORT

Twelve lambs' kidneys, salted water, butter for frying, 1lb. sliced mushrooms, sautéed in a little butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  small onion (grated), salt and pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup gin, 2 teaspoons cornflour (mixed to paste with cold water), port wine, french bread.

Slice kidneys, removing fat and membranes, etc. Soak in salted water to cover 1 hour, then drain and dry. Sauté gently with onion in heated butter about 10 minutes or until almost cooked. Season with salt and pepper, pour over warmed gin. Ignite, then allow flames to burn out. Remove kidneys to warm serving dish. Return sauce and mushrooms to heat, add cornflour; simmer, stirring, until sauce thickens. Add sufficient port wine to make sauce the consistency of cream. Pour sauce over kidneys; serve at once with french bread.

#### MUSHROOM SALAD

One pound very fresh mushrooms, salt, garlic, oil, chopped parsley, juice  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon, freshly ground pepper, lettuce leaves.

Wipe mushrooms, slice finely. Place a little salt in bowl, rub bowl with garlic. Add mushrooms, pour over sufficient oil to moisten. Mix lightly, set aside until mushrooms have absorbed most of the oil (about 5 minutes). Sprinkle with generous amount of chopped parsley, add lemon juice; add pepper. Taste mixture, add a little more salt, pepper, and lemon juice if necessary. Let stand about 5 minutes. Serve on lettuce leaves.

#### CAESAR SALAD

Five anchovy fillets, 1 large head of lettuce,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon each mustard and pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated parmesan cheese,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon paprika, 1 cup fried croutons, 3 tablespoons olive oil, juice 1 lemon, 2 eggs (plunged into boiling water and cooked 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  minutes).

Drain anchovy fillets. Wash lettuce, chill. At serving time, tear lettuce into bite-sized pieces, place in large salad bowl; dust with mustard, pepper, salt, cheese, and paprika. Combine oil and lemon juice, break in eggs; mix well. Pour over salad, add croutons, toss thoroughly. Garnish with anchovy fillets.

#### ROMAN STRAWBERRIES

Two boxes strawberries,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup raspberry jam, 1 tablespoon sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, 1 tablespoon kirsch or brandy,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped blanched almonds, whipped cream.

Wash and hull strawberries. Combine jam, sugar, and water in saucepan, simmer 2 minutes. Add kirsch or brandy, chill. Arrange strawberries in serving dishes, pour over sauce; sprinkle with nuts. Serve with bowl of whipped cream.



## IF HE LIKES SOMETHING NEW . . .

### HAMBURGERS ROQUEFORT

One and a quarter pounds minced beef, salt and pepper, 1 lb. finely crumbled roquefort or other blue cheese, breadcrumbs, paprika, salad oil, 4 slices french bread, 1 tablespoon softened butter, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley.

Combine meat with salt, pepper, and cheese; mix gently. Shape into 4 round patties. Dip these in crumbs, then sprinkle with paprika and salad oil. Cook under preheated grill until done to taste. Meanwhile, combine butter, lemon juice, and parsley. Toast bread, spread with butter mixture. Place cooked hamburgers on top, serve at once.

### SPECIAL WELSH RAREBIT

One tablespoon melted butter, 3 cups grated, well-flavored cheddar cheese, pinch cayenne, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard worked smooth with a little beer, 1 1/2 teaspoons worcestershire sauce, 2 egg-yolks beaten with 1/2 cup warm beer, toast slices.

Place butter in top of double saucepan, stir in cheese. Place over hot water (the water must not touch bottom of saucepan), and melt cheese slowly, stirring gently. Add seasoning, stirring constantly. Then gradually add liquid, still stirring. When smooth and creamy, pour over toast slices. Serve at once.

### CHINESE BARBECUED PORK

One pound pork fillets (about 3 pieces), salt, 1/2 cup vegetable oil, 1 teaspoon sesame oil, 4 tablespoons red soy bean jam (see note below), 1 piece green ginger, 1 tablespoon honey dissolved in 1 tablespoon hot water.

Lay pork fillets in deep tray, sprinkle with salt; pour over vegetable and sesame oils. Brush with red soy bean jam, mixed with honey and water, sprinkle over crushed ginger. Marinate at least 1 hour. Lay on wire rack over deep tray. Cook in hot oven 10 minutes, then reduce heat slightly for remainder of cooking time (about 30 minutes). Baste constantly with pan juices.

Note: If red soy bean jam is unobtainable, make the following substitute: Mix together 1 clove crushed garlic, 1 dessertspoon brandy or dry sherry, 1 dessertspoon honey, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, 3 tablespoons good fruit chutney (push chutney through sieve to remove any lumps). Combine all ingredients well.

### SPAGHETTI BOLOGNESE

Half pound minced steak, 1/2 cup oil, 2 cloves garlic, 2 rashers bacon, 5 tomatoes, 1 onion, salt and pepper, 1 lb. cooked spaghetti.

Chop onion and garlic very finely, place in saucepan with meat and little of the oil. Cook gently until onion is golden, then add finely chopped bacon, peeled and quartered tomatoes. Add remaining oil, salt and pepper. Cook slowly 20 to 30 minutes, then spoon over cooked spaghetti. Serve with bowl of grated parmesan cheese and green salad.

### ICE CREAM WITH MINCE-MEAT SAUCE

One and a half cups prepared fruit mincemeat, 1/2 cup brown sugar, (firmly packed), pinch salt, 4 tablespoons pineapple juice, 1 tablespoon rum, vanilla ice cream.

Combine mincemeat, sugar, salt, pineapple juice in saucepan, simmer until sugar has dissolved and liquid has thickened slightly. Warm rum and ignite. Add to mincemeat, stir gently until flames burn out. Serve warm, spooned over scoops of vanilla ice cream.

### CHOCOLATE CREAM MOUSSE

Four ounces dark, unsweetened chocolate, 4 eggs, 1/2 pint cream, 1 tablespoon rum, extra whipped cream, grated chocolate.

Separate eggs. Chop chocolate roughly, put into top of double saucepan, stir over hot water until melted. Remove from heat, cool slightly, then blend in egg-yolks one at a time; beat well. Fold in whipped cream, rum, then stiffly beaten egg-whites. Spoon into serving-dish, chill until set. Decorate with extra whipped cream and grated chocolate.

### FRIED RICE

One to two tablespoons oil, 1 lb. cooked, chopped pork, 4 cups cooked

rice, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 4oz. shelled prawns, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon soy sauce mixed with 1 dessertspoon water, 2 shallots (chopped), 1 dessertspoon chopped ham.

Heat oil in large frying-pan, add pork. Fry a minute or two, then add rice and salt. Cook 10 minutes, stirring to prevent rice from sticking to pan. Add prawns, mix well, then clear small space in the rice and drop in egg, breaking yolk. When this is nearly cooked, stir and mix through rice. Add soy sauce and water, then shallots. Mix well, pile on to serving platter. Scatter ham over, serve immediately.

Note: The cooked rice must be quite cold before use, otherwise it

will become sticky and cook in lumps. Ideally, rice should be boiled the day before it is to be fried.

### CHESTNUT COUPE

One medium-sized brick vanilla ice-cream, 1 jar preserved chestnuts in syrup (available at large food stores), 1/2 cup rum, whipped cream, toasted almonds.

Soften ice-cream slightly; drain chestnuts, reserving syrup. Chop chestnuts into small pieces, fold into ice-cream with rum. Spoon into refrigerator trays, freeze until firm. Place large scoops of ice-cream in individual serving dishes, drizzle over a little chestnut syrup, top with spoonful of whipped cream and sprinkling of toasted almonds.



**DARK CHOCOLATE CAKE.** See recipe opposite.



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# Uncle Sylvester

Concluding instalment  
of a two-part serial

By  
**ROHAN O'GRADY**



As the Major drew closer, Christie stepped back in fear while Barnaby sat motionless.

WAITING for the mail steamer to call at a remote and quiet island off the coast of Canada, SERGEANT COULTER, of the Mounted Police, is told by the postmaster and general storekeeper, MR. BROOKS, he is expecting to meet a small boy, BARNABY GAUNT. He and his wife have been asked to look after the boy until his uncle, MAJOR SYLVESTER MURCHISON-GAUNT, arrives later. MRS. NIELSEN is also at the wharf to meet CHRISTIE MacNAB, the young daughter of a mainland friend of hers.

The children are both little devils, and, having already met and hated each other on the ship, are aghast at the idea of being thrown together by the islanders, as there are no other children living there. Through boredom, however, they form a truce and together are responsible for such crimes as letting MR. ALLEN'S sheep out, painting MR. DUNCAN'S grand champion bull, smashing LADY SYDDYNS' greenhouse, and causing the death of MISS PROUDFOOT'S pet budgie.

At a meeting arranged by the sergeant, the islanders, with the approval of the curate, MR. RICE-HOPE, decide the children should be made to weed the graveyard as punishment. There they disturb and follow into the forest an outlawed cougar which is feeling martyred and indignant at his plight. The children make a pet of him and, without telling the islanders, often visit him. They also make a friend of the island idiot, DESMOND.

As the time draws closer to the Major's arrival, Barnaby confides to Christie that his uncle intends to kill him in order to gain the ten million dollars coming to Barnaby when, and if, he reaches maturity. Christie calmly suggests they simply kill uncle before he can kill Barnaby. Their only trouble is how and with what.

CONSTABLE BROWNING calls on the Major, soon after his arrival, to pass on a gale warning and hears him telling Barnaby he is tired, but does not realise a strange hypnosis is being worked upon the child. NOW READ ON:

IT was back to the old grind, the quest of firearms, for Barnaby and Christie. The afternoon, they decided, would be given over to serious business, but after their morning chores they allowed themselves a treat. They would visit their dear One-ear.

One-ear, snoozing peacefully in a ferny dell, heard them before he saw them. Their shrill laughter went through his eardrums like porcupine quills. Pursued as if by the furies, he sought an avenue of escape, but too late, for they were upon him.

"There he is! Did you miss us?" yelled the boy. They flung themselves upon him as if he were an old log.

"How are you, dear?" The girl gave him a smacking kiss.

Had he been capable of speech he would have informed them that he felt terrible. His ribs ached, his shoulder was stiff, his missing claw throbbed, and he had a pain right below his heart.

"You'd better watch out, Sergeant Coulter will be here tomorrow," shouted the boy, who was sitting astride him. When the girl took hold of his tail and draped it about her shoulders he sprang to his feet with a roar.

She was not frightened. "I know somebody who's grouchy today," she declared.

Traps, dogs, guns, hunger, and now, in his declining years, them. The eternal outlaw blinked back the never distant tears. He closed his eyes. If he couldn't eat them he could at least ignore them.

They took it as a sign that a rest was in order for all. They had been running and jumping in the morning heat and now they were tired. Sleepily they flopped down on him, the boy's head leaning nonchalantly on his shoulder, the girl using his paws as a cushion. They fell asleep almost immediately. He lay immobile so he would not disturb their rest; they were not quite so bad when they were asleep. But fifteen minutes later they woke up and bounded to their feet.

"Goodbye, One-ear! You watch out for Sergeant Coulter!"

They were gone. He'd have to start sleeping in trees, he thought with despair. At his age.

The children, racing merrily through the forest trail, stumbled and almost stepped on the remains of One-ear's lunch.

"Ugh!" said Christie, turning away from a cloud of big flies, "poor One-ear. I don't know how he can eat anything so awful!"

They raced to a stream and were having a cool drink when they were startled to see a large-eyed doe tiptoe to the water.

The animal lowered her beautiful head and sipped daintily. The sun, dappling through the trees, twinkled on the dark waters and the doe's nostrils quivered delicately, as though she were a permanent but sensitive living part of the forest landscape.

"That's the prettiest thing I ever saw," whispered Barnaby.

"I could have watched it all day," said Christie in a hushed voice as the doe moved off.

It was the sister of One-ear's lunch.

They loved One-ear and they believed that all One-ear needed to complete his happiness was to accept and return their love. One-ear would give up his evil ways and bizarre eating habits. He would, in short, reform, adoring them as they adored him, and he would wax fat on a lovely diet of cinnamon buns and candy, drinking raspberry vinegar instead of blood, and they would all live happily ever after.

The next day Sergeant Coulter was waiting for them. "I want a word with you."

He led them to where there was a view of Uncle's cottage and pointed across the little cove.

"You see those pilings away over there? About a quarter of a mile from the beach at the foot of the cottage?"

The children nodded.

"There are only a few dangerous places on the Island. That's one of them. It's called Death Beach. You don't go there, you don't go on the wharf, and you don't go in the forest. Okay? You understand?"

They nodded. They had already been to the forest many times, so they ignored that particular piece of advice. And it had never occurred to them to go to Death Beach. It was too close to Uncle's cottage for comfort.

Now they were curious about Death Beach and stood for a long time staring across the water. What a sinister name!

There was a steep cliff crowned by twisting, peeling arbutus trees. At the foot of the cliff they could see an old rowboat, turned upside down and looking like a dead whale. In the water were four rows of pilings, standing out like rotten teeth. They asked Mr. Brooks about Death Beach.

Yes, he said, Sergeant Coulter was quite right to remind them they must never go there. It was the most treacherous spot on the Island. The pilings were the remains of a jetty that had been built many years before by one of the first settlers on the Island. There were strange riptides and currents in the waters of Death Beach, and they must never, never, never go near that beach.

It was a burning hot morning and they sat on the step of the war memorial gazing at the glittering water. A trim yacht flying the American flag sailed up to the dock.

There was not a soul about. Sergeant Coulter was not expected until the next day. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks were having their morning tea in the dim little parlor behind the store, and the children were quite free to wander about.

To page 51



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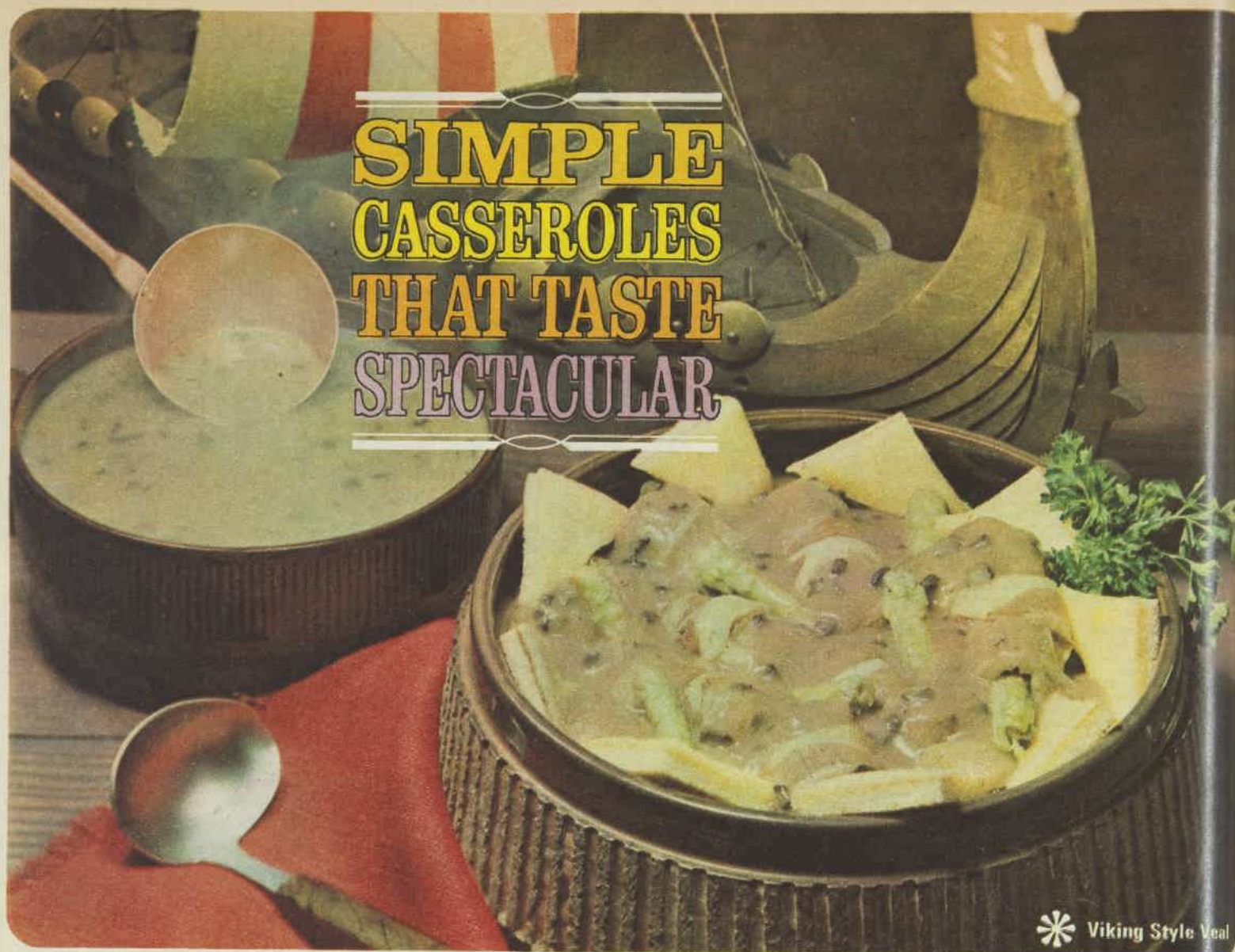
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## Viking Style Veal

**Ingredients:** 8 thin slices veal steak, 1 oz. liverwurst, 1 onion, finely chopped, 1 x 10 oz. tin of asparagus spears, 4 bacon rashers, 1 packet Continental brand Cream Mushroom Soup, ½ pint (10 oz.) asparagus liquid and water, ¼ cup (4 oz.) sour cream.

**Method:** Spread veal steaks with liverwurst, sprinkle with onion and place 2 asparagus spears on top. Roll veal steak up and roll a strip of bacon around centre. Place steaks into casserole dish. Blend soup mix with measured liquid and stir until boiling, add cream. Pour this mushroom sauce over veal, cover and bake in barely moderate oven 1 hour. Garnish with triangles of bread with cheese baked on top or serve with cooked noodles.



**CHICKEN CAPRICE.** **Ingredients:** 1 x 2½ lb. chicken, 1 cup chopped celery, 4 oz. raisins, 1 onion, chopped, 1 cup rice (uncooked), 1 pkt. Continental brand Cream Chicken Soup, 1 pint (20 oz.) stock, 2 oz. blanched almonds.

**Method:** Steam chicken in 1 cup water 15 minutes. Remove flesh and place it into a casserole dish with celery, raisins, and onion. Place rice in little hot oil, stirring until pale golden colour, then spoon into casserole dish. Measure chicken stock and add water to make 1 pint. Blend soup mix with this stock, stir until boiling. Pour into casserole dish and combine all ingredients. Cover, bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Halve blanched almonds, scatter over casserole, bake further 10 min. Serve with tossed green salad.



**PORTUGUESE PORK.** **Ingredients:** 4 pork chops, 1 pkt. Continental brand Thick Vegetable Soup, ½ pint (15 oz.) water, 8 prunes — stoned and halved, 1 cup shredded cabbage, pinch caraway seeds, 1 large potato.

**Method:** Remove bone and excess fat from chops, place into a casserole dish and bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Blend soup mix with water, stir until boiling, remove from heat and add prunes, cabbage and caraway seeds. Pour fat off the chops, cover with soup mixture. Peel and slice potato. Arrange overlapping slices of potato around the sides of the casserole dish. Cover and bake in a moderate oven for 45 minutes. Serve with pilaff of rice or fried rice.



**GIPSY BEEF CASSEROLE.** **Ingredients:** 1 lb. blade steak, 4 oz. cabanossi (or similar) sausage, 1 large onion — chopped, 1 potato — peeled, 2 oz. chopped walnuts, 1 pkt. Continental brand Beef Noodle Soup, 1 cup (8 oz.) water, ¼ cup (4 oz.) sour cream

**Method:** Cut beef and sausage into 1" pieces and place them into a casserole dish with the onion, grated potato and walnuts. Cook the soup in water for 3 minutes only, then pour into the casserole. Cover and bake in a moderate oven for 1½ hours. Add the cream and mix through casserole (thicken with a little sprinkling of flour if necessary). Bake for a further 20 minutes. Serve with potatoes baked in their jackets.



**HUNTER'S CASSEROLE.** **Ingredients:** 1 rabbit, 2 bacon rashers — chopped, 1 large onion — sliced, 1 pkt. Continental brand Pea & Ham Soup, ½ pint (10 oz.) water, 1 cup (8 oz.) tomato puree, ¼ lb. green beans, 2 small tomatoes, grated cheese.

**Method:** Disjoint rabbit, stand in salted water 1 hour, drain. Toss rabbit pieces in seasoned flour then brown in hot oil with chopped bacon. Place into casserole dish with onion. Blend soup mix with water and tomato puree, stir until boiling, pour into casserole then cover and bake in moderate oven 1½ hours. String and chop beans, mix into casserole. Arrange tomato slices with grated cheese on top around edge of casserole. Bake further 30 minutes. Serve with creamy mashed potatoes.

MORE RECIPES IN THE CASSEROLE RECIPE LEAFLET ON **Continental soup** DISPLAYS



As a party of half a dozen hunters streamed from the yacht on to the wharf a look passed between Barnaby and Christie. Without a word Christie slipped silently into the shed on the dock and Operation Yacht began.

"Hey, sonny, is this Benares?"

The party, laden with fishing-rods, shining gun cases, binoculars, cameras, and a valise, filed up to the sturdy boy who stood smiling a welcome to them.

"No, sir," said Barnaby. "Benares is four miles south-east."

"Oh. Well, we'd better pack up again."

The speaker, a tall man, turned to Barnaby again. "Is there any place I can get cigarettes here?"

"Yes, sir. At the store," Barnaby pointed it out. "I'll get them for you, if you like. Are you staying at the lodge at Benares?"

"Yes, we are. We've been doing some big-game hunting in Alaska and we're stopping off for some fishing on our way back."

"I hope you catch some. Mr. Brooks runs the store and says we have the best salmon fishing in the world. Have you got your bait yet?"

#### Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4085W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Continued from page 49

"Not yet," the man replied. "Oh, you must get it from Mr. Brooks. He has fresh herring bait. And you can fish on the way to Benares. Mr. Brooks knows exactly where the salmon are running this morning."

Seeing not a soul about except the boy, they left their guns, rods, and cases on the wharf as they accompanied Barnaby to the store.

Ten minutes later, bearing cigarettes and bait, they waved goodbye to the charming, helpful boy who had never been out of their sight for a moment.

Barnaby and Christie danced a gleeful little jig in the village square. Alone, unaided, and with no trouble at all they had accomplished what they had expected to be the most difficult part of their mission.

Barnaby decided that after dark he would sneak out of bed, go to the shed, get the gun, and hide it in Desmond's shack.

The next morning even Christie awoke early, so eager was she to see the precious prize. Barnaby got down on all fours, dragged the gun-case from under Desmond's cot and unbuckled the ammunition pouch on the side of the case.

"Whew!" He counted the bullets. "Look, Christie, nine of them. Aren't they big? On Thursday, when I'm sure Sergeant Coulter won't be here, I'll try firing it. Just once to make sure. There are only nine bullets. That'll leave me eight. I can't take a chance of wasting any more or anyone hearing the shot. I'll take it up on the mountain to fire it. That way if anyone hears it they won't

know where the sound is from."

"Put the gun away so I can make Desmond's bed," Christie said.

"OK, but hurry. We'd better get a couple of graves done today."

As Christie straightened the bed an unlovely thought struck her. She turned and stared at Barnaby for a few seconds, then at poor Desmond, who was dozing with his head on his arms.

"You know," she said, "if we blame the murder on poor

He had also purchased two dozen rubbery, listless tomato plants, which lay prone in the sun. Occasionally, when Uncle happened to think of it, he threw the odd bucket of cold water on them.

They were not important, for Uncle's real interest in horticulture lay deep in the gloomy heart of the forest. A pit, six feet deep, five feet long and three feet wide.

Uncle was returning from Mr. Brooks's store, where he had had to purchase a new shovel, having broken the



Desmond, maybe Sergeant Coulter will hang him instead of us."

Barnaby thought that over for a while.

"Well, it's either him or us," he said with a sigh.

While the children kept themselves busy, Uncle had not been frittering away his time. Far from it, for Uncle had taken an extraordinary interest in gardening. He had bought a big, shiny shovel from Mr. Brooks, and had spaded up a twenty by twenty plot at the back of the cottage.

shaft of the original in his enthusiasm for his work. He met face to face with Sergeant Coulter.

"Nothing like a bit of hard work when you reach forty," Uncle boomed heartily, patting the shovel. "Keeps the old waistline down. Ah, but I see you don't have to worry about that yet, Sergeant!" He strode briskly up the path, whistling *The Teddy Bears' Picnic*.

When he reached the top of the path he turned and saw that the Mountie was out of sight. He smiled. Just plain luck about the girl

being on the Island. So much more logical, two children drowning instead of one. Mischievous kiddies, and he'd see they were rescued once. The second time they wouldn't come up. Not that they were really going to drown, of course. Bodies had a way of washing back on shore, and it was important that these bodies should never be found.

He was setting the stage carefully. The Islanders would remember them as naughty children who insisted on playing around dangerous waters. If it had been only Barnaby, even that stupid policeman might put two and two together. This way it very logically added up to five: Claire, Maude, Robert, Barnaby, and little what's-her-name.

Well, back to work. He was extremely interested in the transplanting of the huge ferns in the forest. If the root system was not disturbed, the beds dug deeply enough, and if they were watered frequently they transplanted splendidly.

And the way they grew! Six weeks after putting them on the grave he probably wouldn't be able to find it himself.

When Barnaby called in the morning, Christie was very quiet throughout breakfast and all the way to the graveyard.

They worked diligently, for they no longer resented their enforced labor. Indeed, it gave a purpose and orderliness to their lives which they found increasingly necessary.

The pattern of nature had become unbalanced, and the children felt it. Uncle's presence was proof enough.

Their work done, Christie sat on Sir Adrian's tombstone, her chin in her hands and her eyes pensive.

"What's the matter?" asked

Barnaby, sitting beside her. She sighed and said, "We can't do it."

"Can't do what?"

"Blame Desmond."

"It was your idea. It's him or us. Why can't we?"

Christie looked sad, for the vision of the tree, the rope, and poor Desmond refused to budge. It was unthinkable. Poor Desmond must and would be spared. They were distressingly sane; remorse, which clever Uncle Sylvester could never feel, was beginning to worry them.

"Yes," Barnaby said after a long pause, "I see what you mean. I like Desmond, too."

Sadly they wandered down to the store. They sought refuge from the world under the counter of the store, where they sat eating licorice and thinking.

Barnaby gave a wan smile and went outside. He sat moodily on the porch reading a crime-comic magazine and trying to think of a foolproof method of murdering his uncle. So desperate was he that he even considered telling Sergeant Coulter. As the thought crossed his mind he looked up to find the big Mountie gazing down at him.

Sergeant Coulter smiled at the sight of the small, miserable figure. He offered the boy a package of gum, his panacea for all the problems of childhood.

"Did you have a good time last week at Benares," he asked, "when you had tea with Mrs. Rice-Hope?"

"Oh," Barnaby said. "Yeah, I guess so."

He peeled the whole package of gum and, as usual, put the lot in his mouth. Sergeant Coulter's interest waned visibly.

Barnaby got to his feet. "Sergeant! There's something I want to ask you. Something

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VINDALOO OF PORK wins the £5 prize this week.

## Pork makes savory dish

● An unusual pork dish with a delicious flavor wins the main prize of £5 in our weekly recipe contest. Serve it with hot, fluffy rice for a savory and substantial meal.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for a fruit loaf with a light coffee flavor; little fish flapjacks which are easy to make for a

tasty snack; and a teacake marbled with a cinnamon syrup.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

### VINDALOO OF PORK

One pound lean pork, 2 dessertspoons brown sugar, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1oz. butter or substitute, 1 onion (large), 1 dessertspoon onion powder, 1 bayleaf, 1 medium can tomatoes, 1 green pepper, salt and pepper to taste, hot boiled rice.

Trim pork and cut into cubes. Place in bowl and sprinkle with sugar and vinegar. Soak 2 hours, stirring occasionally. Melt butter or substitute in pan. Add chopped onion and onion powder. Fry lightly 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in pork and vinegar mixture. Add bayleaf, tomatoes, chopped green pepper, salt and pepper. Gradually bring to the boil, cover and simmer gently 2 hours. Serve with hot rice.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. Rose, 122 Dunne Street, Brighton, Brisbane.

### FRUIT AND COFFEE LOAF

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup chopped peel, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup currants, 1 cup sultanas, 2½ cups self-raising flour, 1 cup milk, 1 cup black coffee.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Then add fruit, sifted flour, milk, and black coffee. Pour into 2 well-greased loaf tins and bake in moderate oven 1 hour.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mr. R. Cook, 33 Preston Street, Geelong, West, Vic.

### FISH FLAPJACKS

Four tablespoons self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 egg, 1 cup fish, 1 can fish, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon melted butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons milk, oil for frying.

Sift flour and salt into bowl. Add beaten egg, fish, lemon rind and juice, parsley, butter or substitute, and milk. Mix well. Drop a tablespoon at a time on to greased griddle-iron or heavy frying pan, cook until brown on one side. Turn over and cook until brown. Serve hot with lemon wedges and parsley sprigs.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mr. J. Wilkinson, 2 Icceton Street, Inwood, N.S.W.

### SPICED TEACAKE

Quarter cup sugar, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 3 dessertspoons water, 1-3rd cup butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar (extra), 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2-3rd cup milk, 1½ cups self-raising flour, 2 egg-whites.

Combine sugar, cinnamon, and water in a saucepan. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly; cool. Cream butter until white, then gradually beat in extra sugar and vanilla. Beat in 2 tablespoons of the milk, then add remainder of milk alternately with sifted flour. Beat egg-whites until stiff, and mix into cake mixture carefully. Bake in well-greased 9in. round tin. Turn over cinnamon syrup and cut with knife, back and forth through cake mixture to give a marbled effect. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mr. V. Menley, 21 Morrah Street, Parkville, Vic.

Readers are invited to submit entries in our regular weekly recipe contest. A main prize of £5 is awarded each week and there are consolation prizes of £1 each.

Address entries to The Australian Women's Weekly Recipe Contest, Box 4288, G.P.O., Sydney.

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# OLSEN CEILING IN A BACHELOR FLAT

● It is fitting that the bachelor flat of Mr. Frank McDonald, director of the Clune Galleries, should be the setting for a personal art collection. However, Mr. McDonald's flat, part of a charming house in Woollahra, N.S.W., is not meant to be an art gallery; all the paintings are firm favorites of the owner and, with many objets d'art, are integral to the furnishings.



"SUMMER IN THE YOU BEAUT COUNTRY" is the title of the ceiling painting in the sitting-room of Mr. Frank McDonald's flat at Woollahra, N.S.W. The ceiling, painted by artist John Olsen, and one of a series of "The You Beaut Country" paintings, was created round the chandelier.



PURPLE SILK CANOPY provides a dramatic ceiling for the entrance hall (above). The silk was stretched from the picture rail to a central point, from which hangs a Spanish star-shaped light of crystal and iron. Red felt covers the walls.



DINING-ROOM (left) was once the hallway of the original house. Modern candlesticks, copies of an early-19th-century Italian design, stand on a coral-colored, hand-painted table. The chairs are Indian Regency, handmade in Ceylon mahogany. Above the table is John Olsen's painting "Reflections on a Marine Venus."

SITTING-ROOM (above) has a sofa covered in Boussac fabric imported from France. On the coffee table is an Arpel wine decanter and behind the sofa a collection of obelisks. The painted ceiling shown at top of page was designed to be part of this room, not a focal point, hence the strong color of the floor.





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Continued from page 51

## UNCLE SYLVESTER

I want to tell you — it's about my uncle. He—" Barnaby faltered for words. "He's not like other people."

He knew from experience not to say too much. The policeman's face altered slightly.

"Isn't he, Barnaby? In what way?"

"He's not nice."

"I don't understand you, son. What do you mean? Does he beat you?"

"No."

The Mountie paused. The next question was a delicate one and he phrased it carefully.

"Listen, now, you know I'm a policeman, and it's my job to help people. Little boys like you. You say your uncle isn't nice. Does he hurt you? I mean, not spankings, does he ever hurt you in a way that isn't nice? Is this what you're trying to tell me?"

Barnaby was puzzled. How could you hurt people in a way that was nice? He looked sullen.

"All right," said Sergeant Coulter, trying a new tack, "tell me the worst thing he's ever done."

Barnaby thought back on all of Uncle's subtle, terrible cruelties. Without a moment's hesitation he said, "He burned my teddy bear in the fireplace."

Sergeant Coulter hid a smile. "That sounds pretty awful," he said. "But sometimes these things are necessary as we grow up. I had an old patent-leather doll called Felix the Cat when I was a little fellow. The patent-leather all cracked and his stuffing came out, but I didn't mind. I couldn't go to sleep without him."

Barnaby looked up in amazement. At last he had found someone who understood. Sergeant Coulter grinned and gave the boy a mock punch on the chin, then he leaned down and took the crime-comic book from Barnaby's pocket.

"My father put Felix the Cat in the garbage can," he said.

Barnaby felt hopeless, but in one last bid for understanding, he grabbed the policeman's hand.

"Sergeant, he's going to kill me."

It wasn't Barnaby's day. Sergeant Coulter was staring with disgust at an illustration in the comic book. It showed a small boy trussed

with ropes, while a barrel-chested man, who, by unfortunate coincidence, bore a remarkable resemblance to Uncle, wielded a long, sharp knife. He handed the book back to the boy.

"Well, I'll speak to him about it tomorrow. Now, how about trying to find something else to read, eh? This sort of trash isn't good for kids, you'll be having bad dreams."

He patted the boy's head again and walked away, pondering on the report of the stolen gun.

The Americans very logically concluded that, since they had seen the gun when they docked at the Island, it must have been stolen later. Sergeant Coulter had questioned them carefully, asking if they were sure they had the gun when they left the Island, if they remembered seeing it when they arrived on Benares. By the time they had thought it over and had talked it over they were all absolutely positive they had the gun when they left the Island, they almost remembered seeing it when they got to Benares. Yes, they did remember seeing it when they docked at Benares.

That made it difficult. There were twenty or thirty boats tied up at the dock of Benares during the weekend; it would be complicated to trace. But it would turn up. Sometime, somehow. Guns always did.

Sergeant Coulter found Constable Browning staring at him with a look of embarrassed pity.

"What's up?" he asked suspiciously.

Constable Browning fumbled with a copy of the morning newspaper. "You had better read this," he said, then, in deference to the feelings of Sergeant Coulter, he left the launch.

Albert read the story, then sat back, stunned, wishing for the first time in his life that he were a woman and could have a good cry.

He rose and took down Professor Hobbs' book. Opening it, he stared at the two gigantic, beautiful Etruscan figures, which still challenged him from the pages.

Fakes. It hardly seemed possible. Hobbs, the greatest living expert on Etruscan art, had vouched for them. He felt in some obscure way that he had been cheated personally. He rubbed his hands over his face wearily as he

remembered how he had boasted of knowing Hobbs. He blushed at how he had bragged to everyone of his proposed trip to New York and the field party in Rome. Well, it would be a lesson to him to keep his mouth shut.

It was, he knew, unfair to Hobbs, who had merely been duped with the rest of them and who undoubtedly felt a great deal worse than he did. Well, it was no good brooding over it. He took out his fountain-pen and began writing his weekly letter to her.

It ended:

*I get rattled enough when I see you, and those two damned kids don't help. Oh, they're not bad, really, I know, although the boy still tells lies, the latest being that his wicked uncle wants to murder him. I suppose the way to look at it is that they're kids and they live in a world of make-believe.*

*Speaking of that, I've been living in one myself, but I had my eyes opened today. I won't be going to New York. The statues in the Metropolitan Museum are fakes. Sometime I'll write and tell you all about it. I feel very lonely and discouraged, so I'll close for now.*

*With love,  
Albert.*

He folded the letter, put it in his tunic pocket and walked wearily up to the wharf. He sat on the edge, his feet dangling over, the way he had sat when he was a boy, and gazed at the twinkling lights of Benares across the dark waters.

With his head leaning against one of the creosoted pilings, he thought of the night he had declared his love for her. His cheeks flamed at the memory.

He took the letter from his pocket and tore it to tiny shreds, posting it where he posted all his letters to her, on the outgoing tide.

He smiled bitterly as he remembered the night. She had been kind, of course. Somehow he wished that she had been kind enough to recoil in horror or to strike him.

Instead, she had been kind enough to explain.

She understood his feelings and they were quite natural. It was to be expected, a young man cut off from the society of women for years and corresponding daily with someone from home. He must not be ashamed of his feelings,

but they were temporary. He had created an image for himself, and he had confused it with the image. She was one of the things he thought, indeed, if he knew her better, he would see only too well her many frailties. He wanted to love someone that was the most natural thing in the world, but in his loneliness and need he had fashioned her. His love was not real, it was the outcome of an artificial situation. He knew he would see the light of it.

He would never forget that night on the beach. He had been so young, so honest, so desperately in love. Years later he loved her shyly, as hopelessly, and as desperately as ever.

True to his promise, Uncle

To page 56

winter baby  
bouncing  
sunning  
gurgling  
eating  
sleeping  
laughing  
safe



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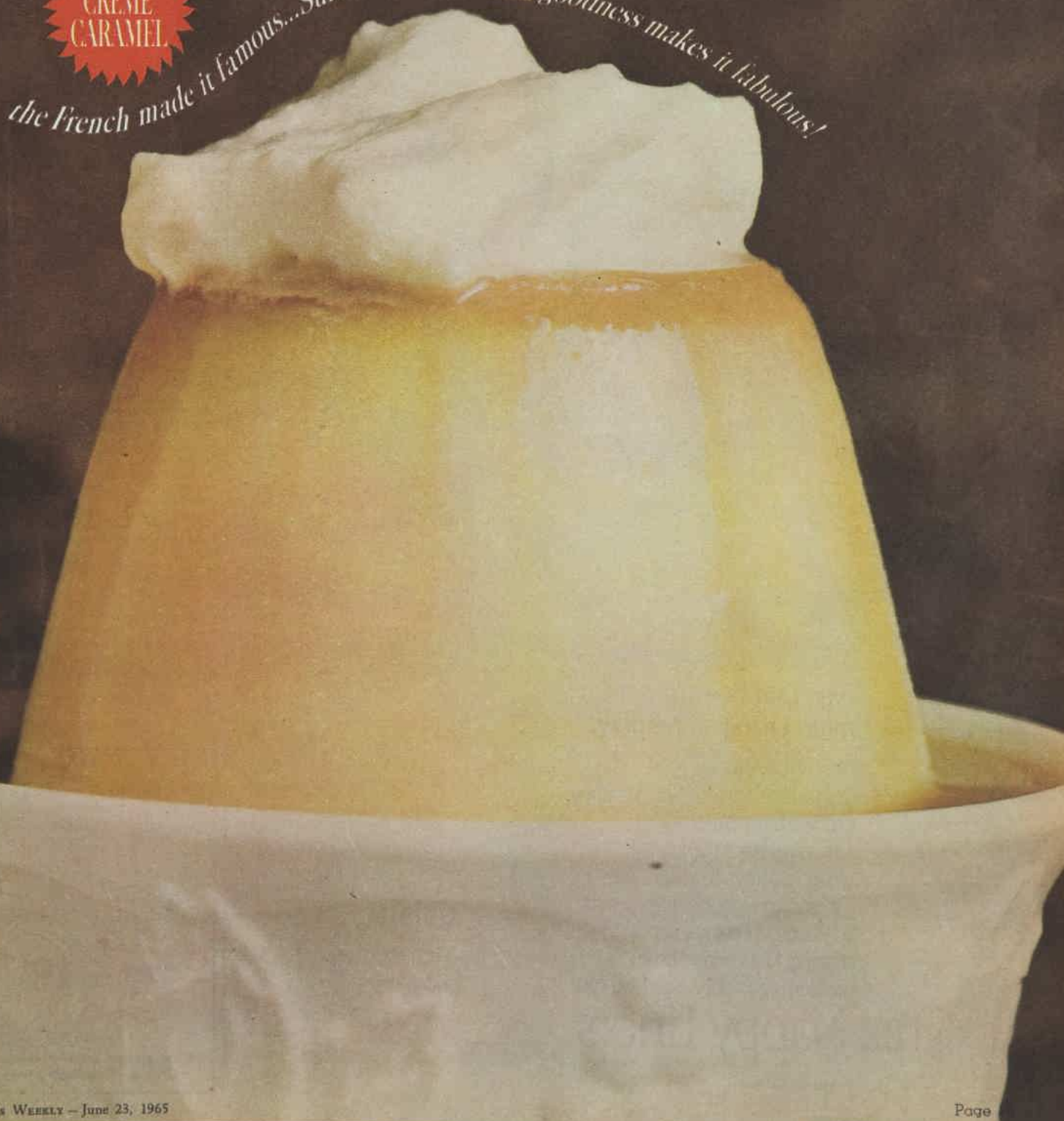
$\frac{1}{2}$  cup\* granulated white sugar, water, 1 cup SUNSHINE Full Cream Powdered Milk,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pints hot water, 4 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 1 tsp. vanilla essence, 3 tbsp. rum (optional). \* Use 8 oz. measuring cup.

**METHOD:** Place sugar in saucepan and add sufficient water to moisten. Brown over low heat, stir occasionally. When golden pour into 8" sandwich tin and cover base and sides. Allow to stand until caramel hardens. Whisk Sunshine into hot water. Beat together eggs, sugar and vanilla. Pour hot milk slowly into egg mixture whisking between each addition, add rum (optional). Strain. Pour into tin. Place into baking dish containing hot water and bake in moderate oven for approx. 1 hour (or until firm). Allow to stand until cold, carefully loosen custard from side of dish with knife, invert and turn out onto platter. Serves 6-8, as above, or in individual moulds.

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## THE SCIENTISTS



THE SCIENTISTS WERE  
STANDING BY AND SHAKING  
AT THE KNEES, H-DOMB TIME  
WAS NEAR AT HAND —  
WHEN THEY HEARD A DEAFENING  
SNEEZE! "QUIET!" CRIED THE  
BRAINS, "THE COUNT DOWN IS  
ON, SO GIVE HIM SOME WOODS"  
OR WE'LL ALL BE GONE."

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Continued from page 54

still had Barnaby over one night a week for his "treatment." Since Barnaby was such an early riser, he was usually half asleep by the time Uncle started, and the little sessions did not appear to have much effect.

Nevertheless, Uncle was pleased with the progress he was making. There was a great deal to be said for the dropping of ideas into the subconscious mind, and the repetitious "You cannot move, Barnaby," was, he was sure, slowly seeping into the slumbering child's mind.

Sitting in his comfortable winged chair before the cobblestone fireplace, he paused to light a cigar, glanced at the dozing Barnaby and then at his watch.

"Time to wake up, Barnaby," he said softly.

Barnaby stirred, yawned, and opened drowsy eyes. Then he sat bolt upright,

ready for any of Uncle's capers.

But there were no rogue-elephant games tonight, for Uncle had a great deal of thinking to do.

"Into bed, my boy," he said, picking up his book again. "Be over here the same time next week."

Barnaby got as far as the door and paused, looking down at his worn running-shoes which had the toes slit for comfort.

"Uncle," he said timidly, "can you get my new running-shoes soon?"

"Bless my soul, I keep forgetting. I'll remember for sure when I fly in tomorrow. Good night, my dear."

"Good night, Uncle." The door closed and Uncle smiled.

Uncle never forgot anything and Uncle always had a reason. He wanted Barnaby to continue wearing the shoes he had on. The running-shoes,

with the toes cut, were most distinctive, easily remembered, and, of course, easily identified. Even that idiot of a policeman must have noticed them.

The next time Uncle returned from the city he did not moor his plane by the wharf; instead, he taxied up to the pilings on Death Beach. It was so much handier and saved that long walk from the dock to his cottage.

Laden with groceries and sin, he leaped nimbly on to the rotten pilings, unafraid of the swirling, treacherous waters only two feet below. He was as surefooted as One-ear and quite unconcerned. Uncle was a hard man to scuttle and he knew it.

The sharp-eyed children, sitting on the step of the war memorial, noted the change in Uncle's habits and pondered on its meaning.

"I've got an idea and it just might work," said Barnaby. "I wonder why he left the plane at Death Beach?"

"Because it's closer to the cottage," said Christie.

"Listen to this," said Barnaby, leaning over and whispering.

"I—I don't know," said Christie.

It was all very well to sabotage the plane so that the next time Uncle soared into the wild blue yonder he would plummet to a watery grave, but she didn't like the idea of going to Death Beach.

"I can't swim and you know what Sergeant Coulter said about Death Beach."

"What Sergeant Coulter doesn't know won't hurt him," said Barnaby, "and you don't have to swim, silly. All you have to do is get out to the plane on those logs the way Uncle went on them to the beach. You'd sure make some Mountie, wouldn't you? It's a good thing you are a girl."

"Oh, all right, all right, I'll go," said Christie. "I guess I might as well drown as get killed by him."

They were practical and they laid their plans with care.

First they would steal a monkey-wrench from Per Nielsen's tool-chest in the woodshed at the goat-lady's. Then they would hide midway between the cottage and the wharf, waiting until Uncle had passed them on his way to the store. After he passed they would race down to Death Beach.

A few bolts loosened around the propellers, and a handful of sand in the fuel tanks, and they wouldn't have a care in the world.

Hiding in the bushes, they watched Uncle pass by, and seizing the opportunity of his brief absence they rushed down to the beach. The tide was high and the waves, as

they always did there, whistled angrily.

They inspected the old overturned rowboat which was so temptingly near the water, but even they could see it was decaying, waterlogged, and too dangerous to use.

There was nothing for it but to jump on to the pilings, which they did. When they had gone ten feet, Shep, who had followed them, began whining insistently from the beach.

"Don't look down, whatever you do," Barnaby gasped.

Finally they reached the plane, where Christie, with chattering teeth, put her hand on the wing to steady herself. She felt faint at the thought of playing that awful game of hopscotch in order to get back on dry land.

They watched old Shep still only a yard from the shore, with his eyes bulging and his neck straining out at the water as he tried to break the current. But a large wave caught Shep and flung him back to the beach. He slipped and struggled over the glistening rocks, shook himself violently when he reached the sand, and ran off with his tail between his legs.

"Okay," said Barnaby. "Come on, up where the engines are. I'll start there. You come along to hold the wrench while I'm working."

Christie gritted her teeth and nodded.

They were just in the act of climbing aboard the plane when the high-powered hum of the police launch startled them. Barnaby took one look and prudently dropped the wrench into three fathoms of water.

Constable Browning was at the helm and Sergeant Coulter, veins of anger standing out on his temples, was on deck.

"Get the—" Sergeant Coulter stopped. "Get down from there," he shouted. "On to the deck of the launch! Come on, both of you! You've been warned about this beach. Everybody around here has warned you, and you went right ahead, didn't you? Well, you're in for it this time!"

"Don't tell Uncle," whispered Barnaby.

Sergeant Coulter wheeled on him.

"Who do you think told me?" he snapped. "And a good thing for you two he just happened to be on the wharf with his fieldglasses and saw you."

The launch, at a slower pace now, cruised back to the wharf and the shaking culprits were led up the dock.

Sergeant Coulter piloted them by the scruffs of their necks, and gave Barnaby a nasty little shove when they reached Uncle.

"Here they are! And I know what I'd do to this boy if he were mine!"

Uncle was not angry. Heavens, no. Uncle was distressed.

To page 58



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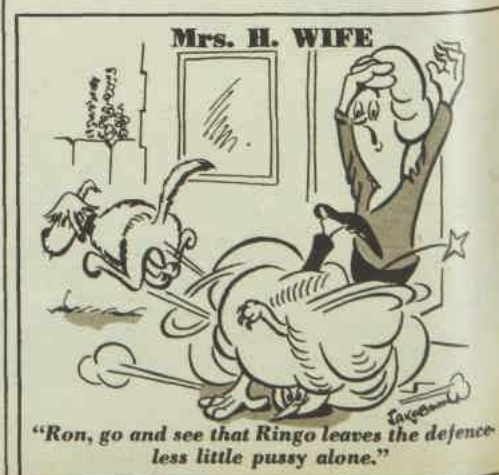
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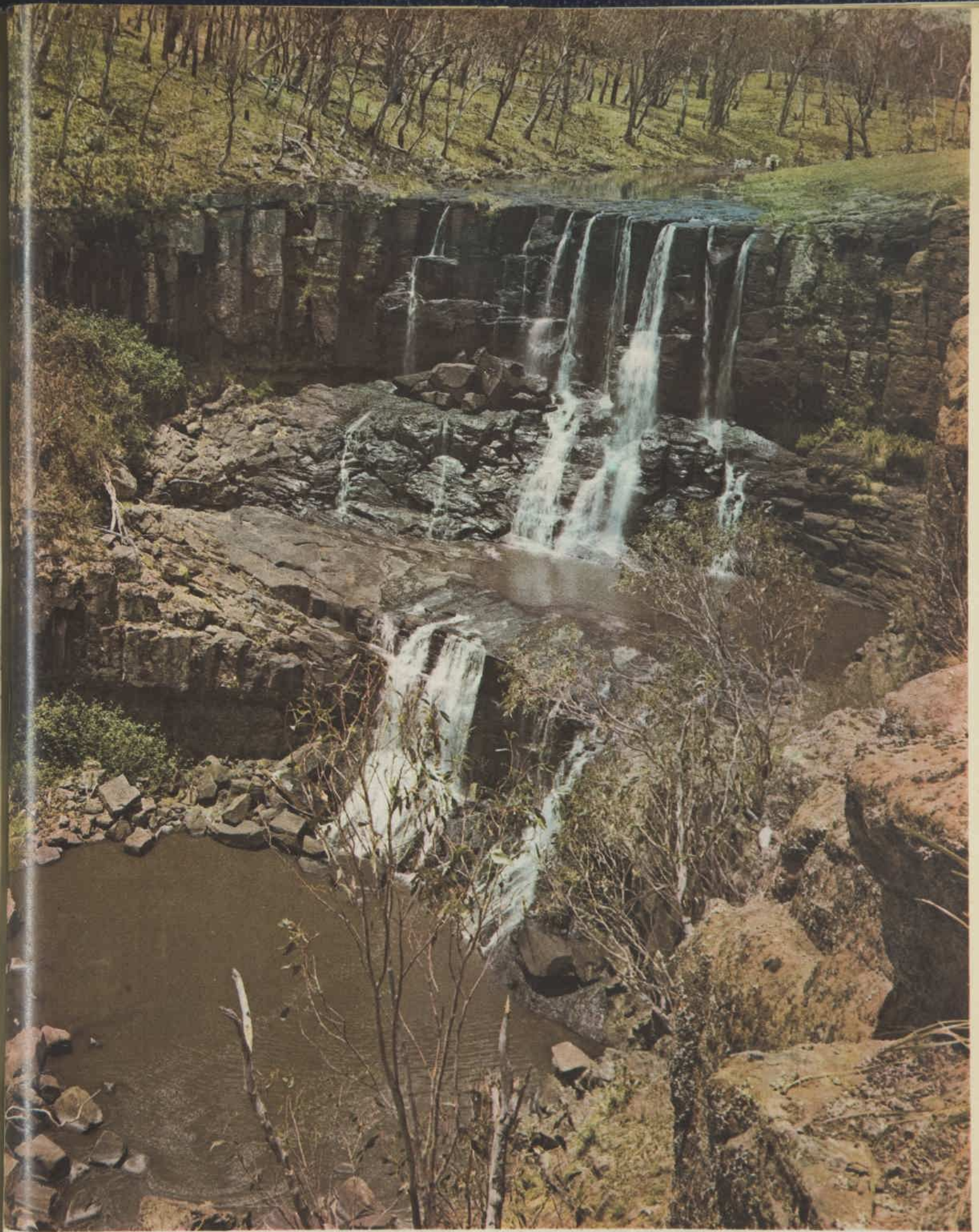


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Continued from page 56

"My dear children," he said hoarsely, "don't you know the danger you were in? It's my fault. To save myself a few steps! Children are naturally curious. I should never have left the plane in such a dangerous spot."

He placed a pontifical hand on Barnaby's head.

"Now, Barnaby, I am not going to punish you. But you must promise me, solemnly, Barnaby, never to go on that dreadful beach again!"

Barnaby, with lowered head, nodded.

The miserable children slunk off.

Uncle turned to Sergeant Coulter.

"Thank you, Sergeant. Thank you a million times. I am sorry he's such a nuisance to you. I suppose I must face the fact that he is a problem."

"A good thrashing would straighten out a lot of that boy's problems," said Sergeant Coulter.

Uncle looked shocked again. But Sergeant Coulter had rescued them. He wouldn't be around the next time. It was difficult to outfox Uncle when he applied himself to a project.

The heat wave continued and even the children were listless now. They spent more and more time playing in the store, which was cool.

They were sitting on a pile of blankets under the counter and chewing their daily ration of licorice, when the bell on the door rang, but they lay hidden, too indolent even to arise.

Mr. Brooks came scurrying out from the back room.

"Ah, Sergeant Coulter, there's a letter here from London for you." Mr. Brooks paused and added delicately, "I—uh—I suppose your trip to New York is off?"

The subject was still too painful for Albert to discuss. He merely nodded and asked where the children were.

"Oh, out playing, I expect," said Mr. Brooks. "I don't know how they can bear this heat."

"You'd better tell them to stick pretty close to home for a while. One of Mr. Allen's collies found a half-eaten deer on the mountain. It may be One-ear's work. Mr. Allen found a right front paw mark, and he thought the pad was damaged. Damned dogs tramped all over it before I got a chance to see it."

"Oh, my goodness!" cried Mr. Brooks. "One-ear here? But he was last heard of on Vancouver Island. Surely he couldn't swim all the way here?"

Sergeant Coulter took off his hat and wiped the inside band with his handkerchief.

"It's the same cougar all right. It's too much of a coincidence to have two with an ear missing and that right front paw."

One-ear could have told them. It was really very simple. Under cover of darkness, he swam to a passing log-boat, climbed aboard, and sat, like a first-class passenger, till he was towed to a likely-looking island. Then he jumped off and paddled ashore.

"If he's on this island, I'll get him," said Sergeant Coulter grimly.

He started for the door, but Mr. Brooks called him back. "Your letter, Albert."

As Sergeant Coulter walked toward the launch, he opened the letter and began to read it. The children, sneaking out

**ALL** characters in serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

## UNCLE SYLVESTER

of the store, saw him suddenly stop in his tracks. He walked over to the war monument, sat on the step, took off his hat, scratched his head, and read the letter again. With a gesture of irritation, he shoved the letter into his pocket.

After leaving the store, the children felt their first duty lay in warning One-ear that his presence was suspected on the island. But though they hunted in all his accustomed napping and lounging spots, they could not find him. They finally gave up their search and went over to poor Desmond's shack.

Barnaby took the precious gun from its hiding place and dismantled it on the bed. From the gun case he took an oiled rag which the former owner had thoughtfully left, and cleaned the gun with care.

"What time does Sergeant Coulter leave today?" he asked.

Christie thought, "He just dropped in for his mail, so I guess he'll be going back now. He wouldn't be going hunting for One-ear all by himself."

poor Desmond to say he did it."

"That's right," said Christie. "Just a mistake, and poor Desmond's so dumb he'll say anything we tell him to. And Sergeant Coulter can't hang him for making a mistake, can he?"

Barnaby agreed, and they both sighed with relief.

"We'd better come here early tomorrow to start teaching Desmond what to say about killing Uncle," Christie said.

Like Uncle, they didn't leave much to chance.

It never occurred to them that poor Desmond, who had spent most of his adult life trying to master the can-opener, would be unable to load and fire a high-powered rifle without instruction.

Constable Browning turned from the police radio to Sergeant Coulter.

"It looks as if it's going to be some party for One-ear. Sven Anderson has the best pair of cougar hounds on the coast, and he's coming. Charlie Wilkinson from Courtenay is coming all the way over with his dogs, and

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



"Good, because I'm going to try shooting this gun as soon as he's gone."

He looked at poor Desmond with renewed interest.

Since scuttling Uncle was obviously out of the question, their attention was again driven back to Desmond. They fought against their rebellious thought, but the gun was temptingly present and so was Desmond.

"You'd better start thinking again," said Barnaby.

"What do you think I'm doing?" She sat next to him on the bed and put her chin in her hands, her pretty grey eyes dreaming and secret. Finally she turned to Barnaby.

They had intended originally to instruct Desmond to say that he had found the gun.

"Why not," said Christie, "if Desmond's going to be blamed for having the gun anyhow, why not blame him for killing Uncle, but leave him some way out?"

"Such as?"

"Well," said Christie, "Mr. Allen found the dead deer on the mountain, and now everybody will be afraid because there's a cougar on the Island. Won't people be out with guns looking for One-ear?"

"Yes," said Barnaby.

"How about if poor Desmond found this gun, and he went out looking for One-ear too, only he shot Uncle by mistake?"

Barnaby nodded. She had something there.

"Yes," he said, "we'd have to do it, but we could teach

Colonel Allardice, who has those two big African Ridgebacks, wants to be included. They're so big they're liable to be mistaken for cougars themselves."

Sergeant Coulter raised his head absently and nodded. He was reading that letter again.

"Listen," he said, "this letter, it's a personal matter and I'd like your advice. I wrote and told Professor Hobbs that Major Murchison-Gaunt had been at Colditz. I got this letter in reply this morning. Read it and give me your opinion."

Constable Browning took the letter and sat down. After the first page, an expression of distaste came over his face. He finished it and handed it back to Sergeant Coulter.

"Burn it," said Constable Browning. "It's the most libellous, vicious thing I've read for a long time. Your professor sounds as if he's going around the bend."

Sergeant Coulter nodded. "That's what I thought," he said. "That business of the Etruscan statues hit him a lot harder than I expected."

"Yes, but he still doesn't have to make these statements about Murchison-Gaunt. If he writes letters like this very often, I'm surprised he hasn't ended up in a libel court. You asked for my advice, well, I'd burn that letter."

Sergeant Coulter nodded. He sat re-reading the letter, the vicious remarks leaping at him from the pages.

I had the dubious pleasure of being in the same block as that animal, and he is an animal, you know. He's the

sort of person who invariably eats well during a famine.

I sincerely want you to believe I am not impugning his war record, no doubt he was a fine soldier; after escaping from Colditz he made his way back to England and was decorated by the King. There must have been a paucity of heroes at the time.

He was one of a commando party dropped into Yugoslavia by parachute, to contact wartime leaders. The Jerries transferred him from his original P.O.W. camp for security reasons, or so he said. I believe they must have tabbed him for a psychopath.

I was closely, if reluctantly, associated with him for two years and I had ample time to observe him. I cannot impress upon you strongly enough the feeling I had that the man was, at that time, anyway, unstable and actually dangerous.

Oh, I know he has a deceptively mild appearance and manner, and very few people ever saw beneath his mask. But allow me to assure you he is one of the cleverest, toughest soldiers I ever encountered, and there were plenty at Colditz.

I don't claim to know much about psychiatry, but—

Albert smiled grimly. Hell, he didn't even know much about archaeology.

I was never able to overcome a feeling of repugnance to the man. Frankly I detested him. If there are such things as werewolves, you've got one on your Island now.

Next morning, the children, having given up their shouting to warn One-ear of the impending cougar hunt, were making daisy chains for his thick neck.

When they heard an insistent pitter-patter over their heads they refused to believe it was rain. But thunder alarmed them.

When lightning struck closer and melted a rock near them, Barnaby and Christie were unhurt but terrified. They joined hands and fled. One-ear, as frightened as they, had his coat singed. Spitting with rage and still wearing his gay garland, he pounced into the bushes.

Sobbing for breath, the children reached the edge of the forest and paused. But only for a second, for, peering through the bushes and cunningly clad in a green suede jacket which made him almost invisible, was Uncle.

Clasping hands again, and like leaves driven before a gale, they raced on until they reached the road. They saw Mr. Allen and his dogs driving sheep along and they knew they were safe while in his sight.

It was any port in a storm, and each headed for home, but not before Barnaby had turned a stricken face to Christie and said he must find a new hiding-place for the gun. If Uncle followed them to the forest, he might well have followed them to Desmond's. They felt time closing in on them.

Actually, although they had no way of knowing it, Uncle, like themselves, had been caught unawares by the storm. He had been busy watering his giant ferns in the heart of the forest when the downpour hit him.

How cosy and warm and safe seemed the drab little parlor behind the store now. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks fused lovingly over Barnaby and his wet clothes. His worn running-shoes and dripping shirt and trousers were put on a chair before the fire to dry, and, clad in a blanket, he sat

To page 59

Illustrated: "York" 13/16

## FRIEDLAND

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... Margaret Merril

**EVERY DAY IS WOMEN'S WEEKLY DAY**



## UNCLE SYLVESTER

the stove, gazing into the flames, wishing he never had to leave that little room.

But he must, after Mr. and Mrs. Brooks were asleep, go alone into the dark and storm, halfway across the island to Desmond's shack, to the gun.

He had already decided where he would hide it. Under a pew in the church.

Arranging a murder wasn't fun on a dark night, with your only accomplice, a girl, probably sitting there, waiting for her hair to be cut tomorrow. Trembling miserably, he accomplished his mission so quietly that he did not even awaken Desmond.

The next morning poor Desmond began his third lesson. He was not an apt pupil, and the children were very discouraged. Fear, they discovered, put a slight edge to their wits, and it was reluctantly, but with a stern sense of duty, that Barnaby took the little grass snake from his pocket.

Desmond began to whimper and dived under the table, and the children dragged him out.

"Gee, Desmond, I sure hate to do this," said Barnaby as he dangled the snake before Desmond's glazed eyes.

Christie closed the door and turned with a sorrowful face.

"Try and be brave, darling. I will only take a few minutes. Remember, it's for your own good, so you won't get angry. Now, you don't want Sergeant Coulter to hang you, so please, dear, listen carefully."

Desmond's lesson began. Five minutes later Christie stood.

"I see what my mother meant when she said children should try the patience of a saint."

"I think he's got it straight now. OK, Desmond, let's try it once more, that's a good boy. I'll put the snake away."

Poor Desmond sighed with relief as the snake disappeared into Barnaby's pocket. "I shot the uncle," he said, mistaking him for the snake.

"Mistook, darling."

"I shot the uncle, I mistook him for the cougar."

"Good boy, good boy. Now here did you get the gun, Desmond?"

"I found it on the wharf." Barnaby went to the door, opened it, took the snake from his pocket again, patted its little head, and gently set it free. It flipped its tail and crept off the porch into the grass.

Christie shuddered with relief. Poor Desmond put his head wearily on the table and fell asleep. The children looked at him tenderly.

"Well, we've done our best," said Barnaby, as they stood away so they would not disturb him.

The almost tropical downpour of rain replenished the water supply of the island. The wells were filling, the cacti began to revive, and the little rills and streamlets again flowed bubbling and happy to the ocean. The children, who had no more clothes, were outfitted capriciously by their guardians. When Sergeant Coulter saw them, he burst out laughing.

They looked for all the world like two pathetic characters from a *Twist* bent on a mischief-smithing mission.

Sergeant Coulter, making arrangements for the cougar hunt, was almost gay. He reached into his pocket and brought them out a package of gum each. Turning to go

into the store, he paused, then walked back to them.

"Say, listen, when the hunters and dogs start arriving, you two will have to stay indoors. Understand?"

They nodded. "Sergeant," said Barnaby hesitantly, "when is it going to be a full moon?"

"I don't know," said Sergeant Coulter, "soon, I think."

"With the rain," Christie said in a quavering voice, "with the rain and the clouds now, you can't see the moon at night."

"Well, don't worry, it's still there."

THEY nodded noncommittally, thanked him for the gum, and shuffled off toward the war monument.

He stood for a second watching them. What a pitiful-looking little pair of mugs they were in those clothes. Somehow and suddenly he felt terribly sorry for them. They looked so tiny and helpless and lost.

"Hey!" he called. "I'll check about the moon in my tide book. You ask me later, OK?"

They gave him a wan smile, waved, and like two old pensioners sat wearily on the step of the monument.

## THE BOYFRIEND



"Why don't you kiss it goodnight?"

"Listen," Barnaby said finally, "you're sure you remember all I told you about how to shoot the gun?"

Christie nodded. "Don't forget to hold it tight to your shoulder. If anything happens to me don't get scared and forget. Just keep calm and shoot him."

"Why are you so worried about me?" asked Christie. "Oh, I'm not," he said. "I just want to make sure if I get killed he goes, too."

Christie nodded understandingly.

"We haven't much time," he continued. "I'm sure it's either tonight or tomorrow night. I guess tonight would be the best time."

Christie trembled. They were both terrified now that the actual commission of the crime was at hand, and if they had had any way of escaping from the island to avoid the murder they would have.

To make matters worse, during the past couple of days Uncle's schedule had been most erratic. He was always buzzing off and on the island, and he had also taken to rambling happily along the beaches and sprinting up and down the steep cliffs with the air of a large, friendly mountain goat.

"We'll hide in the bushes on the way to the cottage," said Barnaby. "With any luck he's bound to pass by, and with all the hunters on the island nobody will notice the shot."

How little they knew. Uncle had exactly the same plan in mind, except he was far too cunning to use a gun.

"Do you think they'll get One-ear?" asked Christie.

Barnaby shook his head.

"I don't think so. He's been hunted before and they never caught him. He's too smart to sit around and wait to get killed. Once he hears those dogs he'll beat it."

But One-ear had no intention of leaving. In common with Uncle and other wild animals he also was affected by the moon, and he, too, planned a murder, a murder he had long wished to execute.

Barnaby stood up. "Well, we can't sit here all day. Let's go and play with One-ear."

"All right," said Christie in a flat voice. All the verve and bounce of childhood seemed to have gone out of them.

It was a discouraged-looking pair that found One-ear.

Barnaby and Christie stopped and stared at him strangely. Something was the matter with One-ear. For the first time since they had met him he was happy. He was extremely pleased with himself.

He purred when he saw them and rubbed his big head against Christie's shoulder,

knocking her down. He leaped into the air, swatting a drifting leaf, and chased his tail like a kitten. His creamy breast was stained with blood and there were shreds of flesh between his claws.

A grouse skittered along the path, its head held high.

One-ear purred louder than ever and sprang after it, leaped six feet in the air, and the startled grouse disintegrated into a puff of gory blowing feathers. Rippling with feline humor and lazy ease the cougar turned to the children.

They drew back even farther. They had seen murder, and the forest was full of apples and serpents. It was the end of innocence, for they knew now that One-ear would never, never like cinnamon buns.

It was raining heavily again by the time they reached the store. Although the store itself was deserted, the potbellied stove in the centre was roaring cheerfully and they could hear Mr. Brooks bustling about in the parlor.

They took off their squelchy, wet running-shoes and put them on a chair before the stove to dry, then, like a pair of tired mice, they crept on to a pile of clothing under the counter.

The bell on the door rang and Mr. Brooks came dashing from the back.

"Ah, Sergeant Coulter. Everything ready?"

"Just about," replied the Mountie. "Do you mind if we use the store as a meeting place?"

"Not at all. Have you time for a cup of tea?"

"No, thank you." Sergeant Coulter spread a map of the island on the counter.

"There'll be six hunting parties, so I've split the island into six sections; we're sure to get him that way. They should be arriving in about half an hour. By the way, keep the children in, either here or at Mrs. Nielsen's. We don't want any accidents. Oh, yes, I nearly forgot. Tell them I checked in my tide book and it's a full moon tonight."

The bell on the door rang again and Agnes Duncan, dishevelled, flushed, and strangely elated, came running in.

"Come quickly," she gasped, grabbing Sergeant Coulter's arm. "Something terrible has happened."

As they ran from the store, leaving Mr. Brooks with his mouth open, in came Uncle. "Dear me," said Uncle, "what is all the commotion about? A pound of sugar and some matches, please."

"It's One-ear," said Mr. Brooks. "There's a cougar on the island and they think it's One-ear. He may have been here for weeks, Major, and we didn't even know it. The hunting parties will be arriving soon."

"Task, task," said Uncle. "I suppose you've done a lot of hunting yourself, Major. Will you be joining the guns this afternoon?"

"Good gracious, no!" cried Uncle in a shocked voice. "I'm terrified of guns, they make me very nervous. War, you know. Can't bear killing of any sort. No stomach for it."

Mr. Brooks looked relieved. "I'm exactly the same way," he confided.

Behind their dark glasses, Uncle's mad eyes settled on the two pairs of shoes before the fire.

What an extraordinary piece of luck! He had planned to take them off the bodies later, but this was much better. Timing was always of prime importance and this gave him a little edge. He left carrying his package, and carefully concealed under his coat two pairs of other small items.

Emerging from their hiding place, the children went to get their shoes.

"They're gone," said Christie turning to Barnaby. "Uncle," said Barnaby. "Probably so we can't run so fast when he tries to kill us."

"Oh," said Christie in a faint little voice and her lips a trembling hand to her lips. "I'm scared, Barnaby. What are we going to do about being kept in for the rest of the day?"

"Easy," said Barnaby. "We tell Mr. and Mrs. Brooks we're going to Auntie's and we tell Auntie we'll be at the store."

The pride of the island was dead, murdered in a savage battle with One-ear. Mr. Duncan wept, Agnes rejoiced, and the Islanders mourned. Sergeant Coulter, surveying the scene of slaughter, looked grimmer than usual. He leaned down and inspected the telltale front paw pug and then gazed sadly at the remains of the bull.

Chained as he was, the mighty Duke had not had a chance, and Albert, who detested foul play, nodded to himself. By tomorrow afternoon, he silently vowed, One-ear would be on his way to a taxidermist in Victoria.

Squaring his shoulders, he went back to the wharf to greet the men and hounds.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - June 23, 1965



## UNCLE SYLVESTER

By two o'clock a dozen people were moored to the boat beside the wharf. From speedboats and launches hurried baying hounds and gun-bearing men. Sergeant Coulter and the professional gamewarden directed them up to the store, and half an hour later the various parties split up to begin roving the Island.

All afternoon, from every point on the Island, the two frightened children could hear the signal shots and the echoes of barking, snarling dogs. At six o'clock a member of each party came to the store to take back sandwiches and hot coffee for the hunters.

There was an almost festive air in the store, with Mrs. Brooks and Agnes busy cutting bread and corned beef. The dogs were still fresh, and the men, and had picked up the scent. The rain made it difficult, but the hunters were confident they would track him down in the next couple of hours. Once treed, he was finished, for the dogs would tear him apart alive if he came down.

The children sat quietly, listening. They tried to keep their minds on One-ear's tale, but they found it almost impossible. It would begin to get dark between eight and nine, and in just a little over two hours they had a man-of-war job on their hands.

Like everyone else on the Island, they were shocked that One-ear had killed the poor Duke. It struck them as a brutal, senseless act, and as they would, they found it difficult to justify One-ear's behaviour.

"It serves him right, and I don't care. It serves him right. He's as bad as Uncle," whispered Barnaby.

"He's not like Uncle. That's the way cougars are supposed to act. Uncle's bad because he pretends to be a real person," Christie said.

"Maybe they won't catch him," said Barnaby hopefully. As the minutes ticked on, they wished desperately that they knew where either Sergeant Coulter or Uncle was. Barnaby whispered that Uncle was probably out looking for them, and the smartest thing they could do would be to get the gun and hide in the bushes now, even though it was still daylight.

"All right, all right," said Christie. "We'd better tell Mr. and Mrs. Brooks we're going to Auntie's."

They decided to hunt for a suitable spot in the bushes from which they could waylay Uncle, and once having

found it they would sneak back to the church for the gun.

They found a place not too heavily overgrown and with a good view of the path, at the same time still affording them a certain amount of seclusion.

"This is as good as anything we'll find," whispered Christie.

Barnaby raised and turned his head in a curious fashion. "Do you smell cigar smoke?" he whispered.

Christie sniffed and shook her head.

"I guess maybe I'm imagining it," He sounded relieved. "Come on, let's get the gun."

It was eerie in the dim, silent little church, and the children were anxious to get out of it as quickly as possible. Barnaby checked the gun to make sure it was loaded.

It wasn't. Barnaby was confused. "I thought I loaded it before I left."

"Well, load it now, anyhow," said Christie.

He did, and they left hurriedly. They saw no one on the way back, and it was with a sigh of relief that they crouched in the little bush-enclosed clearing.

"I wonder how long we'll have to wait," Barnaby whispered. "If he doesn't come by dark, we may have to go to the cottage and shoot him through a window or something."

There was no answer from Christie. Her face had the expressionless calm of a death mask.

"What is it?" Barnaby repeated.

She turned her head slowly and pointed.

Crudely and freshly drawn on the damp earth beside her were two little Teddy bears, with nooses around their necks.

"Oh, no," said Barnaby and closed his eyes.

They were not hunting Uncle, Uncle was hunting them and enjoying the chase to the full.

"He came here while we were at the church getting the gun. What are we going to do?" whispered Christie.

"We can't stay here. I know him. He's scaring us now. He likes that. We're safe as long as he's doing that. It's when he stops teasing us we've got to worry. Oh, Christie, what'll we do? Where'll we go? Do you think we could make it back to the store or Auntie's?"

Christie's expression had changed. Her eyes were narrow and hard. In a rage, she took a stick and scratched out the two Teddy bears.

"That's the meanest thing I ever came across," she said. "No, of course he won't let us get back to the store. Or Auntie's. And we're too far away to call anyone for help."

Barnaby suddenly straightened up.

"We can't stay here," he said. "If we could get into the forest, maybe we could meet some of the hunters. We'd be safe then. Come on, Christie, let's get out of here."

The rifle was heavy and they were both barefooted. Blackberry vines dragged at their soaking clothes, hidden roots tripped them, and the mists and dusk produced a million leering, phantasmagoric wicked uncles, all waiting to clutch them.

A sudden crash in the bushes made their hearts almost stand still. A grouse flew noisily past them. They ran on until sheer exhaustion forced them to pause again.

"Oh, I wish Sergeant Coulter was here," gasped Christie, sitting down and rubbing her foot.

Barnaby sat beside her, the rifle still clutched at his breast.

"It's no good," he said quietly. "No one can help us now. Don't you understand, Christie? He's got it all planned."

A low chuckle from the bushes made them spring to their feet and continue their awful race.

When they reached a bend in the path, Christie stopped suddenly in her tracks.

"I'm not going in any forest!" she panted. "That's where we saw him the day of the storm."

"But where'll we go, Christie?"

"We're going back to the church," she said. "And he's not going to kill us. We're going to kill him."

Stumbling wildly, the children turned and changed the direction of their flight to the church. In their panic it had not occurred to them how close they were to it.

Gasping and shaking, they reached the church and entered it. They walked slowly down the aisle, then stopped and looked about them with fear.

It was almost dark. They saw a box of matches in the front pew, and past the pew the candles of the altar stood pristine and white.

"Light them," whispered Christie.

Barnaby shook his head. He was not going to put down the rifle. "You," he said. "I'll stay next to you."

The lighted candles gave them a feeling of security, of being outside the province of Uncle's dark domain, of belonging to a concrete world, instead of a land of shadows.

Taking deep breaths, and walking back to the pews, they sat down.

And waited. "Christie," said Barnaby finally, "when he gets here, talk to me. Say anything, but talk to me and don't stop."

"Why?"

"I don't know, but do it." The minutes dragged slowly on, with only the distant sounds of the baying dogs and rifles to mark them.

"Oh, why doesn't he come, if he's going to," moaned Christie.

Barnaby sat stroking the stock of the rifle.

"Because he's going to make it as tough as he can for us. I wonder if he unloaded the gun. I'm sure I loaded it."

"But if he did, why did he leave the bullets?" whispered Christie.

Barnaby shook his head.

"I don't know. I don't know why he ever does anything. But if he did, it's because he's got a reason. He always has. I know him."

There was a crash at the door. Barnaby jumped to his feet, swinging the rifle to his shoulder as he did.

The handle of the door had been knocked off and hurled half-way across the church.

In the doorway One-ear stood swaying, his tail lashing and his head lowered.

Then he flopped down and crawled toward them. He had been shot through the lungs, and halfway down the aisle he collapsed and coughed up blood.

The two white-faced children stood staring stupidly at him. He raised his head and gazed at them with the big, cool green eyes they loved so, then he crawled painfully forward and lay at their feet.

All his sins were forgiven as the children knelt beside him and kissed his battle-scarred head. No matter what he did or what happened, they loved him.

"Oh, I hope it doesn't hurt him too much," said Barnaby, gently stroking his head.

THE baying of the dogs sounded closer, and the cougar shook off the boy's hand. He tried to sit up, but he could not. He closed his eyes then opened them wearily, gazing at the rifle which Barnaby had propped against the pew.

"The dogs! The dogs! The men in the store said they'd tear him apart alive!" said Barnaby.

"Oh, no!" cried Christie.

One-ear turned his head from the rifle to them.

Shoot me, the eyes begged. Barnaby and Christie looked at each other in horror.

"You'll have to shoot him," she whispered. "You can't let the dogs get him."

It was then Barnaby realised he had laid the rifle aside. He picked it up and sat down on the bench, with Christie beside him.

"No," he said. "No. The bullets are for Uncle."

One-ear sighed and closed his eyes and the children sat quietly looking at him. Waiting.

The tall white tapers on the altar had burned halfway down when suddenly they flickered as a cold draught passed through the church.

"Oh, Barnabee . . . !"

Puzzled, the children raised their heads. They heard the whisper, but they didn't know from where it came.

## AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting June 16

<p><b>ARIES</b> MAR. 21-APRIL 20 * Lucky number this week, 9. * Gambling colors, jade, brown. * Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.</p>	<p>* If you treat the 22nd with caution, there's no reason why you should not enjoy a pleasant and rewarding week. It is excellent for romance and marriage—and many could find lasting love.</p>
<p><b>TAURUS</b> APR. 21-MAY 20 * Lucky number this week, 3. * Gambling colors, blue, grey. * Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.</p>	<p>* Except for a tricky 22nd, pleasant times could be spent with loved ones, and family affairs prosper. The weekend is ideal for real estate—time to purchase that dream allotment.</p>
<p><b>GEMINI</b> MAY 21-JUNE 21 * Lucky number this week, 5. * Gambling colors, gold, blue. * Lucky days, Friday, Sat.</p>	<p>* Possibly your best week this month, with a surprise windfall for many. Romance blooms and burgesses, and comes under unusual and glamorous stars. But the 22nd is troubled.</p>
<p><b>CANCER</b> JUNE 22-JULY 22 * Lucky number this week, 8. * Gambling colors, black, white. * Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.</p>	<p>* You should benefit the most from a fortunate week, since the star of love is smiling on your sign. All to do with romance and courtship should prosper; but the 22nd is adverse.</p>
<p><b>LEO</b> JULY 23-AUG. 22 * Lucky number this week, 2. * Gambling colors, orange, tan. * Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.</p>	<p>* Happy accent on finance, friendship, and marriage. You could form a tie with an unusual member of the opposite sex that could endure. Rate the 22nd as unfavorable.</p>
<p><b>VIRGO</b> AUG. 23-SEPT. 22 * Lucky number this week, 7. * Gambling colors, silver, gold. * Lucky days, Sat., Monday.</p>	<p>* One of the best weeks for quite a while, when personal matters are enhanced. Time for a spot of self-promotion and successful public relations. Use your tact, marriage-wise, on 22nd.</p>
<p><b>LIBRA</b> SEPT. 23-OCT. 23 * Lucky number this week, 2. * Gambling colors, turquoise. * Lucky days, Wed., Friday.</p>	<p>* You can only blame a certain vacillation if new plans and projects fail to materialise, because the stars give the go for successful achievement. Be cautious on 22nd.</p>
<p><b>SCORPIO</b> OCT. 24-NOV. 22 * Lucky number this week, 3. * Gambling colors, lilac, rose. * Lucky days, Sat., Monday.</p>	<p>* Discounting the 22nd, a successful week could be yours, when you can broaden mental horizons and attack problems with inspired concentration. Your hunches could be uncanny.</p>
<p><b>SAGITTARIUS</b> NOV. 23-DEC. 21 * Lucky number this week, 6. * Gambling colors, navy, red. * Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.</p>	<p>* Love, courtship, marriage—all to do with partnership—are under happy rays, which promise permanence with glamor. Friends rally to you, perhaps a dream comes true. But 22nd adverse.</p>
<p><b>CAPRICORN</b> DEC. 22-JAN. 20 * Lucky number this week, 4. * Gambling colors, rose, green. * Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.</p>	<p>* This is an excellent period to advance career, broaden horizons, and climb a few rungs up the ladder of success. Romance is happily accented, but there could be sheer bad luck, 22nd.</p>
<p><b>AQUARIUS</b> JAN. 21-FEB. 19 * Lucky number this week, 5. * Gambling colors, red, yellow. * Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.</p>	<p>* There are many indications of sudden financial gain—through speculation, hunches, and friends. Venus is in her most glamorous mood for you, except on the 22nd.</p>
<p><b>PISCES</b> FEB. 20-MAR. 20 * Lucky number this week, 9. * Gambling colors, brown, tan. * Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.</p>	<p>* Married folk could be pressured on the 22nd, but the rest of the week—and all next week—brings you smiling stars. Romance could be out of this world, especially at weekend.</p>

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 276.—TWO-PIECE SKIRT AND JERKIN

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"Oh, Barnabee . . . Uncle's here."  
They turned their heads, but they saw no one.

"Oh, Bar-na-bee," the sweet, insidious voice drifted through the little church.

"Bar — na — beeeee — I've come for you."

They swept their heads in an arc, but still they saw nothing.

"Talk to me," said Barnaby.

"Christie, talk to me!"

"What'll I say?"

"Tell me about MacNab."

"Oh, Bar—na—bee—I see you, but you don't see me, do you? I'm hiding behind a pew, but there are so many pews, and you don't know which one, do you? You're so tired, Barnaby, so tired. You're going to go to sleep, Barnaby."

"Talk!" whispered Barnaby.

"At Christmas," said Christie, "at Christmas, when he comes with my

Continued from page 61

presents, we dance together. He's usually drunk, but I don't mind, just my mother. At Christmas he always wears a funny Scotch hat he got when he was in the war."

"Your eyes are getting heavy, very heavy, Barnaby. How thoughtful of you to bring your little friend. You are an accommodating child, Barnaby, and I shall miss you, upon my word I will. Close your eyes now, my dear."

"That's how they met, him and my mother, during the war, when he was in London. My mother worked there. Her brother is a doctor. MacNab, he always says that's the Scotch for you, send the sons to university and the daughters into service, but my mother says

I'm going to go to university."

"You are almost asleep now. Your eyes are so heavy, so heavy, and you are so drowsy. Your eyes are as heavy as lead, and you purloined a gun to shoot poor Uncle. Really, Barnaby, that was very naughty of you."

"He loves his Scotch hat. He always puts it on my head when we dance. He's from Cape Breton. I don't know just where Cape Breton is, but it's on the other side of Canada."

"You are asleep now, Barnaby. Sound asleep because you are so tired, so tired, so tired. You are asleep and you can't move. It was I who took the bullets out of the gun, you know. And then I let you

put them back in. Do you know why? Poor Barnaby, so tired, so tired. I let you put the bullets in because the gun is useless to you. You can't move, Barnaby, you can't move, Barnaby, you can't use the gun."

"I remember now, it's a Seaforth hat, the Seaforth Highlanders they're called, but they're not Scotch, they're from Canada, too. Maybe they're from Cape Breton, like MacNab."

"Sleep, sleep, sleep. Did you really think you would have any chance against me, you silly little boy?"

"It has a silver badge on it, with a deer's head on the badge, and under it says, 'Save the King,' only

not in English. It's in Scotch, but that's not what they call it. I forget what they call it, but MacNab speaks it and my mother doesn't, and she's Scotch. That's funny, isn't it, Barnaby?"

"My voice is so soothing, so soft, so sleep-making, and you want to sleep, sleep, sleep. Do you know why you went to the church instead of the forest? Because I wanted you to. Because I waited until you were on the edge of the forest and then I frightened you. I knew you would panic, and the only other place you could go was to the church."

"It's funny because she's the one who's Scotch, not MacNab. He's from Cape Breton, but I told you that, didn't I?"

"I didn't want you to go to the forest. It's much too crowded there today. I wanted you in the church. You see, they're all out after the cougar, and they'll never think of looking for you here, of course, you won't be here long. Once they've shot the cougar and they leave the forest . . . why, then we'll go there, all three of us. We'll have a little picnic and you won't even have to walk. I'll carry you both, one over each shoulder. Won't that be jolly and won't we have fun?"

Christie looked at Barnaby. He was staring straight ahead and the useless rifle was firmly clamped against his chest.

"At Christmas . . . at Christmas, when we dance . . . when we dance . . . we dance reels. Our favorite is called *The Dashing White Sergeant* . . ."

She stopped and placed her hands on her temples.

"Oh, Sergeant," she whispered, "where are you now?"

"Do you hear the dogs? They're a long way off. They haven't got the cougar yet and poor Barnaby can't move a muscle, he can't move a muscle, he's asleep, asleep, asleep and the pretty gun is no use and isn't that a shame? We're going to play games. Oh, I know all sorts of games. Games you've never even heard of."

CHRISTIE looked around again. Uncle was standing three pews behind them.

"Shoot him!" she gasped, as Uncle began to move slowly down the aisle, his lips drawn back over his teeth, and in his hands a piece of long, supple wire, weighted on each end with a bar of wood.

"Shoot him!" she said again.

"Please, Barnaby, shoot him!"

Barnaby's dazed eyes were riveted. He couldn't move.

"Shoot him!" cried Christie. When she realised that he couldn't, she leaned down and tried to pry the gun from his arms, but his hands were frozen on it.

"It's no use. She can't get the gun out of your hands. Nobody can. They would have to break your arms first."

Christie closed her eyes, then opened them and looked up at Uncle, who was slowly approaching her with a smile on his face.

Things were going beautifully. With the confusion of the cougar hunt, they wouldn't be missed for hours. Already the leaky rowboat was bobbing in the waves beneath the cliff and their little shoes were placed at the water's edge of Death Beach, one pair still cunningly laced. The bodies, of course, would never be found.

Christie stepped back and stumbled over One-ear. He gave one hiss of agony.

As Uncle took another step forward, three hundred pounds of pain-ridden, steel-muscled, hate-filled beige murder sprang from the floor, the claws leaving inch-deep scars in the wood.

Uncle, wicked, wicked Uncle, instinctively raised both hands to protect his throat. But, alas, he got them tangled in the deadly twining wire.

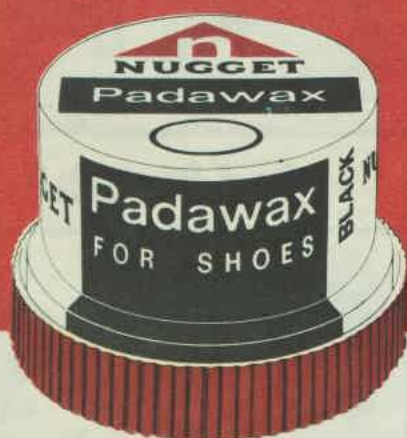
Like himself, One-ear was an accomplished murderer.

It was soon done, but it was a scene from hell while it lasted, with over-turned pews, blood-stained prayer books, broken candles, and low snarls from two throats.

Christie stood silently with her eyes closed. At last she opened them and gave Uncle a curious glance.

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you can't  
make a mess with  
**PADAWAX\***



*"There's nothing to spill, splash  
or splatter — and boy... it's so easy!"*

It used to be so easy for him to make a mess — but now it's just easy to clean his shoes. And *clean's* the word, because his hands and clothes stay clean, too. You can shoe-shine anywhere, anytime, with PADAWAX. PADAWAX is bright-shining, scuff-covering and water-proofing.

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She sat next to Barnaby.

"You've got to wake up now. He made you go to sleep. I don't know how he did it, but he did. He's dead. One-ear killed him, so wake up. I don't like being here alone. You can let go of the gun, too, he's dead, so we don't need it any more. I don't like being here alone, so wake up and let go of the gun." Barnaby stirred drowsily. Suddenly he blinked his eyes, shook his head, and sprang to his feet. "One-ear killed Uncle. You can look at him if you want. I did. He looks awful, but I don't care. I'm glad he's dead."

Barnaby arose and walked over to the wicked Uncle's body. He added to himself, and, kneeling down, he untangled the wire. He gazed at it curiously for a minute, then rolled it up and put it in his pocket.

He looked from the dead Uncle to Christie, and then to One-ear, who lay on his side panting. "Shoot me. The beautiful emerald eyes were beseeching."

"You can't let the dogs get to him. Shoot him," said Christie.

"I can't. I just can't, Christie."

Christie's eyes filled with rage.

"You!" she screamed. "You!

You're just like MacNab! You talk!

but it's my mother and me who

always have to do the dirty work!"

She grabbed the rifle, held it

firmly to her shoulder, took careful

aim at One-ear, and fired. She

struck him as hard as she could.

Barnaby rose, tossed the rifle aside,

and hit her back. They fell to the

floor, fighting savagely.

## SERGEANT

COULTER stood in the doorway.

Never had he been so frightened.

It was a warlock's Sabbath that

met the horrified gaze of the

Mountie, blood and death and

flickering shadows, with the cougar

wounds, leaping over everything,

laying, and snarling like creatures

from unspeakable regions, and the

two hysterical children twisting on

the floor, screaming.

He kicked the dogs aside, spur-

ring the famous hound, Mynheer,

who, blood-crazed, perversely in-

sisted on worrying the throat of

Uncle rather than One-ear.

He reached the children, dragged

them apart, picked them up and

carried them, one under each arm,

outside. They still screamed. Over-

come by relief and a senseless rage,

he slapped them until they both

lapsed to silence. He handed

them to Constable Browning.

"Take them home," he said, and

re-entered the church.

Dr. Wheeler came over from

Benares to sign the death certificate.

Cause of death? Death was due to

misadventure, and the case was

closed.

Apart from One-ear and Uncle,

the only other casualty was Con-

stable Browning, who had injured

his foot when he fell in some sort

of pit in the forest.

It was a darned crime, he said,

for people to go around leaving

things like that open, and it should

be filled in.

Barnaby, that sturdy little fellow,

was a hero. Yes, Christie said, once

she got her breath back, Barnaby

had shot the cougar after it had

killed Uncle. Barnaby modestly ad-

mitted this was so.

Reporters came from the city to

take pictures and write stories of

the plucky boy who, single-handed,

had shot the largest cougar on

record.

The only little fly in the oint-

ment was the rifle. The children

insisted they had found it in Des-

mond's shack. Desmond, they said,

had found it on the wharf.

Sergeant Coulter knew how hope-

less questioning poor Desmond

would be, and, since he couldn't

shake the story of the children, he

was forced to accept it for the time

being. But the gun had been stolen,

and he knew it, and poor Desmond,

in his whole thirty-five years, had

never before taken anything that

did not belong to him.

Albert was a patient man, and

he knew that the truth, like murder,

would out. The children had been

subject to quite enough excitement

in the past twenty-four hours. He

would give them a couple of days'

grace before interrogating them

Continued from page 62

further about the rifle and its origin.

He and Constable Browning

were in the launch, on their way

to the little hospital at Benares,

where Constable Browning would

have his ankle X-rayed.

As the launch passed Death

Beach, Sergeant Coulter was startled

to hear him cry out.

"What's the matter?" he called.

"Are you all right?"

When he received no answer, he

cut the motor and dashed on to

the deck, where he found Constable

Browning standing with his head

bowed and his fieldglasses dangling

from his hand.

Looking past him, Sergeant

Coulter saw the leaky old rowboat,

half filled with water, bobbing on

the waves. He grabbed the field-

glasses and swept them over the

beach.

Two little pairs of shoes, as sad

as empty Christmas stockings, stood

by the water's edge, one pair had

the toes slit, just as Sergeant

Coulter remembered seeing them.

How terrible! Spared from death

by One-ear, only to be drowned

the following day!

Two white-faced Mounties re-

turned to the dock.

"Start making arrangements for

dragging operations," Sergeant

Coulter shuddered. "And I—I—I

suppose I'll have to go up and

see the Brookses and Mrs. Nielsen."

But before he had a chance to

impart the dreadful news, he ran

into the two departed spirits. They

were sitting on the porch of the

store, chewing green apples.

"What — how —?" Sergeant

Coulter paused, unable to speak.

His emotions were twofold: He was

so glad to see them alive; at the

same time he wanted to box their

ears for going back to that beach.

Startled by his expression, they

leaped to their feet.

"You've been back to Death

Beach!" he shouted.

They protested their innocence

so indignantly and vehemently that

he believed them.

"Well, how do you explain the

rowboat out in the water? It was

To page 64

## RIVETS



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past the tide line on the beach, so don't tell me it floated out. And how did your shoes get there if you haven't been there?"

They knew nothing about the rowboat, and the last time they had seen their running-shoes was when they had left them in front of the stove in the store to dry. The running-shoes had disappeared and the children couldn't find them.

The boy was playing with an odd-looking weighted piece of wire.

"What's that you've got there?"

Barnaby handed it to him. A commando garrotte. Sergeant Coulter hadn't seen one in years. The handgrips of teak were worn smooth.

"Where did you get this?" Uncle had had it in his hands when One-ear leaped on him, said the boy.

Albert stood, puzzled, looking down at it.

"I want the truth," he began, and stopped, appalled by the expressions on their faces.

Continued from page 63

Their teeth chattered with terror, and without a word they turned and fled.

Sergeant Coulter looked around. It was only poor Desmond. Why were they so frightened of him?

Ah, but having wound poor Desmond up, they had completely forgotten to unwind him.

"Desmond," said Sergeant Coulter gently, "have you done something to scare the kids? You haven't been a bad boy, now, have you?"

Desmond moaned, wrung his hands, and begged Sergeant Coulter not to scare him with the snake.

So that was it. The damned kids had been teasing Desmond.

"It's all right, I haven't got any snake, Desmond." "Now I remember," he said distinctly. "I killed the uncle. Barnaby's uncle."

"Now listen here, Des-

## UNCLE SYLVESTER

mond," said Sergeant Coulter, and his voice was very quiet. "One-ear, the cougar, killed Barnaby's uncle. I know. I know that for sure. Right now it's about the only thing I am sure of."

"Yes," said Desmond, delighted that Sergeant Coulter was following his reasoning, "that's it. I mistook the uncle for the cougar. I mistook the uncle for the cougar and I shot him."

"Indeed," said Sergeant Coulter, his eyes cold and hard. "Then you must have had a gun, Desmond. Tell me what you know about the gun, Desmond."

"They put it under my bed. They told me not to touch it."

"They did, did they? Did they tell you to say this, about killing the uncle, the uncle, Barnaby's uncle?"

"Yup," said Desmond proudly. He'd been a good boy and remembered everything.

"Can I have a candy now?"

"Yes, of course, Desmond."

He took poor Desmond by the arm and led him toward the police launch.

Constable Browning limped out.

"The kids are all right," said Sergeant Coulter. "See if Sven will give you a lift over to Benares. I want to talk to Desmond. Have you got any candy around? I promised Desmond some."

"There's a chocolate bar in the desk drawer." When he had left them, Sergeant Coulter turned to Desmond.

"Don't be frightened, Desmond. I think, Desmond, that you and I will have a little talk."

They had a lovely talk, particularly Desmond. He had known Albert since they were children and he adored him.

It took Desmond a long, long time, but, then, Sergeant

Coulter was a patient man. It all came out, the theft of the American gun, the million-dollar murder partnership, the snake pressed into service to aid poor Desmond in his memory course, and the various plans to kill the wicked uncle.

Hours later a weary, broken man left the police launch.

It was Sergeant Coulter.

When he reached Benares he found that Constable Browning would be off his feet for a few days. Albert visited Sven Anderson and asked if he might borrow his famous hound, Mynheer, for the afternoon.

He could have had an RCMP tracking dog from Victoria, but this was something he preferred to do unofficially, in his own time.

Mynheer was a friendly beast, and he bounded joyfully from Albert's speedboat and up the wharf. Albert called him back, and, looping his hand in the dog's collar, he led him past the store, along the path and up to the Major's cottage.

Albert was frightened again, and only his inbred discipline forced him to continue. If the children had been wrong about the uncle it was terrible. It was even worse if they were right.

He poked around the silent, clueless rooms. Taking a high-powered magnifying glass from his pocket, he carefully examined the whisky bottle, the brass Turkish coffee-pot, and the Major's toothbrush mug.

The prints were strangely blurred, and he could only conclude that Major Murchison-Gaunt had had hair on the palms of his hands.

He was puzzled, for he had never seen anything similar. As a matter of fact, the prints bore no particular resemblance to those of even one of the higher primates.

He replaced everything he had touched, and, going into the bedroom closet, he took out a pair of the Major's shoes. Then leading the dog out, he held one of the shoes before its nose. The dog sniffed, lowered his head, and started for the path that led to the forest. With nose down

and ears flapping, he led Albert straight to that pit.

Only Albert knew now, wasn't a pit. It was a grave.

He looked at the ferns, the earth-packed roots, cordons wrapped in sacking, ready to be transplanted, and then followed the dog to a low stream, where the dog flushed out the bucket for watering, cunningly hidden under some bushes at water's edge.

Albert sat on a log, absently stroking Mynheer's head. He took out the garrotte and stared at it, sickened by the posthumous evidence of Uncle's handiwork.

They had tried to tell him. They had all tried to tell him, even Hobbs, but he would not listen. The professor was not crazy after all. He was merely shocked. Albert now was, by even the memory of that man.

ALBERT bowed his head on his hands and wondered if he should resign. It was criminal negligence on his part, and it was no thanks to him that the children were alive.

Mynheer put his forepaw on Albert's knee and licked Albert's hands. The policeman jerked his head back, then he put his arm about the dog's neck and sat for a long, long time, staring into the forest.

My Dear:

This is probably the last letter I will be writing to you. You didn't get any of the others, and you won't get this one, but I must write it, because I must tell someone.

I have reached the crossroads, and for the first time since I took the oath of "Without Fear, Favor, or Affection" I am going to do something which can only be construed as a travesty of all three.

I am going to withhold evidence and destroy a report. I don't know if you realize the seriousness of that from my viewpoint. I have thought about it until I am dizzy, and it's the only way out. Those two children planned and very

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(The perfume is by Robertet of Paris.)

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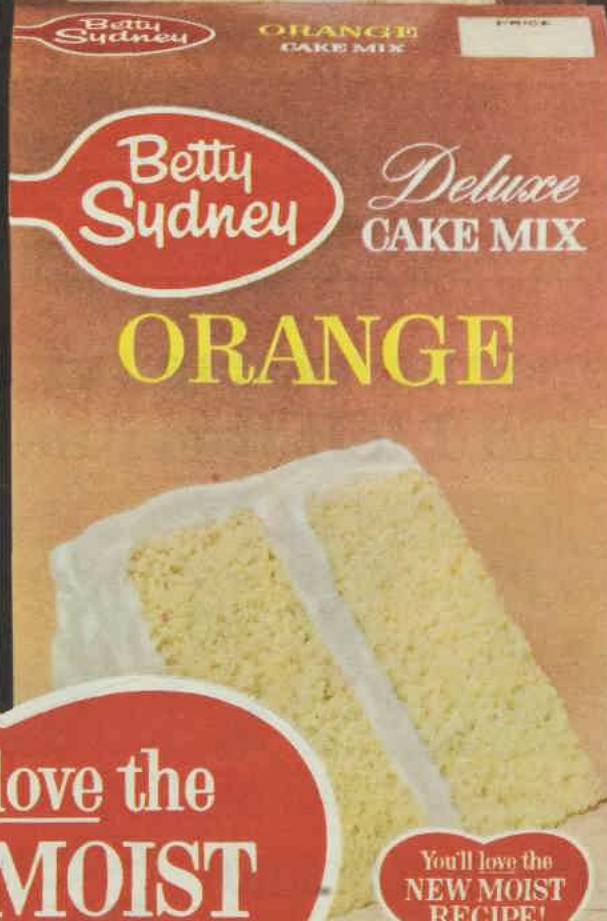
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ADD ONLY ONE EGG

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EGG AND WATER

THE EGG AND WATER

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nearly committed a murder. It wasn't the uncle's fault, it was mine. He was a homicidal maniac.

If I file that report, the case will be reopened. And no matter which way I write it, the children emerge as a couple of monsters. If I could prove anything about the uncle there might be some loophole, but he was too clever. And as far as the children are concerned, the facts remain. They stole a gun for the purpose of killing — it's called malice aforethought in law — the boy promised the girl the sum of a million dollars, to be paid when he was twenty-one, to help him commit the murder. Then they tortured the village idiot and tried to pin the rap on him.

Looking back on some of the phrases in Hobbs' letter, and the boy's general attitude, I am pretty sure the boy was molested by the uncle. If I start this particular ball rolling, I can't stop it. It seems cruel, but he will be questioned very, very thoroughly.

He begged me for help and I didn't give it to him. I have to protect him now, even at the cost of my own integrity.

May heaven forgive me if I am not making the right decision. This may seem like a simple thing to you, but I never thought the day would come when I would have to protect children from the law. I never thought the day would come when it would be necessary for me to be unethical in order to be normal.

Goodbye, my dear Gwyneth. I am, as always, yours, Albert.

He destroyed both the letter and the report, and walked over to his father's cottage. He changed his clothes. Then, with his hands thrust into his pockets and his shoulders hunched moodily, he set out to find the children.

He finally found them at the graveyard. He came straight to the point.

"I know everything," he said. "Desmond told me

Continued from page 64

everything. Everything, you understand? What have you got to say for yourselves?"

They were too frightened to cry and stood trembling, staring at their feet. He sat wearily on Sir Adrian's grave.

"It's all right," he said finally. "I'm not going to tell anybody. I had made out a report, but I have destroyed it, so that no one will ever know. It was like cheating, or telling a lie for me, I shouldn't have done it, but I did, for you two. And because I did that for you, you must promise me that you will always try to be good and honorable."

They flung themselves upon him.

"It's all right," he said. When he felt their frail shoulder bones beneath his hands, and he remembered Uncle, he knew he had done the right thing.

**I**N a glorious weekend of relaxation, Albert wandered down Government Street, in Victoria. He had bought himself a new suit. He had just finished a hearty meal, and there was a movie he particularly wanted to see that was running now.

And they were going. He felt very happy. They were finally going, back to their respective schools. Summer was over, life was beautiful, and Albert's blessed little Isle would return to its usual state of grace. No more wicked uncles, no more near drownings, no more cougars, no more stolen guns, and no more lies.

He found he was in front of a toyshop. He smiled happily to himself. He would buy them each a present.

Once he entered the store, he felt awkward as he faced the clerk and stated his needs.

"A boy and girl about ten?" repeated the clerk.

The clerk brought out toy

after toy, but none of them seemed to be right.

And then he spied it, high up on a shelf, at the back. The clerk got a ladder and lifted it down.

"I'm afraid this is a rather expensive gift for a ten-year-old girl," she said, turning the price tag over. "Perhaps I can give you a reduction though, it's been in stock for years. There were only two made. The original owner of the store brought this one from Australia."

Sergeant Coulter, who had never had toys as a boy, turned it over with delight.

"It was made as a novelty for export," said the clerk. "That's genuine koala fur. I think I can let you have a 20 percent discount."

"I'll take it," said Sergeant Coulter.

He turned it upside down, and chuckled as the music-box inside tinkled *Waltzing Matilda* and the merry brown eyes winked at him.

"Now for the little boy's present," said the shopgirl. "How about this? We just got them in. It would be a nice hobby to start a boy in. It's one of those cameras that takes instant pictures."

"I'll take it," he said.

After all, if the boy did like to go around shooting, this ought to direct his energies in a healthful way.

"Would you like them gift-wrapped?"

"Yes," said Albert.

They must be wrapped exactly the same way. The children were already jealous enough for his affections, it would never do for one to have nicer wrapping than the other.

Faced with the prospect of being parted from their many loved ones, the children had spent a melancholy evening, though when morning arrived and nothing remained but for them to go, they seemed resigned.

All who came to the store were startled by their beauty. Was this Christie, of the float-

ing spun-silk hair and flushed, heart-shaped face, the same shabby and sallow child who had arrived only two months ago? It hardly seemed possible.

As a going-away present, the goat-lady had knitted her a cardigan and tam-o'-shanter in a delicate, pastel Fairisle pattern, while Mr. and Mrs. Brooks had given her a short, white, pleated flannel skirt, and she flitted into the store with all the innocent nonchalance of a visiting butterfly.

By her side was Barnaby, wearing a blue and white striped seaman's sweater, gift of the goat-lady, and short grey trousers donated by Mr. and Mrs. Brooks.

Surely this handsome child with the carriage of a toy soldier, his small manly face generous and frank, was not the rude, sullen-visaged little boor who had landed in their midst only a scant eight weeks before?

All their friends had sent presents. Lady Syddyns gave a huge armful of her most precious roses. From Mr. and Mrs. Rice-Hope were a tiny coral necklace for Christie and a pocketknife for Barnaby. Agnes Duncan, confined to the parental acres, sent by way of poor Desmond two one-dollar bills in an envelope, and on behalf of poor Desmond, Mr. and Mrs. Brooks gave them each a cheap fountain pen.

The children accepted Sergeant Coulter's gifts gravely and unwrapped them without haste.

When Christie saw the beautiful camera, she let her breath out slowly. She had always wanted a camera, and speechless, she could only gaze up at Sergeant Coulter and clasp his hand.

Before Sergeant Coulter could explain that the presents were mixed, he heard Barnaby shout: "Rodney! Rodney!"

Sergeant Coulter's fate was sealed.

"Oh, Sergeant! I knew I'd

find him again, someday, somehow! How did you know where to find him? Oh, I'll be the best boy in the whole world for ever and ever now!"

Sergeant Coulter didn't know who Rodney was, but if they were both satisfied with their presents, he was certainly not going to start any new inquiries.

"Well," he said, "it wasn't such a bad summer, was it? Things turned out pretty well, but I suppose you'll be glad to get back to town."

"Oh," said that star-bright child, Barnaby, "I'm coming back."

**H**E explained that Mr. Brooks and Mr. Robinson, his uncle's lawyer, had had a long conversation, and it was decided that Barnaby would attend boarding-school in the city but spend his holidays on the Island with the Brookses. All that remained to be settled was for the courts to appoint a legal guardian for Barnaby. Because of Mr. and Mrs. Brooks' ages, both they and Mr. Robinson thought a younger person should be appointed, and Mr. Brooks had suggested none other than Sergeant Coulter.

"Oh, no," he said, and then, "I really don't think I could do that."

"Yes you can," said Christie.

"Yes you will," Barnaby spoke significantly.

No I won't, thought Sergeant Coulter stubbornly.

Their direct, unflinching gazes suddenly chilled him.

The report.

Oh, no, he was dreaming. They wouldn't do that. Why, why, that was blackmail!

As if reading his thoughts, they nodded.

Then a nasty little thought which had never before occurred to him hit him like a blow between the eyes.

If the case were ever reopened, it was not at all unlikely that his superiors would imply he had done it to protect his own reputation.

After all, he had had a homicidal maniac right under his nose for two months, and the children had begged for protection of the law.

Under questioning he would be forced to admit that he had written him a letter warning him. And he had withheld evidence.

The whistle of the Haida Prince blasted its way to the Island.

As he watched the children climb up the gangplank, Sergeant Coulter no longer looked as if he were guarding the Khyber Pass. Indeed, he might almost have accused him of slouching. When he reached the deck they turned the girl blew him a kiss, and the boy waved.

Christie clutched her camera to her breast and walked on, and Sergeant Coulter thought with some thing akin to amazement that at least he wouldn't see her again.

It was nearly dusk as the boat pulled away, and the children stood at the rail.

"It feels as if they're moving and we're standing still," said Barnaby. "Doesn't it?"

Christie didn't answer him. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Well, whatever it is, my mind. I'll still give you a million dollars, even if we didn't murder Uncle. We get married if you want."

"I'm going to marry Sergeant Coulter, and I don't want your old million dollars," said Christie crossly.

"Well, what do you want then, Christie?"

"I want Sergeant Coulter!"

She turned a determined face to Barnaby.

"He's half mine," she cried jealously. "and you got him all. And I'm coming back when I'm eighteen and I've got a permanent, and I'm going to get him!"

And she did, too.

THE END

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## "A special occasion and I felt terrible!"



My husband and I were at the races and when I pointed out Betty Johnson, an old school friend of mine, he said: "School friend? She looks younger than you." I felt terrible.



After the races I talked to Betty and I realised she did look younger. I simply had to ask her secret. "Easy," she said. "Almost any girl can be younger-looking with Palmolive soap suds."

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# The hazards of hooking A HEART-THROB

● So, you're thrilled and delighted — you've just hooked a heart-throb! But is it such a triumph? It may be the answer to all your dreams — or it may turn into a nightmare.

**S**URE, it feels good to know that the office heart-throb—or maybe the Romeo of your beach crowd — has asked you to go steady. You can't believe it—he has the choice of so many girls—why you?

To win this tall, dark, and handsome dream-boat is a major victory—or is it?

If you can keep him dangling on a string until you have time to like him for himself and not his image—good. But, if you fall too soon—beware! You might find you need the string to bind a broken heart.

Most of the joy in hooking a heart-throb is proving to others that you can do it. You start believing he's really an undiscovered idol—and share his view of himself—and that's where the trouble begins.

Sure, it's rather nice to have a madly handsome escort to take to parties — all the other girls are so envious and make such a fuss of him. It's wonderful for the first few times—and then it makes you mad.

"Oh, you're just jealous," he might say if you show signs of resenting the other girls. He doesn't even notice them flocking around. He's handsome, charming, and used to attention.

"Of course I love you," he tells you when he takes you home. But at the party, you may as well join the harem—you're not any more special than the others who dance and flirt with him.

Once or twice you might cast an envious glance at Sally and her boyfriend, who you've always thought "was rather dull and dreary." Well, look again, he's just given her a plate of supper, and you've got to go and collect your own.

Your Romeo is off in another corner—being the clown of the evening as the four girls around him are in fits of laughter when he tells them his latest joke.

When he takes you out and says he'll ring—you're thrilled and surprised when he does. But why? Plenty of other boys ring when they say they will. Is it because deep down inside you're not really sure he will—and don't you wonder and worry in case he doesn't? It's not entirely his fault. Boys who are extremely good-looking and born charmers can't possibly be

fully unaware of the fact. For one thing, girls usually spoil them with flattering and falling all over them—and no wonder some boys think they're really someone—everyone acts as if they are.

Of course, you can't generalise. Many really handsome guys are the friendliest, unaffected boys you could ever hope to date.

I remember one boy who went to university with my brother and he was so divine looking he could have stepped straight into a Hollywood movie.

All the other boys used to tease him about the girls who'd stare at him and nudge each other as he walked past, but he'd just change the subject and take no notice.

One day he said to my brother — "Sure, lots of girls ask me to parties, but when they find out how dumb I am they usually go back to their other

boyfriends. Most of the nice girls I meet won't go out with me because they think I must be a modern-day Romeo or something — if only they knew how wrong that is — I never know what to say to girls on dates."

But, unfortunately, not all heart-throbs are like him. Many are so ruined by the girls who fawn on them that they really believe they're very special.

They're so used to flattery and constant attention from the opposite sex that they usually expect it from you all the time.

He's so popular, you swoon as you hear of all the girlfriends he has had. He must have been a charmer to win so many — but does he have to keep telling you about them?

Yes, he must have had at least 20 girlfriends before he met you and he's still only 20. But have you ever thought about the 16 or maybe 17 tattered hearts he left behind, flitting from one girl to another?

So next time you meet a couple of boys at a party, why not be a little interested in Romeo's friend—he could turn out to be surprisingly nice.

Quite often Romeo is not worth the trouble of trying to catch. Hooking a heart-throb has its hazards.

—KERRY YATES



**SHE'S HOOKED A HEART-THROB**, but soon she'll have to share his attentions with every girl for miles around. She'll wonder whether he's worth the worry.



**TOM JONES, the singing Welshman, whose fans nicknamed him "Tiger."**

**B**UT Tom Jones, who shot to the top of the British and Australian charts with his first disc — *It's Not Unusual* — needs no gimmicks.

"At least I hope so," he said when we chatted recently. "It all seems like winning the pools, but I'm calming down a bit now and planning for the future."

The future includes a possible tour of Australia and five Ed Sullivan television shows in New York.

Tom hails from Pontypridd in Wales. Born Tom Jones Woodward, he comes from a mining family whose voices took them into every choir for miles around.

"My father and uncle were both singing miners," said Tom, "and like them I've always known that I could sing, but I was never very ambitious about it."

## Tom Jones, the "Tiger"

● When Tom Jones arrived in London last May to try his luck as a singer nobody believed that his name wasn't a gimmick.

Tom sang around the clubs and bars in Wales. He went in for all the old Frankie Laine and Johnny Ray hits, and with his backing group, the Senators, whipped up a storm of applause wherever he appeared. At around £30 a night it wasn't bad money, but a far cry from the £300 a night Tom can now pick up.

Then the group broke up and Tom went solo, still singing around the clubs, until one night songwriter Gordon Mills visited Rhondda Valley and persuaded Tom to go to London.

Tom recently revealed to his fans that he was happily married and he and his wife, Linda, have an eight-year-old son, Mark.

The news surprised plenty of Tom's female fans, but hasn't made a jot of difference to his popularity — "It was never a secret at home that I was married to Linda," said Tom, who brought his lovely young wife down to London, "so I didn't want it a secret here. I sing from the heart and I believe the fans can spot sincerity."

Tom's fans have given him the nickname "Tiger."

"I don't quite know why," he said, "except that it could be because I may look a bit like a tiger pouncing about on the stage. You see, I believe in movement on stage. The more you

move about the more you underline the words of the song. I think that's important."

Tom recently holidayed in France with his wife.

"We just lazed about and the weather was tremendous," he said. "I've never had a holiday like it before and I had never even been on a plane before, either. That's why I'm excited about the prospect of going to Australia and America and meeting new people and seeing new places. It should be great. Success has given me tremendous confidence in myself and in my act, but I'm not letting things run away with me too much. All my money is paid into the bank and I just draw when I want some. I've bought new suits and I want a car, but the new house is really exciting."

Tom's house, situated in the heart of the country and not far from the Shepperton film studios, is a dream come true.

"Now I want to make enough money to get my Dad to stop working in the pit. He's been there 35 years, and that's enough for anyone. What I don't want to do is to make a lot of money and then get out. I love the business, and even if I hadn't clicked with this record I'd still be singing and loving every minute of it," he said.





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# Letters

## Ten years back, and ten ahead

AS I dated my lecture notes recently I could distinctly remember the day at school when I dated my arithmetic, 5/5/55. I was only eight then and could not imagine being ten years older. In the past ten years I have learned to snow-ski and water-ski. I have spent eight years at another school and consequently made many new friends. I have been on a trip to Sydney and one to Central Australia, and have long since had my plaits cut off. These days I am leading a most enjoyable social life, something the eight-year-old me did not think about. One of the best things about being eighteen is being able to drive a car, and one of the things I miss is not worrying about how much I eat.

I wonder what the next ten years hold in store and what I will be doing on the 5/5/75. — "Ten Years' Progress," Balwyn, Vic.

## NEXT WEEK

• Young Australian Claudia Conrick last year spent 10 months at a finishing school in Switzerland, but Claudia says it was more like a holiday than school. She bought a beautiful international wardrobe back with her. Story and color pictures.

## The road toll

LAST week in class we were given the following topic to think upon: "The Road Toll and what can be done about it."

In ten minutes these ideas had been put forward . . . Need for new Road Laws . . . More Police . . . Expressways are needed . . . Eliminate "crazy" drivers . . . The regular repairing of roads . . . Driving test to be more severe and to be repeated every three or four years . . . Stricter registration demands . . . Wider roads . . . Lower speeds . . . A safety campaign should be organised . . . Safety belts should be made compulsory . . . Safer cars.

I feel the above suggestions indicate that teenagers think a good deal, and constructively, about this problem. Maybe, if they continue to think this way when my age group is driving, the road toll will go down. — Robyn Eves, Telopea, N.S.W.

## Donating eyes

I READ once how a person's sight was restored by the transplanting of a donated eye. Recently I donated my eyes for after death and now carry a card in case of sudden accidents. Donated eyes have to be removed as soon as possible after death.

Hoping to interest my family and friends in donating their eyes, I mentioned that I had donated mine. Since then my action has

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.F.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

## BEATNIK



"That reminds me, I must get that library book back before it's too late."

been condemned by everyone. I am told that I had no right to do this, as such an act is against Christian beliefs and inconsiderate to my parents. I have healthy eyes, and should anything unforeseen happen I would like someone to benefit by receiving them. Do other teenagers consider that my actions were wrong? — Miss R. Merrick, Broadway Valley, Qld.

## Winter surfies

HERE is a good idea for people interested in surfing during winter months but who are perhaps a little reluctant to face the cold — a make-it-yourself wet-suit top. All you need is an old

T-shirt and some sheet plastic (I cut up an old raincoat). Sew the plastic on the inside of the T-shirt as lining, and this is the "wet-suit top." It's very effective and inexpensive to make. — G. W. Shaw, Glandore, S.A.

## Education

ALL through my early school years I was taught that I went there to be educated. Since entering Senior High the theme seems to have changed slightly, and I now gather that I have been laboring for twelve years solely to pass exams so I can be promoted to a higher form to pass more exams.

I am heartily sick of find-

ing that a moment's warning means that I will "fail miserably" and have to repeat. Exams are frightening enough in reality without reference being made to them every day! — L. Jones, Echuca, Vic.

## Girl cadets

IN these days of world tension it is surely time a system like the boys' school cadets was introduced for girls. Girls need discipline, much, if not more, than boys, and cadet corps are an excellent means of applying it.

In previous world wars girls have been called upon to help defend their country, so why can't we have this small preparation to help us, should it be necessary in the future?

I know that schools have tight schedules, but such an important training could surely be fitted in. I strongly urge the formation of something along the lines of a school cadet corps for girls. — "Disciplined," Warrack, Qld.

## Beauty at home

HERE is an idea for a group of girls who would like a new, interesting, and also economical hobby. You can get about six girls interested, why not try forming a private beauty parlour among your friends. All you need is an empty room in which you put about four chairs, two tables, and, of course, rollers, bobby pins, and cosmetics. Some of your friends might own hair dryers, which they could bring. You will find that after a little practice you can make each other up for dances and dates. The hobby saves money, and is also a lot of fun. — Getts, Gloucester, N.S.W.

# HELPING THE ABORIGINES

• "Girl Critic," a part-aboriginal, wrote saying that the Freedom Riders caused only trouble and that it was not worth fighting for rights for the aborigines who remained backward and ignorant and who didn't take advantage of what was offered them. Readers reply . . .

SHE asks why our aborigines don't get up and protest like the American negroes do in America. We can't fairly compare the Australian aboriginal with the American negro. If we are going to make comparisons between Australia and America we should compare the American Indians with our aborigines.

If we did this we would find that our aborigines don't have such a bad record. The Indians seem quite content to live in their poor reservations without doing much protesting.

Congratulations to the Freedom Riders for their efforts. — "Australian," N.S.W.

AS a girl of aboriginal blood, I should imagine that "Girl Critic" knows

what she is talking about. I agree with her that aborigines are not interested enough to fight for equal rights. It is no use forcing any rights that they may win on to people who do not really have any use for them. True, a certain number of educated aborigines wish to see the best conditions for their people, but from what I have seen and read most aborigines on the outskirts of towns only care that they are not insulted outright by their white neighbors. They seem content to live in conditions which, on the whole, are self-imposed, and as long as they are left alone to live this life in peace the majority does not appear to be prompted to appeal for higher standards. — "Agreeable," Pahrnan, Vic.

IT is quite true that the university students failed to achieve anything concrete in their recent Freedom Ride, but at least they tried, didn't they? A great many people realize how the aborigines are treated and they are also shocked that very little is being done for them. But do these people do anything? Oh, no, not them!

The majority of aborigines might live in unhygienic conditions, and at the same time remain backward and ignorant, but how are they expected to live a life of which they know nothing? After all, they definitely have more right to be living in this country than we do. — Janice Cole, Ivanhoe, N.S.W.



# Two new hairstyles for evening glamor

● Winter's on the way out, spring's (almost) just around the corner. What better reason for making yourself look prettier than ever? Start here with a brand-new hairdo or two for gala evenings.

**PICTURED** at left and below are two charming new styles in different lengths — one creamy smooth, the other capped with curls — to choose from.

**THE SWINGER** is the name of the eye-catcher (below), designed in America. Smooth, shapely, and shiny are the three adjectives that best describe this head-skimming style.

Like fashion's new tunic-line garments, this hairstyle is tiered. The top tier softly curtains the forehead and is drawn up to a shimmering swirl at the crown.

The lower tier flips up prettily at the sides.

Fashion's prettiest way of imparting dignity to the

short, young haircut is shown in **EMPIRE** (left), by Filippo of Rome.

Here formal curls crown the brushed fringe of hair; actually the hair is almost the same length all round—the "lift" is achieved with flat-set curls.

Next thing on the list—and most important—will either or both these new hairdos be becoming to you? Some top hairdressers have come to believe that too much fuss is made about the shapes of faces, eyes, and noses when it comes to choosing a hairstyle.

## Heady choice

Unless a girl has a really (and rarely) big problem involving too round or too long a face, she need think about

only two things: the skill with which her hair is cut and the confidence with which she wears it.

For the former, a professional hairstylist is a necessity. As for confidence,

that comes from many simple things, such as knowing that her hair is spanking clean, in top condition, and well groomed, just to mention a few.

—CAROLYN EARLE

## RED (GIRL) SAILS IN SUNSET

ROUND ROBIN

● I see that a Russian is the world's first woman to become a long-distance ship's captain.

**THIS** is quite an important event in the nautical world.

The Russian lady might not be the first captain to girdle the earth.

But she is certainly the first captain to unearth a girdle. I suppose a lot of things change when a woman commands a ship.

Does the bow become a curtsy?

Do sailors chant, "Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of Chanel No. 5?"

Lovers of sea traditions, no doubt, hope that female skippers won't go too far in making changes.

They don't want them to get too big for their bridges.

I imagine there will be other lady sailors now that the Russian has broken the aye-ayes.

Then there will be slips that pass in the night.

Girls at sea should not diet. What will we do with a shrunken sailor?

With mixed crews I suppose sex, as well as sextants, will raise its head.

A male officer and a female counterpart in love could disguise their romance, however, by saying "We are just good mates."

Girl sailors should wear the traditional tar's uniform.

As well as being becoming, it would separate the women from the boys. Yes, indeed—belle-bottomed trousers would be a stern reminder.

Girl sailors in crews would help the dating lives of male sailors.

They would have not only girls in every port, but in every starboard, too.

—Robin Adair

## THE CLASSICS

### THE SONS OF BACH

In Germany in the later part of the 18th century, the name Bach would have meant to most musicians not the great one we all know but Carl Philipp Emanuel, his most famous son—just as in London at the same time it would have meant Johann Christian, the old man's youngest son. Most people know that the Bach family was prominent in German music for most of two centuries, but a fine new record from the Record Society reminds us that the three well-known sons of J. S. Bach, all composers of strongly individual genius in their own right, deserve much more than reflected glory.

This disc, the first in a series entitled *The Sons of Bach*, is played by the Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra of Munich, conducted by Kurt Redel.

The most striking of the three works is C. P. E. Bach's concerto in D Minor for flute and strings (the solo part brilliantly played by Redel himself). It is a work rich in feeling, with a stormy and stressful last movement—a most unusual finale for a flute concerto, and it is no surprise to find that the work was originally written as a harpsichord concerto.

J. C. Bach (who strongly influenced Mozart, as C. P. E. Bach influenced Haydn) is represented by a typically gracious symphony, and Wilhelm Friedemann, J. S. Bach's eldest son, by a powerful two-movement "symphony" in an older sense of the word (what his father would have called a "French overture").

Incidentally, the captions of the portraits of W. F. and C. G. Bach have been transposed on the otherwise well-produced jacket.)

—MARTIN LONG



## PONYTAIL

BY LEE HOLLEY

OUR ALLOWANCES JUST WENT GOING AS FAR AS THEY USED TO.



WE SHOULD NEGOTIATE WITH OUR PARENTS FOR A COST-OF-LIVING CLAUSE IN OUR ALLOWANCE CONTRACTS.



DRIVE-IN MOVIES ARE SURE FUN!



THE SECOND FEATURE IS ABOUT A TEENAGER FROM THE PLANET MARS.



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Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

### Birthday present

"MY boyfriend's birthday will be coming up in a few weeks and I just can't think of what to get him. He will be 17."

"Wandering," N.S.W.

Unless you are engaged, an expensive present would be in poor taste. Try to be thoughtful in your selection—keep a sharp eye out to see if he needs something replaced, a new key ring or driving gloves for instance. A record by a favorite artist, a book about something that interests him, a pair of concert or theatre tickets so you can celebrate together, or maybe some equipment for a hobby he may have, are other ideas. If you have more time, knit a scarf in his school colors.

### Three weeks alone

"I AM 15 and have been going steady for the past five months with a university student. I won't be able to see him during his exam period. When I told my family this they said I should find someone else. Should I do as they say? I am not in love with this boy and I think I can wait, as three weeks is not a lifetime. I could go out with my girlfriends from work."

V.C., N.S.W.

Your parents probably feel that you are too young to be going steady and that is why they suggest you "find someone else." Three weeks is such a short time that you'll find your problem solves itself. Meanwhile, go out with the girls, as you suggest.

### Introducing relatives

"MY niece is to be married shortly. She has met all her fiancé's people and likes them. I am wondering how her parents are to meet them. Should she take her parents to meet them? Or should the boy introduce his parents?"

E.W., Vic.

Often the girl's parents have a family gathering to mark the engagement. This is the natural time for them to invite the boy's parents. If a party is inconvenient, the parents could ask his parents to come to dinner one night to meet her family.

### Mum's friend

"I AM 17, and migrated here months ago. My parents are still in London, and I board with a woman who is an old friend of my mother. Four months ago I met a boy I now like very much. The woman I board with objects to him because he has very long hair, and she will not admit him to the house when he comes to see me. I think this is very unfair, as he would not like to hurt her by saying so, because she has been very kind to me. I would like to leave and move into a flat, but cannot afford it alone, and know no one to share with me."

"Miserable Mod," W.A.

Your mother's friend must think that his long hair indicates that he is anti-social and a bit of a rebel. If he is rough and tough, she is right. If he just looks rough, persuade him to spruce up and impress her. If he won't sacrifice an inch or so of hair for your sake, he isn't worth worrying about.

### Both were rude

"I HAVE been going with a girl whom I love and who says she loves me, too. Yet last night when I went to visit her I found she was entertaining an ex-boyfriend. This didn't bother me too much because this boy, so she says, is a very good friend of her family's and visits them often. But when I asked to see her alone the ex-boyfriend refused. And she sided with him. Do you think she doesn't like me any more, is she afraid of the ex-boyfriend, or have I been taken for an idiot?"

"Prize Booby," Vic.

Both you boys are certainly lacking in manners. You were wrong to ask to see this girl alone when she had another guest. He had no right to interfere when you did ask her, but she had to "side with him" because she couldn't possibly have asked him to leave the room or left him there alone. Only the girl can tell you whether she still likes you.

### Asian friend

"DURING the Christmas vacation I met an Asian student who is studying at a Melbourne university. He asked me to dinner and we had a very enjoyable evening. Since then he has asked me out, but each time I have made an excuse, because my mother thinks the friendship could cause complications. I would like to go with him on a friendly basis."

H.S., Vic.

All mothers want things to be easy for their children, and your mother is correct in saying that the friendship could cause complications. Friendship between young people so easily turns to affection, and marriage between people of different cultural backgrounds is often hazardous. But simple, uncomplicated friendship is another matter. Perhaps your mother would not mind if you asked him to a party to meet your other friends, or went with him on a group outing.

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ROASTING GUIDE FOR MEATS, POULTRY	
1/2 to 1 lb. meat	350°-400°
1 to 2 lb. meat	325°-350°
2 to 3 lb. meat	300°-325°
3 to 4 lb. meat	275°-300°
4 to 5 lb. meat	250°-275°
5 to 6 lb. meat	225°-250°
6 to 7 lb. meat	200°-225°
7 to 8 lb. meat	175°-200°
8 to 9 lb. meat	150°-175°
9 to 10 lb. meat	125°-150°
10 to 12 lb. meat	100°-125°
12 to 14 lb. meat	75°-100°
14 to 16 lb. meat	50°-75°
16 to 18 lb. meat	25°-50°
18 to 20 lb. meat	0°-25°
20 to 22 lb. meat	0°-25°
22 to 24 lb. meat	0°-25°
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28 to 30 lb. meat	0°-25°
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90 to 92 lb. meat	0°-25°
92 to 94 lb. meat	0°-25°
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98 to 100 lb. meat	0°-25°



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### BEEF ROLLS ITALIAN in Luscious Sauce

- 2 lbs. round steak 1/2" thick
- 1 tspn. melted butter
- 1/2 lb. sliced ham
- 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs
- 1/2 cup grated cheese
- 1 tspn. garlic salt
- Pepper to taste
- COMALCO ALFOIL

Cut steak in 6 pieces, pound thin, spread with melted butter, top with ham. Combine eggs, cheese, parsley, flavourings, sprinkle over meat. Roll up and tie with strip of Comalco Alfoil. Brown all round in frypan. Cut 6-10" x 14" pieces of foil, place roll on each, bring up sides of foil and pour sauce over. Seal securely and bake in oven or on barbecue for one hour.

- SAUCE
- 1 can concentrated tomato soup
- 4 cups grated cheese
- 1 tspn. sugar
- 1 tspn. salt
- 1 tspn. oregano
- 1/2 cup melted butter

Combine and heat to boiling point, stirring occasionally.

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M177A

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 23, 1968



# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

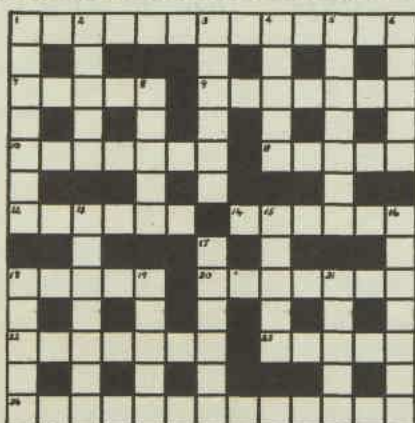
MANDRAKE chases the Mole underground. Suddenly they come out into the open and the Mole sees he is being followed. He points his deadly helmet at Mandrake. NOW READ ON . . .



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- Most fitting places for a change (8-5).
- Had in mind me and an insect (5).
- A trap (7).
- Lot more is needed for quavering (7).
- If you grasp it eagerly you get ran-cour (5).
- This is bold (6).
- Sharpens by turning part in the centre (6).
- To mature (5).
- Meal car containing burnt sugar (7).
- Dymphna Cusack invited him to come in (7).
- This dance is good to nag (5).



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

1. Reduced in status with a pithy saying indeed (7).
2. Rub out a seer (5).
3. Japan in Japan (6).
4. Stare for taxes for local purposes (5).
5. There is a musical instrument in a car with nothing on it (7).
6. What you try to do at the moment (5).
8. Spine could change to North (5).
13. Fabric hat for a crawling animal (7).
15. Card game turns to rat (5).
16. Large rooms on a loss (7).
17. No cars (anagr., 6).
18. Receive stolen goods in Scotland (5).
19. A gold-digger, if preceded by two score (5).
21. Divine food, though a man starts it (5).

# BUTTERICK PATTERNS

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES



3275.—Young junior and teen co-ordinates. Easy-fitting jacket, sleeveless overblouse, front-buttoned blouse with tie collar, A-line skirt. Sizes 30, 30½, 31½, 32, 33, 34, 36in. bust. Price 5/- includes postage.

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3326.—Pretty petal-collared dress with long or three-quarter length sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

3097.—Little girl's sleeveless dress, buttoned at shoulders for easy dressing over woollens. Sizes 2 to 8 (21, 22, 23, 23½, 24, 26in. chest). Price 5/- inc. postage.



3067

3067.—Useful button - thru, semi-fitted shift dress and blouse with long-pointed collar and three-quarter length sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

2196.—Toddler's double-breasted coat and fitted leggings with back - elasticised waistband. Matching hat. Sizes ½ to 3 (19, 20, 21, 22in. chest). Price 5/- inc. postage.



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2196

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60% More decongestive activity!  
25% More cough suppressant activity!**

Even persistent coughing, heavy chest congestion and bronchitis are relieved with improved formula NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir. It works faster; relief lasts longer because its active ingredients are substantially increased. You benefit with increased effectiveness without increase in price! 6, 12 and 16 fl. oz. bottles: 6/9 (68c); 11/6 (\$1.15) and 14/9 (\$1.48).

Special age adjusted dosage strengths for children; babies.

**Breathe Freely in 2 Minutes**

Get wonderful relief from "stuffy" head colds — anytime, anywhere with NYAL 'Decongestant' NASAL SPRAY. A fine mist of relief-bringing medication penetrates high into nose and sinuses. Relief lasts for 4 hours. Soothing and gentle to delicate nasal tissue ... 7/- (70c)

**Nyal  
'DECONGESTANT'  
NASAL SPRAY**

**Pain Relief without Stomach Upset**

You can get wonderful relief from pain with DOLAMIN without stomach upset. Gets to centre of pain faster; gives rapid, long-lasting relief from headache, nerve pains, muscular aches, feverishness of colds and 'flu. Tablets

24's 3/9 (38c).  
36's 4/9 (48c).  
50's 6/- (60c).  
100's  
11/6 (\$1.15).



**Clear Head Colds with a Tablet!**

COLDREX acts immediately to reduce nasal and sinus congestion; ease pain and reduce fever; build resistance to infection; helps speed recovery. 12 tablets, 4/6 (45c); 24 tablets, 8/- (80c).



**Build Resistance to Winter Ills**

with NYAL PLURAVIT Multi-Vitamin Capsules. One capsule daily supplies 21 essential vitamins and minerals your body needs daily. 30 days, 22/6 (\$2.25); 90 days, 52/6 (\$5.25).



**4-Way Throat Medication**

Infected, inflamed throats need Coldrex antiseptic throat pastilles' 4-way medication to relieve soreness ... stop coughing! Coldrex Pastilles are antiseptic, decongestive and expectorant. 30 pastilles in a handy flat metal can—7/6 (75c). 20 pastilles—5/9 (58c).



**NYAL COMPANY** Division of Sterling Pharmaceuticals Pty. Limited, ERMINGTON, N.S.W.

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